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OUR MARCH WITH A STARVING COLUMN.

By A. J. Mounteney Jephson.

LAST evening we found our box of bananas had been stolen, and turning over our things, we found that most of our few European provisions were gone also. What we shall do now for food I've no idea, for we are almost destitute in the middle of this wilderness, and don't even know how far ahead the Arabs may be. We all sat round the fire till late last night, and talked over the grim outlook. We allowed ourselves a small sip of brandy all round; we have still four of the six bottles of brandy left, which we brought with us from Yambuya."

These are the words I read in my journal under the date October 5, 1887.

For fourteen weeks we had been toiling on in the dim twilight of the forest, and for two months had scarcely known what it was to have a full meal. Two and a half months before we had started off from Yambuya, a compact and cheery body of three hundred and eighty-eight Zanzibaris and five Europeans. We were all in good spirits and in good condition, and had thought that by this time we should have reached Emin Pasha. Yet here we were, with sadly diminished numbers, still in the ghostly shades of the forest, hundreds of miles from the Nyanza, without strength, without food, and almost without hope.

Picture to yourselves a small, tattered band of men, camped on a sandy spit of land in the heart of Africa. On this small cleared space are the three tents of the Europeans, round which, in a semi-circle, the Zanzibari porters have raised little temporary shelters of broken boughs and green leaves.

It is evening, the camp-fires are lighted, and round them may be seen the half-starved forms of our men, gathered together in small groups, talking dejectedly of our miserable position. Here and there is a man by the fires stirring a pot, in which are simmering a few toadstools, or such poor roots as he has been able to collect on the march. Formerly, at night the camp was alive with talking and singing; the busy forms of our men might be seen flitting about by the light of the fires, some building huts, some preparing large pots of bananas or manioc for the evening meal; others passing some rough jest to their fellows, and all laughing and talking in the boisterous way which characterizes the good-natured, happy-go-lucky Zanzibari under favorable circumstances. But to-night Europeans and Zanzibaris are alike dejected and cast down, for starvation and sickness have sapped our strength, and we all know that unless food can soon be obtained we have nothing but death before us.

Behind the camp is the black, lonely forest, its giant trees rising above and closing over us, as if we were in some dark, haunted cavern, the gloom of which seems to shut out all hope. In front is the now darkening river, hurling itself madly over rocks and bowlders. Above we can hear the thunder

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of the cataracts, below us is the sullen roar of the rapids. On the opposite side of the river, the bank, densely clothed with huge trees and tangled underwood, rises abruptly from the stream to a height of five hundred feet. We feel so small and helpless, as if we were closed in in a huge pit, with nothing but the desolation of the forest and the thunder of the cataracts around us.

If we failed now, who would ever know how we fell, and how we had tried manfully to do our duty? This, briefly, was our position on that memorable evening of October 5, 1887. The expedition was in the utmost state of weakness. The condition of our men, owing to the privations they had undergone, and the want of meat or even nourishing food, was such, that the slightest scratch of a thorn or bush quickly developed into large gangrenous sores, and these ulcers raged like an epidemic in the camp. For many days the canoes had been full of sick men, unable to march, and almost unable from weakness to use the paddles. Scarcely a man in the expedition but had some sore on his feet or ankles; in some cases these sores were so virulent that the whole side of the leg was eaten away, leaving the bone bare and exposed. When the bandages from these ulcers were taken off, large pieces of flesh would sometimes fall away, and the agony the men suffered was intense. The river seemed now to have become nothing but a gigantic mountain torrent, and our boat and fleet of canoes were useless.

"'Fire, Master of the Cannon, fire!' eagerly whispered the Zanzibaris.—Page 273.

Here we were, then, a small band of men, with many sick and dying, and with more loads than we could possibly carry, at the foot of a series of cataracts whose size and number we had no means of ascertaining. Mr. Stanley called a "Shauri" (council), in which the position was clearly explained to Europeans and Zanzibaris alike.

Some days before we had met a small

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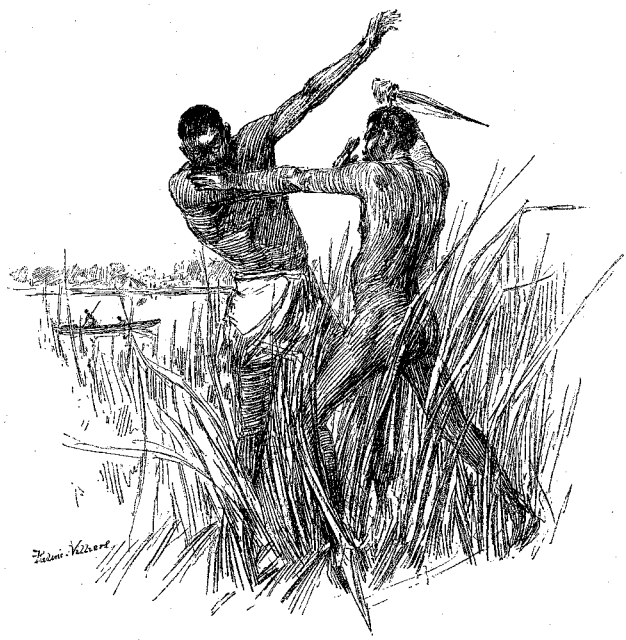
party of Manyema slave raiders belonging to a Zanzibar Arab named Kilongalonga, and they had told us that their settlement was some days ahead. Captain Nelson had for weeks been ailing, and for many days, owing to the ulcers on his feet, had been obliged to be carried in one of the canoes. It was therefore decided at the council that he should be left behind at the camp, together with the sick men and such loads as we were unable to carry. The rest of the expedition was to hurry on as fast as we could toward the Arab camp, and send back relief with as little delay as possible to Nelson and the starving men.

We all agreed that it would be impossible to leave the boat behind; she had been of inestimable value to us, and we did not know what was ahead, and how soon we might have to cross unfordable rivers or creeks. The boat, therefore, was to be taken to pieces and carried by my men.

Our Zanzibari chiefs made a proposal that five of their number should start empty-handed ahead and try to reach the Arab camp; they would then collect a supply of food and return with it to help the loaded caravan which would be following in their track. Stanley agreed to this, and told Raschid, our head-chief, to choose his men. He chose Khamis Parry, one of Stairs' chiefs, Munia Pembe, a staid old chief of Nelson's company, and Khamis Kururu and Alsasi wadi Simba (Alsasi, the Lion's son), who were two of the chiefs of my company. We shook hands with them and wished them good luck, and they started off amid the cry of "Bismallah" (In the name of God) from the Zanzibaris.

We Europeans collected together what stores of food we had and made a careful division. We had a pot of Liebig's beef-tea, three tins of butter, one small tin of arrowroot, one small tin of tapioca, some tea and coffee, and four bottles of brandy. These we had been carefully saving in case of sickness, and they were all that were left unstolen of our little store of European provisions; our native provisions were all finished. We handed over to Nelson his share of tea and coffee, a bottle of brandy, a pot of beef-tea, a tin of butter, and a small portion of arrowroot and tapioca. The rest Stairs, Parke, and myself took as our share, and we treated ourselves all round to a sip of brandy to keep up our spirits and soothe our hungry stomachs.

Early next morning the entire expedition was mustered, and the men and loads were carefully counted over. I got the boat taken to pieces and all my loads ready. I found that, out of the eighty-eight men who had formed my company when I left Yambuya, I could only muster forty-two who were fit to carry loads, and many of these were so worn out by starvation that their loads would have to be of the lightest. Stairs'



"A native sprang upon Feruzi Ali."—Page 275.

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and Nelson's companies were in much the same condition, and Stanley's company, though composed of the picked men of the expedition, was almost as bad.

Early next morning Stanley started off with his company, promising to clear a path, as well as he could, in order to enable us to carry the boat sections through the thick undergrowth. Stairs, Parke, and I then made a careful examination of the men and loads, and found that we should be obliged to leave fifty-six men and eighty-one loads behind. Many of the men were so cowed and hopeless that they wished only to be left to die peacefully where they were. But any man who was at all able to crawl along we passed as fit to travel, and those fifty-six men we left were nearly all in the last stage of starvation and sickness. At any rate, we thought that their chances of getting food would be better if they came with us, and nothing could be gained by remaining where they were.

We had great difficulty in getting the men off with the loads, and it was past midday before the last of the caravan filed out of what is now known as Nelson's starvation camp. I find the following words in my journal that morning :

"It is a truly terrible position for Nelson to be left in ; he has food only for three days, and will have to exist on what he can pick up in the shape of fungi or roots. Stairs has left him a fish-hook and line, and it is possible he may get a few small fish, but the river is so rapid and full of bowlders that he has but a slight chance of catching anything. Meantime we are going on with an exhausted and starving column to try and find food in a trackless wilderness. Nelson is now so crippled from ulcers that he cannot creep far from camp, and will have to depend entirely upon what his two boys can manage to bring him.

"We got off about two o'clock and sadly said good-by to poor old Nelson, for his position is very precarious and our chances of relieving him small ; he has worked with us in good fellowship all these months, and now we are practically abandoning him."

Stairs, Parke, and I marched along slowly and silently at the rear of the struggling column, trying to cheer up and urge forward the men who were carrying the boat. The road was very bad, all up and down, through ravines and creeks, and the men ahead with Stanley were so exhausted that scarcely any path had been cut. We had fearful difficulty in getting the boat along, and could hear the sections ahead bumping against rocks or trees. The men were so weak that the slightest knock against a tree or bush caused them to lose their balance and fall heavily to the ground. Owing to the hopeless brooding state into which they had fallen, it was often difficult to make them get up and resume their burdens. Some, in answer to our appeals to them not to give up, would answer, "Master, how long is this to last? What is the good of struggling on any longer ? Let us lie down quietly and die."

Stanley, who had started early in the morning, had got some distance ahead, and at dark we were obliged to camp by ourselves, having only managed to march three miles. We had with us merely the men who were carrying the boat sections and tent; our boxes and blankets were on ahead with the main column. We lit fires and had half a cup of tapioca made into a sort of thin gruel ; into this we put a tablespoonful each of brandy, and we also made some coffee. It was not much of a meal for three men who had been in a hungry state for weeks, but we lay down that night on the bare ground, thankful that we had got to the end of another day and had moved a few more miles on our way toward relief. Our men, poor fellows, had little besides a few toadstools they had picked up here and there on the way. Fortunately, starvation had the effect of making the men somewhat torpid and sleepy, and for a brief space they were able to get a respite from the pangs of hunger, and for a few hours forgot their troubles in a heavy sleep.

The next morning we were up early, and before starting had a cup of coffee each ; the men of course had nothing but what we gave them. We had a very hard day, urging the men forward with the boat, and were able to get along but slowly, for the men were only able to go a short distance, and then sit

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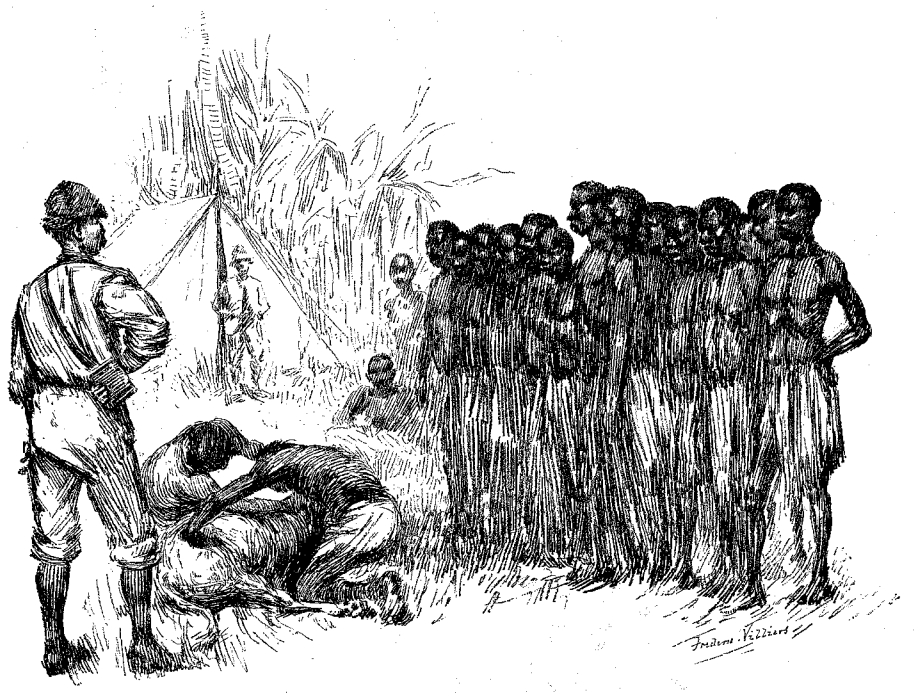
down for a long rest, or wander away from the track in search of fruit or fungus. The fruit in the forest, as a rule, was of a very poor description, and with the exception of one or two kinds, custard-apple. The Zanzibaris called this elephant-fruit, solely I imagine from its large and shapeless form. This had stones and flesh like an ordinary custard-apple, but of a deep orange



"Stanley decided to kill his donkey and distribute the meat among our starving men."—Page 280.

was scarcely worth eating; moreover, we seldom found fruit, such as it was, in any quantity sufficient for a meal. The best fruit was that of the india-rubber vine, which the Zanzibaris called M'bungu. This was of the form and size of a mangostine, its soft shell was filled with a milky, bitter juice, and contained several large stones round which grew a kind of fleshy substance which had a very good taste, but we were obliged to swallow the stones as well, as the flesh clung to them so closely. There were two kinds, one with pink flesh which had a flavor like raspberries, and one with white flesh which had a peculiarly pleasant acid-sweet taste like a lemon. Unfortunately, however, in both these fruits there was little more than the taste and the stones. There was also another fruit, in form like a huge green color and very acid. This too we only found in small quantities, and the effect of eating this sour fruit was usually to give us a violent stomach-ache. By far the best fruit ever found in the forest was that of the wild cardamom. But this only grew in damp or swampy places. It exists almost entirely throughout Central Africa, and whenever we got it, it was much prized by our men. The fruit grows like that of the ordinary cardamom, on the ground, just round the roots of the plant itself. It is pear-shaped, about the size of a large filbert, and is of a brilliant scarlet. When broken it divides itself into four quarters, each of which contains some white fleshy pulp very juicy and acid, and full of small black aromatic-tasting seeds, like those of the cultivated cardamom. These seeds are in Europe ordi-

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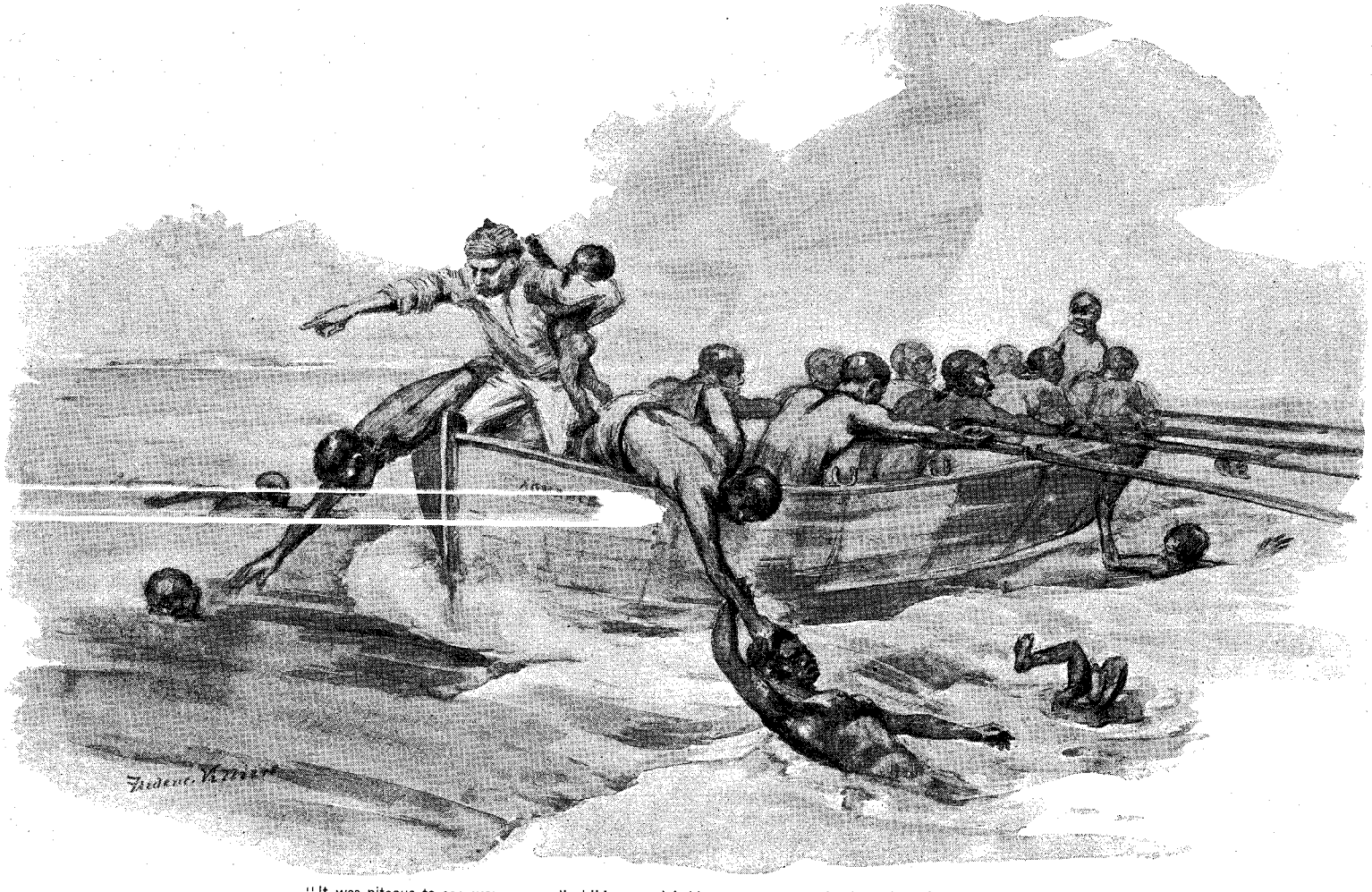

"It was piteous to see women, small children, and babies swept past us in the yellow flood."—Page 278.

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narily called "grains of Paradise," and are used, I am told, by publicans for putting in their beer, in order to cause their customers a consuming and remunerative thirst. There were several other kinds of fruits, but they could not be considered as food, for they were chiefly of a sickly description which caused the person who had eaten them violent sickness.

Immediately on leaving Nelson's camp the land rose abruptly from the river, and we had to march inland to avoid the rocky precipices which formed the banks of the stream. For the first day we had been slowly rising higher and higher, but on the second day the land sloped gradually down, and at mid-day we again found ourselves on the river-bank. We could hear the thunder of a huge fall below us, and the aneroid showed that the river at this place was somewhat more than a hundred and twenty feet higher than the level of the river at Nelson's Camp, which was only a few miles distant. We eventually discovered that the river, after forming into a series of rapids, hurled itself madly into a chasm of some eighty feet deep, and rushed like a mountain torrent down to Nelson's Camp. The river, where we now struck it, was about five hundred yards broad, full of rapids among which were dotted small grassy islands.

As we were marching along, Kheri, one of the chiefs who was with us, came running back, whispering breathlessly, "Tembo, B'wana, Tembo!" (An elephant, master, an elephant.) We crept anxiously along the path, holding our breath with excitement. The men all silently put down their loads and followed us, stroking their poor empty stomachs in expectancy of a meal at last. Following Kheri's lead, we soon reached a wooded promontory, and cautiously peered through the bushes. There we saw, eighty yards distant, on a little grassy island in the middle of the rapids, a huge black elephant with gleaming white tusks, slowly flapping his great ears and feeding leisurely on the tall grass which covered the island. "Piga, B'wana Mazinga, piga!" (Fire, Master of the Cannon, fire!) eagerly whispered the Zanzibaris. Stairs, who was always coolness itself, cocked his rifle, slowly rose, and resting the barrel against a tree, took a long and steady aim, while we held our breath and clasped our empty stomachs, anxiously awaiting the result. Bang! went the rifle, we saw a puff of dust rise where the bullet struck just at the back of the ear, and the elephant dropped on his knees. "Ressassi M'gini, Kheri" (Another cartridge, Kheri), whispered Stairs, excitedly, for the elephant had risen and was slowly rocking himself to and fro, as if dazed and confused. The crack of the rifle had evidently been drowned by the noise of the rapids, and the elephant seemed unconscious from whence had come this sudden shock. As he swayed backward and forward, and slowly turned himself round, Stairs put two more bullets into his head. But alas! we discovered that a Remington rifle bullet is not much more efficacious against an elephant than a pea-shooter is against a man; for the elephant, still swaying about uneasily, deliberately waded off across the rapids to a large wooded island in the middle of the river, where it was impossible to reach him. We recovered ourselves with a long-drawn sigh of disappointment, we blankly looked in each other's faces, and the Zanzibaris murmured, "Master, it is fate, let us be going."

After this little excitement, our dejection was more intensified; the men doggedly resumed their burdens, and we toiled slowly and silently on. At about two o'clock in the afternoon, we had reached a place where the banks were almost level with the river, which had become very broad and tolerably smooth. As we were taking a rest, having sent the greater part of the men to search for fruit or fungus, a messenger came back from Stanley with a note for me, telling me that the river, with the exception of a few rapids, was tolerably clear ahead. He said he was encamped some miles ahead, on a spot opposite an island, on which they had found a few natives; that he had followed an elephant the day before, which he had wounded severely; and that it had waded off to an island, where it was probably dying. He ordered me, therefore, to put the boat together and search for the elephant; the Zanzibari who brought

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the message knew where it was, and would be able to show me the place. The messenger carried some knives and bill-hooks to cut up the elephant when we found it.

Stairs at once blew the horn and called in the men. I put the boat together, took my trusty coxswain, the faithful Uledi, my crew of men, and the Zanzibari who was to act as guide on board, and started off down river to search for the elephant. Meanwhile Stairs and Parke marched on with the rest of the men to join Stanley.

I searched up and down the river, every island and creek where it was possible for the elephant to hide. However, darkness closed over us without our finding a trace of him, and we were obliged to turn back and make our way up the river in the dark. There were so many small rapids in the way that it was half-past eight before, disappointed and disheartened, we saw the lights of Stanley's camp-fires ahead. They had heard our shouts across the river, and we saw torches flashing in the darkness as they hurried down to the river-bank. In half an hour more we had reached the landing. Here we found Stanley, the officers, and the men, crowding down to the water's edge with baskets and knives, eager to get their share of the meat.

A few words dispelled their hopes, and again that long-drawn sigh of disappointment was heard, as the men turned away to crouch and brood over the camp-fires. There seemed to be nothing but disappointment in those days. Stairs had saved my supper for me: three-quarters of a cup of cold porridge, which was my share of the handful of Indian corn which our men had found on the island. Stairs, Parke, and I sat long over the fire that night talking; it was my birthday, and we treated ourselves all round to a few sips of brandy.

Stanley and his men, it appeared, on reaching this camp had found a couple of small canoes tied to the bank; in these some of the men had crossed over to the island, where there was a small temporary encampment of natives, and among them a large number of dwarf women and children. They had hidden themselves up to their necks in the mud on the side of the island, where they were found in threes and fours by our men; thirteen in all, varying from three feet ten to four feet in height. Some of them were rather nice-looking; they were perfectly nude, with the exception of a number of necklaces and girdles made of a kind of river shells, like mussel shells, cut into little round disks and strung closely together. All of them had five or more holes pierced in their upper lips, and in these were stuck stiff elephant hairs in lengths of about four inches. They stood out round the mouth like a cat's whiskers, and wagged in the most ludicrous way when the women spoke. When brought into our camp they apparently, after the first few minutes, had no fear. They were full of information and talked most volubly, but we were unable to understand the greater part of what they said. They evidently were in great fear of the Arabs, and had retired to the island to escape from them. They pointed in the direction from which the Arabs came, and called them Wa-tomba-tomba, which name they pronounced and accentuated to imitate the sound of guns; they also went through the pantomime of firing off a gun, and seemed to know so much about them that we felt certain the Arabs could not be far distant.

One thing we learned from the women which proved most useful. For some days we had found large flat brown beans, which grew upon very high trees in certain parts of the forest; under these trees the ground was thickly strewn with beans. The men, who called them Quemma, roasted them and tried to eat them, but they had a bitter, nauseous taste like a horse-chestnut, and they soon gave up attempting to eat them. The dwarf women, however, now showed us a method of preparing these beans which made them slightly less unpalatable. They peeled all the outside off the beans, and scraping them into thin shavings, pounded them into a sort of rough flour. This they mixed with water and made into a kind of paste, which they rolled in green leaves and baked upon the embers. These cakes, which were much like cakes made of sawdust, were neither palatable

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nor nourishing, and it was impossible to eat much of them ; still they helped somewhat to stop the cravings of hunger. The dwarf women also boiled this flour and made it into a kind of mucilaginous gruel. It was decided to stop a day in this camp and send out men on both sides of the river to look for food or signs of the Arabs. The men, however, returned in the evening without having seen any traces of them ; they brought back, however, a small store of fungus and a little fruit looking like a mango. It had a good smell and we tried to eat some of it, but it was most sickly, and after a few mouthfuls it caused violent sickness and made the head dizzy. Stanley, who had eaten it, was ill for some hours; he said it seemed as if an iron band had been tied round his temples.

Stairs and Parke went out to try and get a shot at something, but they returned having seen absolutely nothing in the way of birds or game. We had with us two donkeys belonging to Stanley and Parke, but these Stanley determined not to kill until we were absolutely at our last gasp. The donkeys had become very thin and diseased, as there was scarcely any grass to be found in the forest. Near the camp was a large grassy island in the middle of the river, and three men were sent over to it in a canoe to cut grass for the donkeys. The Zanzibaris were as thoughtless as children, and these men actually did not take their guns ; they had nothing but one small knife with them. While one of the men was cutting forage, a native who was lying concealed close by, seeing that none of the men were armed, sprang upon Feruzi Ali, and began hacking at his head with a long, glittering knife. The two other men in the canoe, seeing the native struggling with their comrade, instead of going to his aid, merely shouted for help. We could see the struggle going on, and though they were within easy range of our rifles, we dared not shoot for fear of killing our own man. Feruzi Ali struggled manfully, but the blows were raining down mercilessly on his bare head, and the streams of blood were blinding him. He was a strong man, but he had been taken unawares and was wounded before he had any chance of defending himself. The boat was hastily pushed off, and we shouted to the men to hurry, for it was terrible to see the struggle for life and death going on before our very eyes, and be powerless to help Feruzi. Before the boat reached the island, by a desperate effort he shook himself clear of the native and threw himself into the river ; while the savage, seeing the boat so near, plunged into the rapids on the other side of the island, and, reaching the opposite bank, managed to escape.

Feruzi Ali was frightfully cut about ; there were several deep cuts on his head, and his shoulders, arms, and hands were gashed in the most dreadful manner. Parke, who examined the wounds, said that those on the head would probably prove fatal in a few days.

Most of the men who went over to the opposite side of the river in search of food, did not return that evening ; they had gone too far and were benighted. It remained for us, therefore, to stay another day in this melancholy camp. We again went out in search of game, but again returned without having fired a shot. In the afternoon Stairs and I fished with the only fish-hook we possessed. After fishing for a couple of hours Stairs caught three, each about five inches long. We gave one to Stanley, and had the other two for our dinner. How we wished now for a miracle which would feed the starving multitude with the three small fishes !

As we were sitting round the fire after eating them, the boat was hailed from the other side of the river, and it at once pushed off to bring back our foraging party. They had managed to get a few small bananas, some native tobacco, and a fair amount of fungus and native spinach. This food was divided among the people, but it was only a handful apiece. The foragers said they had come across signs of the Arabs, in the shape of blazed trees at the side of the native paths. Stanley decided next morning to start on and send the boat up the river in charge of Uledi.

We were all now so weak that the slightest exertion we made to climb over rocks or fallen trees caused a strange giddiness, and at every fresh

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effort we broke out into a cold perspiration. The month of October was, as Stanley said, an awful month, and no member of the expedition, black or white, will ever forget it. I see in my journal, under the date October 11th, the following words:

"The state of the people is frightful; it was most distressing last evening to see the men lying about the camp, and to hear their groans throughout the night. They are dropping their loads right and left, and many will be lost today, I fear."

In our weakened state we struggled on, forcing our way through the dense undergrowth, wading through mud and streams, wet through from morning till night, and with hardly anything to still the cravings of hunger.

Several of our men fell that day and never reached camp. They would creep away from the path and hide in the bushes, and after the caravan had gone by, would crawl out to the path and try to follow us; some of them got into camp late at night, but others we never saw again.

One of my chiefs, Muftah bin Machicha, who had long been getting weaker and weaker, stayed behind in this way, and never reached camp.

Three men, Soudi, Rehani, and another, who were in Stanley's company, deserted with their loads. One of them was carrying most of Parke's clothes, another, a bale of boots and clothes we were bringing to Emin Pasha, and a third, something else equally valuable. These loads we never found, for the men threw them away. The deserters themselves returned on our track and finally reached Ugarrowa's Station, where we found them many months afterward on our return through the forest. We marched about seven miles that day, but in that march we lost twelve men, four from desertion, and the rest from exhaustion and starvation. Late in the evening one of the men who had been sent in the boat to bring her up the river, came into camp; he said that in getting the boat over the rapids she had struck upon a rock, and the force of the blow had broken the bolts of one of the sections, and she was now at the foot of a large rapid in a very bad state and leaking fast. As I was in charge of the boat, Stanley ordered me to return to the boat next morning and mend her up.

Accordingly, next morning I started off, taking with me my favorite chief, Rajab bin Jumah and five men, who carried some iron bolts and india-rubber packing for the boat section. It was very hard having to return again and go over the ground I had toiled along so painfully before. Finding no traces of the Arabs on this side of the river, Stanley wished to send men across the stream to search the opposite bank. We could see a small canoe tied to a tree on a little island in the middle of the river, and Stanley asked who would swim across and fetch it. One of our best men volunteered, and was promised ten dollars if he was successful. Owing however to his weakened state, he was caught in the rapids, and drowned almost before our eyes. The attempt was therefore abandoned, and Stanley decided to go on and wait for the boat to catch him up.

On my way back we passed the dead body of Muftah ben Machicha and two others near him, who were just breathing their last. They had all probably hidden in the brushwood until the straggling caravan had passed, and had been unable to reach camp.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon I reached the boat at the foot of a good-sized rapid. She was indeed in a dangerous position; six of the top bolts had given way in one of the sections, and it was a wonder she had not foundered. Uledi, however, who was ever ready in any emergency, had cleverly fastened her up with one of the boat ropes, and had packed some native cloth into the seams. This had considerably stopped the leak, but three men were continually kept baling and just managed to keep her afloat. In an hour I got the boat mended, and we then began to get her over the rapid. It was fearfully hard work hauling her round rocks and up small cataracts, and it was almost dark before we got to the head of the rapids. I managed to urge the men to row up stream a bit further, and told them to sing one of their boat songs; they tried, but it was a failure, and after singing a bar or two they stop-

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ped, saying, "We cannot sing, for our hearts are dead within us. It was a marvel how we had managed to get the boat up the rapid at all, for the rowers were utterly worn out, and had it not been for the unflagging energy of Uledi, whom nothing could daunt, I do not think we should have accomplished much; for he always helped in all my endeavors to hearten the men up. Now and then he would make a caustic remark if he saw one of the boatmen giving in, and even in those, our worst days, our men were never indifferent to some rough jest which would always be answered by a wan smile.

An hour before dark we tied up against the bank, and the men went out in search of fungus or tree-beans. Rajab bin Jumah lighted a big fire and cut some green boughs for my bed, for I had no tent or blankets with me. Shortly after dark the men returned, bringing in a number of tree-beans and a small supply of fungus. They gave me a share of what they had found, for I had absolutely nothing but a little tea. Rajab bin Jumah scraped some beans and boiled them into a thick gruel, putting a few toadstools in to give it a taste. It was a most unpalatable, sickening mess, but I drank and was thankful for it. We were all too hungry and tired to sleep much, and I sat up half the night reading my little pocket Shakespeare by the light of the camp-fire. I always carried it in my pocket. It contained only two plays, "Antony and Cleopatra," and "The Merchant of Venice," and these will I think always be my favorites, having read them over so many times in the forest.

I cannot speak gratefully enough of the conduct of our faithful Zanzibaris at this period. On them we were entirely dependent for such food as we were able to scrape together. The Zanzibari, it is true, will lie and thieve—most untaught negroes will—but with the white man with whom he has worked, whom he respects and has confidence in, though starving himself, he will share his last crust.

It was often pitiful to see a man who was scarcely more than skin and bone, and who was half mad with hunger himself, bringing us a little store of toadstools and laying it before us, say, "Master, take your share, God is good."

There was something childlike and simple about these Zanzibaris which always appealed strongly to our sympathy. At work you may be as severe as you please; you may flog him when he does wrong, so long as when work is done you relax, and gossip and talk with him. His quaint remarks upon people and things are always entertaining, and often instructive. You listen to his stories about his wife or mother, his sister or friend, about his home in Zanzibar, and his little plot of land; in fact you make him feel, that though you will force him to do his full share of work, at the same time you sympathize with him in his troubles and are really his friend. If you do this he will work for you and follow you with a dog-like fidelity. I have often seen a Zanzibari who had laid himself open to punishment, lie down and take his fifteen or twenty strokes of the cane, and after he has received them get up, and, raising his hands above his head, say "Hamd el Allah" (Thank God), by which he means he has done wrong, he has received his punishment, and now he and the world are even. If punished justly, this child of nature never bears malice; but injustice, want of sympathy, or cruelty will transform him into a sullen, mutinous devil, with whom nothing can be done. Of course there are times when the Zanzibari is most troublesome and has to be treated with great severity, but when once he understands that a man is his *friend* and *master*, these ebullitions are not of frequent occurrence.

People, when they first go to Africa, naturally look at things from a civilized point of view, and are not able to understand the strange working of an African's mind, and in this way many mistakes are made at first. But if they endeavor, ever so little, to put themselves in his place, they will soon understand how to deal with the Africans, how to gain their respect and affection, and how to make them work *with* them, with a fidelity almost unknown among civilized people. Our leader possessed this faculty in a very large degree, and partly through his teaching and partly from our own feeling of sympathy and liking for our

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men, we of the "Advance Column" worked with our men in perfect accord; and had we not learned this way of dealing with them, we could never have held together during those fearful days of our march through the dark forest.

We were up early next morning, and I gave the men a little tea all round and told them we must work hard that day, or we should not catch Stanley. After pulling for an hour the river became again broken up into rapids and was studded with a network of islands, so that we got along but slowly. We sighted three elephants feeding on the grass which fringed the islands; they looked huge, wading slowly about in the rapids. Of course we were not able to approach them near enough for a shot, and with our Remington rifles only it would have been useless to attempt it. After pulling some time we saw a canoe tied against the bank of an island, and as we approached some arrows fell close to the boat; but the men sprang ashore and the natives retired without our firing a shot. On the bank we found a small basket of beans, two large baskets, each containing about a peck and a half of beautiful Indian corn, several finely cured gazelle skins, and fifteen or twenty large packages of native tobacco, well prepared and beautifully packed in parcels shaped like huge dumb-bells. The men's joy at the sight of the corn was delightful to witness after the dejection under which they had suffered for so many days. They smiled, and raising their faces and hands to heaven, cried: "Allah be praised!" I immediately turned the boat's head toward the shore to make a division of the food and allow the men to have a good feed then and there. I reserved a basket of Indian corn and five packets of tobacco for Stanley and ourselves, but all the rest I divided equally among the boat's crew. We saw two of our men lying dead by the side of the track near where we stopped; they were scarcely cold, and must have died that morning while trying to follow the caravan. As we were cooking our corn, another of our men crawled out of the bushes on his hands and feet; he was a living skeleton, and could only mumble a few words in a voice which was scarcely human. I made Uledi boil some corn until it was very soft, and then mashed it up and gave it to him with a little tea. He snatched at it almost like an animal. We took him on board the boat, but in half an hour he died, and we had to pitch him overboard. All day long we were fighting our way up over the cataracts, and in the afternoon got among a network of islands with rapid channels rushing between them. On rounding the end of a large wooded island we came upon a most extraordinary sight. Some sixty or seventy natives, men, women, and children, were in the rapid clinging to rocks or boughs of trees. They evidently took us for the Arabs, and imagined the boat would come up on the side of the island next to the main land. They probably thought that in case we landed on the island, they would elude our observation by hiding themselves in the water.

Their astonishment and terror, therefore, knew no bounds when the boat shot round on the *inner* side of the island and approached them. Those men who could swim dived or ducked behind the rocks, but the women in their terror abandoned their children and made for the shore. It was piteous to see women, small children, and babies swept past us in the yellow flood; we saw tiny hands or feet appearing for an instant above the rushing water, and then disappearing forever over the cataracts below. I shouted to the men to help them, and we seized a woman by the hand as she was being swept past us and hauled her on board; but while we were trying to save some others, she, thinking we intended to harm her, flung herself again into the water, and she, too, was overwhelmed in the cataract.

We passed on and worked up stream till nearly dark, when a violent thunderstorm came on, and soon drenched us to the skin. At the foot of a large rapid I ordered the men to tie up for the night and camp, which, poor fellows, they were ready enough to do. About half a mile ahead I could see the light of Stanley's camp-fires, and decided to go on myself by land to him, taking with me the basket of Indian corn I had got in the morning; for I knew that he and Stairs and Parke must be in des-

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perate straits for food. In half an hour I had reached the camp.

Stanley and the rest were astonished and delighted when they saw the corn. I see in his book, "Darkest Africa," he calls it "a reprieve from death."

On my bringing the corn into his tent, Stanley said to me: "This, Jephson, is the second time you have done us a good turn; you have brought us food now when we are starving, and you captured that large canoe down river, which has been of such value to us for carrying our sick so many weeks." I record this, for it was absolutely the first word of commendation or encouragement we had any of us heard from our leader, and it greatly surprised us. It was not till some months afterward that we began to understand that, under the seeming indifference our leader had for his officers, there lay a strong sympathy and interest for all that we did, though he seldom allowed it to be apparent. I feel certain that, had the officers of the "Rear Column" only been long enough with him, they too would have understood their leader, as we of the "Advance Column" eventually learned to do.

The corn was at once divided between Stanley, Stairs, Parke, myself, and Stanley's German servant. What joy to find, on measuring it out, there were thirty-six cups of corn!

I learnt that during the two days I had been away, the dejected, hopeless state of the men had increased to a fearful extent, and the people were rabid with hunger. We had been looking for the return of the five chiefs whom we had sent ahead to find the Arabs; yet already ten days had elapsed and we had heard nothing of them.

Stanley decided to remain for a day where we were and send out the strongest men to try and find food, but they were so dejected that we had almost to drive them out of the camp. As usual, they came in with nothing but a few fungi. It was a marvel that we were not some of us poisoned in those days, for the toadstools we ate were all colors, purple, orange, green, or red, and we knew nothing about their being edible; the men only knew they were hungry and must eat something.

The next day Stanley crossed the entire expedition over to the other side of the river, and a few chosen scouts were sent out to search for the Arab path, which Stanley felt certain lay inland from the river.

Before crossing the river we blazed the trees all round, and cut arrows pointing across the stream, in order to show our lost chiefs that we had crossed, in case they returned on their track. We also wrote a few lines on a blazed tree to tell them to cross and follow us; Khamis Parry could read English and would understand it. On the opposite bank we once more sent out men to find food, but they were as unsuccessful on this as on the other side. In this camp poor Feruzi Ali, the man who was cut over the head by the savage, died from compression of the brain. He had day by day been getting worse, and at last became idiotic, and at night fell into one of the campfires and was burned.

The next morning Stanley called another council, in which various suggestions were made. Our state was so distressing that there was a question of abandoning the boat and marching inland; but Uledi, ever ready, volunteered to take her up the river over the rapids with a picked crew, and promised to cut across and join us if he found it was impossible to get on.

There was no path, not even an elephant track, and we had to cut our way due north through one of the densest districts of the forest we had yet seen. It was a most distressing march, and many of our men dropped by the way, and we lost some of the loads. Fortunately, we got a small store of wild cardamom fruit which somewhat refreshed us. I was burning with fever and could hardly get along. As we were stopping for the mid-day halt and were roasting some fungi on the embers of the fire, some of the men discovered a few "M'bungu" fruit on a high tree. They at once climbed up after it, and one of them, over-venturesome, crept out on to a rotten branch, which immediately gave way with a crash. The man fell from a height of sixty feet on two men who were standing below, and all three were knocked senseless. The man who fell got a slight concussion of the brain, but after lying

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senseless for half an hour he was able to stand up and talk, and eventually all three men walked into camp. The man was in a very poor and starved condition, so that his recovery was marvellous, and will give some idea of the wonderful tenacity of life which our Zanzibaris possessed.

At about 4.30 we reached Stanley, who had struck upon a little cleared native camp and had pitched his tent there; it was like a round dark cave in the middle of the dense forest. Seeing the state of the people was desperate, he decided to kill his donkey and distribute the meat among our starving men. It was in a very diseased condition, but we shot it and there was a great dividing up of the meat. It furnished each man with a good-sized piece of flesh. We Europeans had as our share a hind leg and the tongue, and we made some soup and stew out of it. It was very tough and had a peculiar taste, but we devoured it eagerly. The men were so starved that they fought for the entrails and cleared away every vestige of them. That evening the scouts came in and reported having come upon a large track some way inland, with blazings on it, running parallel to the river.

The next morning we finished the rest of our donkey stew and started off. The men knowing that the Arab track was before them, went somewhat better than on the previous day. At mid-day we stopped to rest and had the last of our donkey meat cooked on the embers. As we were sitting there, word came back from Stanley that he had struck the Arab track and was following it up. I find the following entry in my journal on that day, October 16th:

"Stanley is very glad about reaching the blazed track, and is confident we shall reach the Arabs in two days time. During all this time his anxiety has been frightful; for the success of the expedition has been, and is indeed, hanging in the balance. Here he has a starved and worn-out people with no food but these miserable beans. Nelson, with fifty-six people and eighty-one loads, are left behind, and their chances of being relieved are daily growing less and less. The five chiefs who went ahead to look for food have not been heard of; Uledi and the boat's crew are on the river making their way up in search of the Arabs; fifty sick men are left behind at Ugarrowa's settlement; and Barttelot and the rest of the men and officers are probably working their way after us, and will experience the same difficulties as we have. The expedition is in fact entirely split up, and God alone knows whether it will ever be reunited."

We were now following up the track which had been blazed by the Arabs; the marks were, however, pretty old, and the track was so tangled with undergrowth that we often came near losing it and had to proceed slowly, sending men ahead to look out for blazed trees. At one place the whole column was routed by a nest of hornets, which stung the men most frightfully. We had passed a good many of these hornet nests in the forest, and when we saw them in time, invariably gave them a wide berth. They usually hung from the branches of trees near running water, and were ordinarily three feet long and two feet in diameter; they looked as if they were made of brown paper. The slightest movement in the bushes near, or even the voices of people speaking, was sufficient to cause an instant sortie from the nest, and the small black hornets attacked the intruders with virulent fury. In this case none of us caught sight of the nest, when suddenly we saw the foremost men throw down their loads and dash into the thick underwood, beating themselves madly with green boughs. The hornets were instantly upon the rest of us and completely routed the whole column. Everyone left the path and fled through the bushes, children howled, and women shrieked, and all seemed as if they had gone mad. One poor old man in my company must have had fifty stings on his naked body, and in order to protect himself he threw himself into a stream close by, where he lay roaring with the hornets buzzing about him. In his weakened state the effect of the stings and cold water were too much for him, and that night he died. We all collected some four hundred yards ahead on the track and waited a couple of hours, till the hornets had settled

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down again ; we then returned one by one, and each man cautiously picked up his load and stole away with it.

That same day we lost another man, who fell from a high tree up which he had climbed to gather fruit. He was so crushed that he was unable to move, and we were forced to leave him, for it was as much as we could do to drag ourselves along. One of the most distressing things was to see a man, with whom we had worked in close companionship for so many weeks, fall by the way, and be obliged to pass by on the other side without helping him, for it was now a case of *sauve qui peut.*

One morning, two days after this, we heard the guns going ahead, and knew that Stanley had at last struck the Arab camp and was firing a salute, as is the custom in Africa on meeting strangers.

What a relief! for we knew there was now food and rest for our starving and worn-out people. We hurried on and soon emerged from the interminable, hateful bush, and came into great fields of rice and Indian corn, and at the other end of the clearing, almost a mile distant, we could see the Arab village. This one clearing alone must have been five hundred acres in extent. On reaching it we found Stanley seated on an antelope skin in the verandah of the chief's house, while all the people, men, women, and children had crowded round to hear our story.

The chief's name was Khamis ; he was a Manyema and a slave of a Zanzibar Arab named Abed ben Salim, whose bloody deeds were a theme of conversation in the bazaars of Zanzibar. He was now on a pilgrimage to Mecca, but before starting had despatched Khamis and a large number of Manyema slaves, armed with percussion guns, in search of slaves and ivory. They had left Kasongo, in Manyema, more than a year and a half before ; they had wandered about the forest for many months, and had finally made their settlement here in the district called Ipoto. They were all of the usual type of Manyema, and their sleek satiny skins and fat bodies showed that there was no lack of food. They were all clothed in very pretty shirts and clothes, made of grass and fibre of the palm leaf woven into extremely pretty patterns and dyed different colors. Here we sat some time and exchanged news ; we told our story and they told us theirs ; huts were given us ; and then began our life in the Manyema camp, of which I propose to write, together with the relief of Nelson, in another article.

IN EARLY SPRING.

By Edith M. Thomas.

Bright days are with us, lengthened and serene.
The clods grow mellow, and the forest hath
Its budding pleasures ; yet of Winter's scath
Some drear memorials here and there are seen.
For, though the wind no more breathes frosty-keen,
It often floats the old leaves in our path,
Or sighs along some unreaped aftermath,
To mind us of the rigor that hath been.
O thou my Joy, Spring of my Wondrous Year!
Forgive, if in thy presence aught of grief
Remain from that dead time ere thou wast here.
Now, surely, such gainsaying shall be brief ;
For thou wilt set my feet where flower and leaf
And soft new sward blot out the stubble sere.

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THE HALF-WHITE.

By Fanny Van de Grift Stevenson.

I.

"I HAVE said it once, and I say it again," said the priest; "you will do no serious work here; you are too fanciful; a dreamer of dreams, a lotus-eater. Go back to your own stern, practical country, where every man is a producer and idlers are not tolerated."

"I thought you approved of my poor verses," was the plaintive reply; "but yesterday you kindly called them exquisite. Was it in irony you spoke? I am so simple, I am easy to fool. Don't say you were making fun of me, dear Father Canonhurst; I haven't the fortitude to bear it. And sarcasm would be so incongruous in this garden of Eden; don't spoil the harmonies."

Laurence Cathcart, who thus answered the priest, leaned forward, turning up his fine eyes with a conscious roll, as he spoke in a rich, full voice that was pleasant to hear.

"I wish, Laurence," said the priest, a little impatiently, "you would drop those affectations of manner. They lead people to think you a fool."

"And I am not? Thank you, dear Father. But my sonnets, I assure you they are the results of hard labor; no jail-bird ever worked harder than I did over that last triplet—please don't say *triflet*. But perhaps you don't consider poetry serious. Do you think I would do better compiling a dictionary? Or, hideous thought! to become a newspaper reporter? If you say I must, why, of course; but I do not think I would fill your ideal——"

"Nonsense," interrupted the priest; "your verses are both elegant in form and poetic in sentiment. But some, I observed, bore date five years ago, while only one piece has been written here in Honolulu. And it is a small book. You twang most tunefully on the guitar, but we wait for the organ note; Laurence, the Church waits."

The young man bowed his head and crossed himself. He was a recent convert.

"I owe you that, and much more," said he. "You are always right, and always wise. I will try to follow your guidance; but don't expect too much of me."

The priest studied Laurence with kindly eyes. "You should marry," said he.

"I! Marry! Oh, Father Canonhurst! Are my faults so heinous that my penance is to be life-long? And besides, my tastes do not lead me in the way of meeting marriageable young ladies. If you really think so extreme a step necessary, had you not better arrange the affair with a suitable mamma? I am afraid I could not put enough heart into it myself."

"Leave Hawaii, and go you back to New England," said the priest. "They tell me good marriages are as plentiful there as blackberries. Let it be known that you are seeking a wife, and the thing is done. You need ballast. A good wife would settle you."

"She would, indeed," replied Laurence, affecting a shudder. "But I cannot go back to New England, for I was never there, to begin with. San Francisco, where I have so often told you I was born, is not a suburb of Boston, as you foreigners seem to think."

"We are both foreigners here," remarked the priest.

"Yes," said Laurence. "That is what makes it all so delicious; everything is new, and strange, and enchanting. I am laying in a rich store of impressions and experiences. While I seem to be idly fluttering my wings over the flowers, in reality I am gathering honey."

"Too much honey is bad for the digestion," said the priest, dryly. "But here," he continued, "here is a fruit that is excellent for the stomach, for the blood, and for the spirits."

He turned, as he spoke, to a couple of young girls who mounted the steps of the *lanai*, carrying a basket of mangoes.

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"*Aloha*, my child; *Aloha-nui!* It is kind of you to think of Father Canonhurst this hot day. And your sister, I see, is returned from her visit. *Aloha*, daughter; you have grown since you left us, wiser, I trust, as well as taller."

The two girls, singularly unlike, for one bore all the marks of Hawaiian origin, while the other, though sunburnt and naturally dark, had not a characteristic of the race, received the holy father's blessing and retired, giggling.

"I should never have guessed them to be sisters," said Laurence, helping himself to a rosy-cheeked mango. "They do not look to be of the same blood."

"Nor are they," returned the priest; "though it would be an unpardonable offence to say so in their hearing. You know something, I presume, of the odd custom of adoption that prevails in all the islands of the South Seas. The elder of these two girls was adopted before her birth by the mother of the younger. The real mother was a Portuguese. It is a common practice, but generally confined to the native population."

A bell tinkled, and both men rose simultaneously.

"It is the hour for confession," said the priest. "I must bid you good-morning."

Laurence paused and looked about him as he pushed open the garden gate. The sunlight was bright, and hard, and hot, but a light breeze moved the air and lapped luxuriously upon his skin through his thin raiment. Blossoming trees and creepers flaunted their banners over garden walls, and from the flanks of houses, showering the street with their gaudy petals, while the frangipani, the gardenia, the heliotrope, the orange, and the golden-yellow ginger plant flung out their rich perfumes with tropical generosity. Gathered under the shortening shadows and about the doorways, groups of comely brown women clad in bright *holakus* lounged, chattering and laughing in sweet voices; some lay sleeping on the sidewalk like kittens, their heads pillowed on each other.

"Father Canonhurst is right," thought the young man; "I haven't the cheek to make verses here."

II.

The hour was far advanced toward nightfall when Laurence paused at the door of his lodgings, and looked eagerly up at the balcony of the adjoining house. What he evidently hoped, did not, however, occur. There were no signs of life, and the windows, festooned with wisteria, remained closed and silent.

In his chamber it was quite dark, and the air was close and heavy. He struck a match and looked about the room, as though a little uncertain of the position of things. Beside one of the windows a curious small instrument, the guitar of the Portuguese, hung dangling by a blue ribbon. This guitar, or "tarepatch," he took from its nail, and after tuning it softly threw open the window and stepped out on the balcony. Leaning against the wall in a studied attitude of graceful repose, he swept the strings with a sharp twang, and after an unnecessarily noisy prelude, sang very sweetly, with a correct and melodious tenor, a love song in native Hawaiian.

Before two bars of the song were finished, a glass door in the adjoining balcony was hesitatingly opened, a slim brown hand pushed back the clustering wisterias, and a lovely half-white girl leaned forward. Her long, heavily fringed eyes showed signs of recent weeping, her black hair was ruffled, and the red hibiscus blossoms stuck behind her ear, and fastened in her bosom, were crushed and broken.

"Sing no more; sing no more," she said, with a little, precise accent that was extremely engaging. "I must speak to you, Laurence; it is for the last time. What I have to say I must say quickly, or I lose my resolution quite."

The young man leaned over the narrow abyss that divided the two balconies.

"You have been crying, Lulani; what grieves you? Come closer; come to the balustrade and tell me. To think," he continued, as the girl obeyed him, "to think that I have never so much as touched your hand, and I have known and loved you so long."

"Only two weeks," murmured the girl.

"Two weeks! two years—two thousand years! always, since time began—since I first saw you."

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"It is but a short while," interrupted the girl, sadly, "and you will soon forget; and I—will try."

"What do you mean, dearest child? You terrify me. Lean over, closer, and listen while I tell you something. The very best friend I have in the world said to me to-day, 'Laurence, you must marry.' Well, do you not see, my sweet? I shall obey him—he is my spiritual adviser—and marry you."

"Never! never!" cried the girl, in a tone of agony; "do not speak. While I have courage, let me go on. I dare not hesitate one moment lest I stop. To-day I went to confession, and I told the reverend father how we met, you and I, on the balcony, and talked, and I taught you to play on the tarepatch. Oh, he was angry; fearfully angry; and he was right to be angry. I—I have deceived you, Laurence. I did not think—I did mean to—at first."

"I swear there is no harm in your deceit, poor dove. Tell me what it is, if you like, and if you do not like I will not press you. Your secret doesn't frighten me, told or untold."

"Do not tempt me, do not," sobbed the girl. "I must tell—I must. Have you not sometimes wondered, Laurence, that you never saw me anywhere but on this balcony; that you never met me on the street, nor in the shops, nor in the houses of the neighbors? Did you not think it strange that I should be so much alone?"

"I wondered about nothing but your marvellous beauty," replied the young man; but the ring of his voice was not quite genuine.

"Listen, then," gasped the girl; "I am accursed; a pariah, an outcast from the homes of men. My mother and my brother died in Molokai."

"My God!" cried the young man. "Lepers!"

Before the words had left his lips the girl was gone, the window closed, and her light extinguished.

III.

From Father Canonhurst's open *lanai* the softly diffused radiance of a lamp fell over the lawn and shrubbery of the garden. It was late, and the night was very dark, for rain clouds were driving down from the mountains. The house was silent as sleep or death, and when the voices of some passing revellers, garlanded and wreathed with royal yellow *leis*, echoed through the bare *lanai*, the effect was like profane speech in a church. In this ascetic apartment Father Canonhurst, the sole watcher, sat staring at the opposite wall. A neatly folded document lay on the table beside him; torn papers littered the floor. His face was very pale, and its fixed expression of deep thought intensified the marks of fatigue or illness that shadowed his hollow temples and thin cheeks.

Laurence Cathcart, hungering for sympathy—he would have said he could not live without sympathy—was, nevertheless, when he noted the worn and haggard aspect of the priest, on the point of turning away from the *lanai* to which the restless desire for a confidant had drawn his footsteps; but an awkward movement betrayed him. The priest, flushing crimson, sprang to his feet, and the moment for retreat was passed.

"I fear I am intruding; you are not well, Father," stammered the young man.

The priest looked at him vacantly. "No," he said, after a pause. "It is not well with me."

"I am grieved to have disturbed you," continued Laurence. "I was very selfish. I was so full of my own worries that I thought of nothing else."

"Worries?" said the priest, speculation slowly returning to his eyes. "What worries have you? And why do you come to me so late? It *is* late, is it not?"

"It is, indeed," answered Laurence. "And you are very tired. My affair will keep till to-morrow."

"No," said the priest, "come in. I may be gone to-morrow."

"Gone? gone where?" asked Laurence. "I trust you will not stay long. I can't think what I shall do without you."

"I shall stay a long time, Laurence," said the priest; "for I shall never come back."

"Never—never come back?" repeated Laurence, blankly.

"This evening," said the priest, "I

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applied to my superior for a change. I gave my reasons without reserve, and he approved of my judgment. It so happened that a vacancy had just fallen in the Marquesas. I shall be sorry to leave you, Laurence; your society has been very pleasant to me. When you remember your old friend, try and think of him kindly, and do not forget his counsels. That reminds me—what is your errand to-night?"

"This is an unexpected calamity," said the young man. "I am staggered by it. I shall not know where to turn; and I need you so bitterly."

"Yes," said the priest; "I think you will miss me. Let me help you while I may, my friend, for I shall soon be gone. What is it?"

"I only wanted—" replied the young man, "I only wished to clear my mind; I wished—I hoped—you might advise me to a rash course."

"You need no persuasion to a rash course, I fear," said the priest, with a wan smile. "Disburden your mind. Your hesitation makes me think it must be something very rash indeed."

"Father," said Laurence, "you advised me to-day to marry. I am sorry, now, I was not quite frank with you. But my thoughts were so vague; my plans—in fact I had no plans; and then I feared you would not approve, for the girl is a—half-white."

The priest's pale face turned ashen, and a strange light leaped into his eyes.

"When did you change your lodgings?" he asked, abruptly.

Laurence, in the embarrassment of his confession, had averted his gaze; he looked up now, quickly, for the change in the priest's voice was curious and startling.

"That seems irrelevant," he said; "but if you seriously wish to know, I moved into my present quarters in—— Street a couple of weeks ago. Father Canonhurst," he added, for the priest was staring at him with an unconcealed antagonism that confounded the young man, "Father Canonhurst, are you annoyed with me for so small a thing as having changed my room without informing you?"

"The name?" demanded the priest. "The name?"

"This is not the confessional, Father Canonhurst," said Laurence. "I beg your pardon; but when you hear my story you will understand that mentioning names would be neither delicate nor generous. And, indeed, I think I had better go no further to-night. You are not yourself; you are not well. Surely there will be a spare moment somewhere for me before you go; and to-night I will leave you in peace."

"In peace?" repeated the priest, with a ghastly smile; "in peace? No; what you have to say, say now. Name me no names unless you choose." The effort he made for self-control was evident and painful to see. "It is possible," he continued, "it is possible that you were about to speak of Lulani, the half-white child of a leprous mother?"

The young man winced. "You have guessed rightly," he said. "Of course you will know her. I might have been sure of that."

"Well?" said the priest.

"You—you mentioned her mother," continued Laurence. "Will you tell me the exact truth concerning her? Stories become so exaggerated——"

"The truth—it is the truth you ask me for?" said the priest. "The truth is not always acceptable."

Laurence had known Father Canonhurst for many years; it was he who led him to Rome. During their long intercourse the younger man had occasionally, to his after-shame, lapsed into small evasions and perversions of fact, sins on which the priest was specially severe. Once, when involved in a labyrinth of prevarication, Laurence caught his own reflection in an opposite mirror, and the sight was not a pleasing one. This incident was brought sharply to his remembrance by Father Canonhurst's furtive, roving glance, which it gave him a shock to recognize.

"If you insist upon the truth," the priest suddenly began, "have it, then, in its naked horror. The girl's mother was a native woman who died of leprosy when Lulani was a child. The husband, the mate of an English merchantman, fled when he learned the nature of his wife's complaint. At that time the administration of the law was lax, and the woman was living among her people.

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Under the régime of the new king, however, she was removed to Molokai, soon to be followed by her son, stricken by the same terrible disease. The child Lulani, left in my guardianship, grew up, partly by means of her very isolation and partly by the grace of God, with a soul as pure as her body is foul."

"For God's sake," cried the young man, "don't use such words! Besides, is heredity so strong a factor, after all? I have heard it disputed. I have heard men of authority in their profession assert that, if after the lapse of seven years the disease has not declared itself, all danger is passed."

"Possibly; I doubt it myself," said the priest. "I, too, have heard different theories discussed. On one point all scientists are agreed. If leprosy, insanity, or phthisis pass over one generation, the probability is strong that the malady will attack the next with renewed vigor. Are you willing that for your sin of self-indulgence, the consequences shall pursue the innocent to the third and the fourth generations?"

"As for myself," said Laurence, "I am not a coward, I hope. And to take into consideration hypothetical, unborn generations is, it seems to me, fantastic. Don't turn against me in this, dear old friend. You don't understand; I have not put it strongly enough; I was too shame-faced. I love this woman as I can never love another. If I lose her, my life is ruined."

"Love!" exclaimed the priest, "love! The word falls lightly from your lips; but the very essence of love is self-sacrifice. From Christ on the cross to the mother dying that her child may live, it is the same. Everywhere love hangs bleeding on the crucifix."

Laurence, who had been wondering at Father Canonhurst's strange temper, was struck by the passion of this speech. He looked curiously at the priest, who flushed hotly under the scrutiny.

"Father Canonhurst," said Laurence, suddenly, "you were prepared for this. You are the priest to whom she confessed to-day."

The priest raised his hand. "Laurence Cathcart, you go too far! And yet," he added, "there is no reason why I should not concede to you so much; I am the priest to whom she confessed; and I have just learned from your own lips that it was you against whom I warned her."

"But now, Father—now you know, you will not come between us?" demanded Laurence.

"The situation is not changed," said the priest. "I have no more to say than I have said already. I am weary, and the hour is late."

The sound of rain falling sharply on the roof of the *lanai* reverberated through the room, and the air became perceptibly cooler. The roysterers from the royal boat-house had taken refuge in a neighboring *lanai*, and the slapping of thighs, and the wild, barbarous notes of the hula-hula mingled with the clattering splash of the shower.

The priest shivered. The words, "It is not well with me," recurred to Laurence.

"Father," he said, with quick compunction, "do not let us part like this. Let me take your blessing with me."

The priest, in answer, pointed to the road whence Laurence had come; but his uplifted hands fell, and his eyes stared with wrath and surprise; for there, the lamp-light on her face, and the darkness behind her, stood Lulani, the half-white.

"Do not be angry with me, Father," she pleaded. "It is late, and I did not think you would be still awake. The rain came, and Kaloia begged me to remember that she was old; so I ventured here for shelter. You would not have me inhumane?"

At the sound of her name, Kaloia—the girl's friend, servant, and relative combined—crept from behind Lulani in the crouching gait assumed by natives before superiors, and compressed herself into a dark corner behind the table. Here, secure from detection, she noiselessly slapped her thighs and swayed her body, lifting alternate shoulders, as she delightedly followed the hula-hula.

"Stay till the shower is passed," said the priest, coldly.

Laurence, at first bewildered by the sudden appearance of the girl, now determined to take advantage of the opportunity chance so unexpectedly offered him.

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"You must not stay here, Lulani," he said. "Leave your servant, and I will take you home. See, the rain is already lifting."

"No, Laurence," replied Lulani, "that cannot be. I have made my parting with you. Now, I must think only of the holy vocation that awaits me. To-day I said to you, 'I am one accursed.' That is not true; I am one chosen. Heaven has set me apart for some sacred mission, and I must not gainsay the will of God."

"Lulani, Lulani," exclaimed the young man, impatiently, "those are not your own words——"

"And if not," interrupted the priest, "if they are mine, they are true words, and wise. Say farewell, and go your way. To-morrow morning Lulani leaves Honolulu, in charge of Sister Augusta, for the convent where I mean to place her."

"So soon?" gasped the girl.

"You shall go to no convent!" cried Laurence. "You shall go with me, and Sister Augusta may go to the devil!"

The priest raised a reproving hand, and looked at Lulani.

"Such language," he said, "is not fitting for the ears of a young girl."

Laurence started forward with an impetuous movement of anger. A dramatic sweep of the arm, his favorite gesture, dislodged the lamp, already perilously near the edge of the table. But for Kaloia's adroitness, a catastrophe might have taken place. As it was, the chimney of the lamp rolled along the floor to Father Canonhurst's feet, and the acrid smell of burning kerosene blew about the room.

The priest stooped and took up the chimney, but his shapely hands trembled and bungled as he tried to fix it on the lamp.

"Give it to me," began Laurence.

He stopped, suddenly aware that he stood in the centre of a scene of strange emotion, but comprehending nothing. From the hand in which Father Canonhurst held the hot glass, a thin, white smoke of scorching flesh arose; upon this the eyes of the priest, of Lulani, of the servant were fixed, every face branded with horror, and white with fear.

The priest was the first to move. He changed the chimney to the other hand, then back again; then slowly readjusted it to the lamp; opened the hand once more, and looked upon it; and then, as with a deadly faintness, sank into a chair.

Lulani threw herself on the floor and tried to clasp his knees. The priest recoiled.

"Back—back!" he cried. "Do not touch me."

But before she could lay a hand on him, the old woman had dragged her away by the skirts.

The priest arose and passed his hand over his eyes. "Let me have a moment alone with my God," he said, feeling his way out of the *lanai* like a blind man.

The consciousness that some unknown tragedy was being enacted before him filled the young man with deep anxiety. Whether it concerned the girl he loved, or the priest alone, he could not divine. He kissed the hand he now reverently touched for the first time; it left the taste of tears on his lips, and gave him no sweet responsive pressure, but dropped from his grasp like a thing lifeless, and he drew back abashed as the girl lifted up her voice and wept aloud. A dolorous accompaniment arose from Kaloia's corner — the keening of the death-wail. It passed Laurence's mind that the whole scene, so singular, and devoid of explanation, might be illusory, and but the vagary of a dream or madness. Perhaps at this very moment his body lay sleeping in San Francisco, and Lulani, Kaloia, all, were but the phantoms of a vision. Perhaps—but the return of Father Canonhurst startled him back to his senses.

The drenched cassock of the priest clung to his spare figure, exaggerating both its slenderness and its height. His hair, crisped by the dampness, and sparkling here and there as a raindrop caught the lamp-light, rose round his tonsured head like an aureole. He looked like a mediæval saint.

The old woman lowered her voice to a dreary moaning. Lulani ceased weeping, and held out imploring hands.

"Father," she said, in a tone of tender entreaty, "whither thou goest I will go."

"My daughter," returned the priest,

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"you will obey me still. Where I go you must not enter."

"It is my mission—it was for that I was born. I pray you do not deny me."

"I lay my commands on you," said the priest. His words were stern, but his voice was very gentle. "Lulani, before we part you must answer me one question. Do you love this man as a woman should love her husband?"

The girl made a sorrowful gesture of assent.

"Then so be it. You have been ever affectionate and obedient; I thank you more than I can tell. And now, farewell. May the blessed Mother of God watch over my ewe lamb. Receive my benediction."

Kaloia, at a sign from the priest, half led, half dragged Lulani away. Laurence started to follow them.

"Stay," said the priest, "I have a—a communication to make to you." Several times he moistened his lips and seemed about to speak, but no words came. From a shelf against the wall he took down a bottle of what Laurence knew to be sacramental wine, and poured out a glass with trembling hands. The draught brought a faint glow to his cheeks.

"Laurence," he began; "Laurence, you have often confessed to me; now the priest confesses to you. To-day you asked me for the mystery of Lulani's birth. What I told you was false. Under the circumstances I considered I was justified. I do not, now. Go to the house of the half-white, Mikili; look into her face, note the resemblance, and then ask what the blood bond is between her and Lulani. Say that you have my authority to ask the question. She will tell you that they are sisters born of the same mother. Lulani's reputed mother and the mother of Mikili made friends in the Hawaiian fashion; as girls they changed holokus, as mothers they secretly exchanged their new-born babes; secretly, because both were married to white men, and they dared not tell their husbands. When Lulani's adoptive mother was taken to Molokai, both her children fell into my hands, Lulani and the boy. The boy soon followed his mother. In any part of the world a motherless, penniless young girl stands in imminent danger. How much more so in this city of refuge for the vicious of every country, where a half-white's very blood is supposed to mark her as the natural prey of the libertine. I determined to make use of the supposed leprous taint, and to rear and educate Lulani separate from the contaminating influences of the world, an offering, as it were, to the Church and to God. With difficulty I managed to graft and foster the fear of contagion in the minds of the simple Hawaiians. As for the whites, they fled at the word. To-day—to-day——"

The momentary flush of the wine had left his face, and he staggered as though about to fall. Laurence hastened to pour out another glass. The priest motioned him to put it down, and after a second's hesitation raised it to his lips.

"I must," he murmured, "for the flesh is weak." After a pause he continued. "To-day, in the confessional, my sin was revealed to me. I loved this girl, not as her spiritual father, but with the carnal love of man for woman. What is devilish in me would be holy in you. Did I believe you loved Lulani with one tithe of the strength I must and will destroy, I could see her your wife with relief and gladness. Of such love your nature is not capable. But her heart is set on you. I am strong; she is but a weak girl. Where I conquer she might fail. I shall soon be gone, my arm no longer ready to support her frailty. Into your keeping, therefore, I give her. Into your uncertain hands, to be led beside your uncertain footsteps I confide this pure young life; and as you deal with her, may God so deal with you and more also. It is the dead that speaketh."

He opened his hand, showing two white marks seared across the palm.

"What is it?" asked Laurence, in a hushed voice.

"Did you not see," replied the priest, "that the hot glass burned into my living flesh until smoke arose from it, and yet I felt no pain? That means—for seven years the poison has been working unsuspected in my veins. I am a leper."

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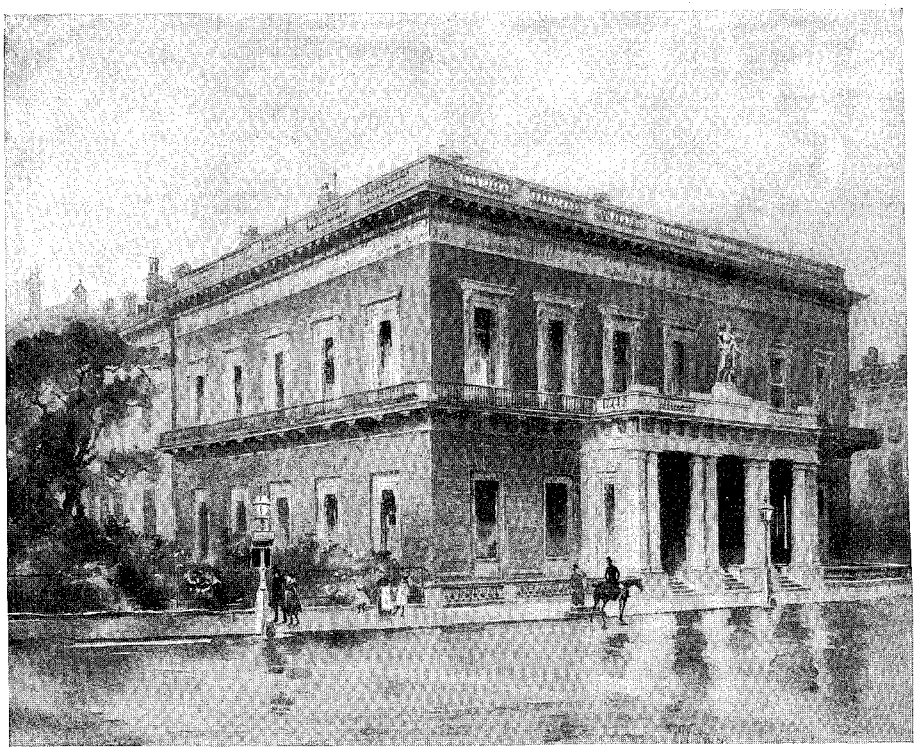

The Athenæum, London.

LONDON AND AMERICAN CLUBS.

By E. S. Nadal.

I.

CLUBS in the United States may be fairly said to be the growth of the last fifteen or twenty years. There were clubs before that time, it is true, and some of them were in a good condition, but as a rule they were not strong and flourishing. Twenty years ago it was still a question whether it was possible to establish an American club on a secure basis. The difficulty, of course, was one of money. It was said that London clubs paid because one-half of the members were absent during the greater part of the year—which, by the way, is not now, and never has been, true—and that the clubs had the yearly dues of absent members with which to defray the expenses of those who remained. The French clubs, it was said, succeeded because they were gambling-houses. But none of these conditions existed in the United States. American business men were not away half the year, although their wives were out of town for the summer months. Indeed, owing to the absence of their families and the shutting up of their houses at that season, they would use the club more in summer than at any other time. Respectable Americans, furthermore, did not make a pursuit of gambling, and our clubs were thus without the resources of the French clubs. Such was the explanation offered for what was then the fact, that American clubs did not flourish.

But what was so twenty years ago has now ceased to be so. In all the great cities of the United States there are now clubs as well established and secure of

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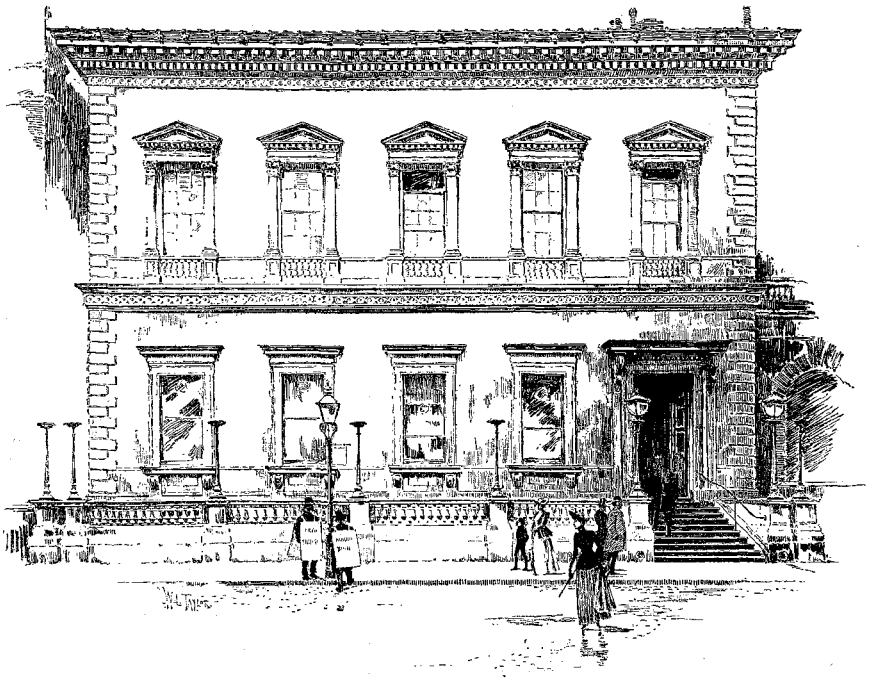
the future as any in Europe. These are being constantly added to; nor is the growth confined to the great towns. The smaller cities have them; indeed, almost every town of three or four thousand people has, if not a club-house, at any rate a few rooms which are intended to answer the purpose of



The Travellers', London.

one, and which are in many cases, no doubt, the beginnings of a club-house. It is interesting to compare these institutions with their English originals, and to notice what modifications have been made in adapting the English models to American needs.

English clubs may be classified in several ways. There is the distinction between the proprietary and non-proprietary clubs. The first English clubs were proprietary; that is, they were carried on at the risk and for the profit of the proprietor. White's, Brooks's, and Boodle's were of this class, and took their names from their first proprietors. In club evolution it was natural that this form of club should come first. Brooks kept a gambling-house, which was frequented by certain Whig gentlemen. In those days party feeling was exceedingly strong, and it was the custom for people to associate only with persons of their own party. It thus happened that the Whigs gathered at Brooks's. But Brooks's house was public, and free to anyone. The habitués naturally found it would be to their advantage to control admission to it. Accordingly Brooks made an arrangement with them, by which he agreed, on condition of their paying him a certain sum, to admit nobody except with their consent. The institutions thus formed were found to be a great advance upon ordinary public-houses. These clubs, by the way, are still proprietary. I have not much knowledge of them. I remember once going to one of them and paying very high for a poor dinner. In some of them it is not possible for a person not a member to be admitted beyond the door. At any rate, this is the rule at Brooks's: No person not a member is allowed to enter the house. A member once described to me the cooking of this club as "very English, good, plain, dear;" these adjectives

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have in some way always stuck in my head as expressive of England.

Clubs of the proprietary kind having been once established and found practicable, the next step was the formation of associations which were themselves proprietors of the houses in which they lived, and which altogether administered their own affairs. Far the greater number of English clubs now existing are non-proprietary. This distinction between proprietary and non-proprietary clubs it is necessary to have in mind in order to understand club development. But the distinction has little real significance. It merely concerns a detail of club administration. The life led in the two kinds of clubs is much the same. A more real distinction is that between upper- and middle-class clubs. And a still more significant one is that between the great clubs, which are meant to live in, and the smaller clubs, such as the Beefsteak, the Cosmopolitan, and the like, the intention of which is social enjoyment.

Of these two kinds of clubs the club to live in is incomparably the more important; it is, in fact, the English club. The English club is a place to live in. In one of these clubs a member lives for five hundred pounds a year about as well as he could live for five thousand a year in his own house. He, of course, wishes to make the club his own house, as far as may be. This fact explains the solitariness of these institutions. The member wishes to find in them the independence, the privacy, and, in a sense, the solitude of his own house. The great clubs are therefore designedly unsocial. Many of the features of the clubs accord with this intention. This is perhaps the reason of the plain decoration and the absence of pictures from the walls. It is thought that a club should be prevented from looking like a drawing-room; the notion is, that rather than look like a drawing-room it should look like an hotel—the suggestion being perhaps that the members are strangers to one another as people who meet in an hotel are. But, of course, it should look like neither. There is no treating, the feeling of the member, perhaps, being that his liberty would be interfered with by being expected to drink, or even by being asked to drink. Those pleasant weekly or monthly suppers usual in American clubs are unknown.

Comfortable solitude rather than society being the object of these great London clubs, it is obvious that society is not to be sought for in them. Social enjoyment and social position are to be sought elsewhere. Men do not acquire position by belonging to clubs. The intention, of course, is that only men of a certain position shall be

"The Bow Window at White's," London.

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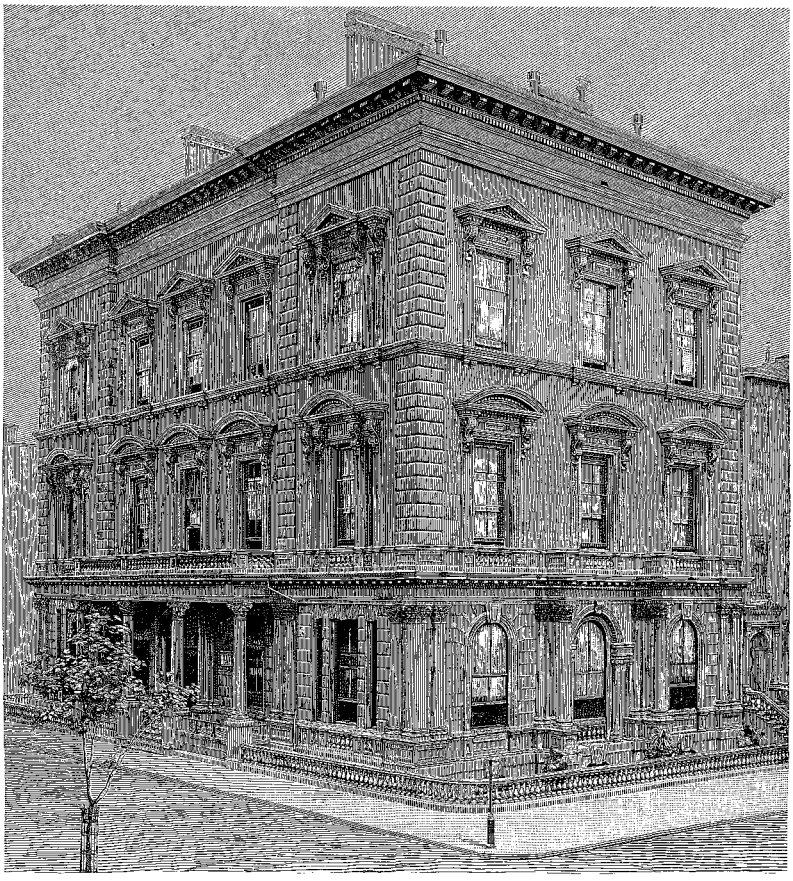
let into these clubs. If, as sometimes happens, a man of a different position gets in, the advantage he receives is slight.

It is also true that the fact of belonging to a good club is of little advantage in general society. Membership of a good club—whatever may have been formerly the case—nowadays confers no social position. The power to confer social position is in the hands of women. Society is to be sought at their entertainments. These entertainments are innumerable; there is no end to the balls, dinners, and luncheons. London is so vast; there is such an immense number of people ready to entertain, that a man who has good introductions and takes any pains may easily see all the society he has time and strength for. If he has been about London from his youth up, and has been active in society, he has, by the time he reaches middle age, an enormous acquaintance. To begin with, there are family connections and kin; then there are school and university friends; if he is a soldier, a barrister, or a civil servant, there are professional friends; there are the acquaintances made in fashionable life or in those numberless political, religious, literary, or commercial societies, into some of which he is certain at some time or other to have made excursions. An acquaintance once told me that he never accepted an invitation to a set dinner a month or three weeks ahead; he found such entertainments dull. When he wanted company, he took a turn in the Park and he was sure to meet somebody who would ask him to a quiet dinner that evening. This gives an idea of



The Union, New York.

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the extent of the social resources of London.

The appearance of these great London institutions has been made pretty familiar by books and pictures. They scarcely change at all. This is one of their strongest points of contrast to American clubs. If you leave your American club for a few years' residence in Europe, you are likely to find, on your return, that it has been moved two miles away, having merely followed the movement of everything else. This is especially true of New York, which may be called a town on rollers. But it is true to some extent of all American cities. If by chance the club has not changed its place, its internal arrangements are sure to have been altered. The billiard-room has been turned into a smoking-room, and the bar is where the cloak-room formerly was. This is not at all the way in London. From age to age the same great houses dignify the same famous and familiar streets. The internal aspect of the clubs also is seldom altered. Prince Puckler Muskau, who visited London in 1826, has left a description of London clubs as they were then. In almost every particular his account would be true to-day. For instance, he was struck by an ingenious arrangement at a certain club, by which the maps were so arranged on parallel rollers that one could be pulled out over the others. There is the same arrangement of maps to-day at this club, I daresay in precisely the same place. His remarks made in 1826 about manners in these clubs would be true to-day; as, for instance, that he was obliged, in order to be in the fashion, to sit with his hat on for some time after entering a club, no matter how uncomfortable it was. Members wear their hats everywhere but at dinner, and it is no uncommon thing to see them walking about with their hats on in the dining-room talking with men who are dining. You sometimes see them sitting at breakfast or luncheon with them on. This last custom is certainly affectation, since it cannot be natural for a man to sit at his meals with his hat on, unless for some such purpose as to avoid a draught. How often would it happen in the course of a year that anybody would sit at breakfast in his own rooms with his hat on? Men should not be compelled, as is done in some American clubs, to take off their hats, since in clubs every unnecessary interference with liberty is a mistake; if a man wishes to wear his hat, let him do it. But he should not be compelled to wear his hat if he does not wish to do it. I can only discover one point of difference between

Fifth Avenue Window of the Knickerbocker, New York.

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London clubs, as described by Puckler Muskau in 1826, and of those I knew sixty years later. He says that it was not the custom to read at dinner. Certainly custom does not now forbid men reading at dinner. I have, indeed, heard that objection was made to the practice at the Athenæum Club. A friend of mine told me that he had belonged for some time to that club but had not used it. He went there once to dine and took a book into the dining-room, when a servant came to him and told him that it was contrary to the rules of the club to read at dinner. He at once wrote his resignation, saying that he did not wish to belong to a club where he could not read at dinner. I do not know whether this rule is still enforced at the Athenæum, but I should be much surprised if it were. So far as my knowledge goes, reading at dinner is a common practice.

Puckler Muskau's account of the attractive qualities of these clubs would be true to-day. He summed them up in the word "comfort." He thought it significant that the English should have invented this word, and that no other language should have its equivalent. The soul of these places still is comfort. I should like to describe one of the most famous of them. It was the only place in England, outside of private houses, where I could get good coffee. I therefore liked now and then to breakfast there. Few people did this, and at certain seasons of the year I was likely to be the only man in the club at that hour, and to have the place to myself. The many blazing hearths that made cheerful and luminous the gloom of the winter's morning; the great windows looking out on the humid gardens; the library full of good books of standard value, and full also of much amusing and picturesque rubbish to be found nowhere else; the little tables which at every point of this delightful solitude offered themselves, with neatly arranged writing materials and well-trimmed pens, and invited you to be quit of some half-forgotten trifling but imperative duty, or to fulfil some graver obligation of friendship; the morning papers, and the fresh smell of the uncut periodicals, were all for me. If the coffee was the best to be had in England, the tea was the best I ever had. It was, I was told, got from China by members who had special communications with that country. I often stopped in the afternoon, on

The Calumet.

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the way from my office, for this refreshment. It was brought in a little service of red earthenware of a porous appearance. The teapot and sugar-bowl, and, I think, even the tray were of this material; so were the little jug filled with thick cream, and the small plate which held three thin buttered slices of white or brown bread. You were waited upon by a good-looking, clean, young fellow in a bright-colored livery and white stockings—which are much more decorative than trousers — who placed the tray on a stand beside you; you had all this, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* and a big leathern arm-chair by a window looking out upon a famous thoroughfare for sixpence. I often dined there also; the dinner was rather dear, but excellent. After dinner I liked the library best. There were three fires in this room, one at each end and one at the side, and, as there was not likely to be more than three persons in the room at a time, one had a fireplace to one's self. A great red leathern chair of a prodigious depth was placed by the fender, the right arm of which had an attachment big enough to hold a book and a cup of coffee. Two candles were set beside you on a small stand; these were necessary, as the chandeliers were not lit with gas, but with candles or lamps and did not give much light. The lighting was perhaps a little sad to an American eye, but the arrangements were the perfection of ease

The University, New York.

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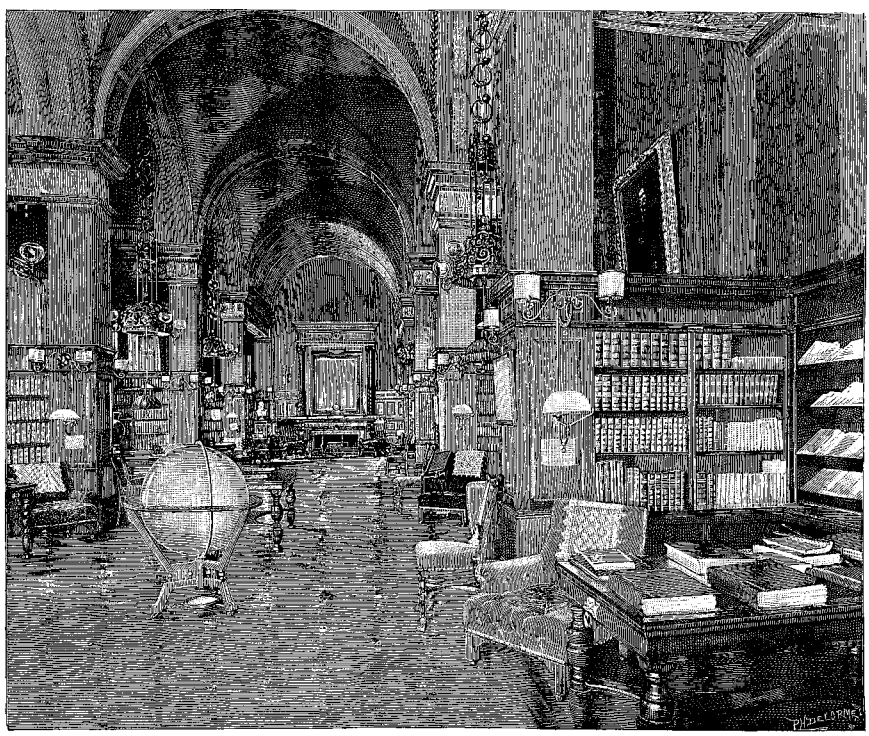
and comfort; and it was somewhat remarkable that these qualities should be consistent with the undeniably polite and stately air of the place. The highly respectable quiet which characterized this club was due in part to the fact that it was never inconveniently full.

It is perhaps true that there is something more of sociality in what may be called middle-class clubs than in clubs used entirely by the upper class. Thackeray's pictures, for instance, do not at all represent the clubs which I have been describing, although, no doubt, they represent certain clubs truthfully. Such a character as his inimitable extravagance, Spitfire, scarcely resembles anything to be found in the great London clubs. This gentleman was an authority upon the affairs of foreign countries. Thackeray represents that he was even interested in those of the United States. He read the President's message. This is scarcely credible. There is no interest in American politics in England. American newspapers are not read in English clubs. I have at one time or another had the use of perhaps a dozen English clubs, and have been in many others, and they all took American papers. But I am not able at this moment to remember a single occasion on which I have seen an American newspaper in the hands of an Englishman. There is reading, however, for American magazines. They are to be found in all English clubs and are a good deal read. I used to dine at one of the clubs of which mention is made in this article with a very accomplished man, a Roumanian. This gentleman's income was derived from vineyards in Roumania, from which he made a *vin ordinaire* which he sold in Vienna—a situation sufficiently removed from America. And yet I remember that one evening we discussed at length the comparative merits of the great American illustrated magazines.



The Library, Union League.

But there are clubs in England other than those I have mentioned. There are clubs which are intended to be social, such as the Cosmopolitan, which is en-

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The Union League, New York.

tirely social, or the Beefsteak, which is mainly so. The Cosmopolitan meets on two evenings of the week in some rooms near Berkeley Square, and is much frequented by people to whom tobacco-smoke, and society entirely male, and late hours, and the popping of soda-water bottles are not odious. This club is composed of the most distinguished men in England; indeed one should have distinguished himself in some way in order to be elected, and distinguished people are likely to be brought there, whether they belong or not; you are pretty sure to meet there the hero of the hour, political or military. But I wish especially to speak of a club, which I shall not call by name, but which is one of the most charming places in the world. This club is composed of authors, actors, artists, and a certain proportion of men of no particular occupation. It is in the upper story of a house in one of those chill murky streets leading off the Strand,

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which are, to my mind, so cheerful. The club is no doubt placed here in order to be in the midst of the theatres. It consists of two rooms—a kitchen and a dining-room. The dining-room is long, and has a large coal fire at each end—on a foggy evening in December there cannot be too many or too big fires. The ceiling is made to resemble rafters. In one end of the room there is a table for the newspapers and magazines, and a writing-desk or two. At the other end is the dining-table ; this is opposite the kitchen. There is in the wall dividing the kitchen from the dining-room what might be called a large open window. You can thus sit at the table and see your dinner cooked. At such a place you would expect to have only chops and steaks ; but you are not confined to these ; the bloaters were particularly good, and an Italian cook made excellent macaroni. The circumstances of this club compelled sociality. There were no small dining-tables ; at the one large table, which had room for perhaps a dozen people, the talk was, of course, general. The habitués were mostly literary men, artists, musicians, or actors, although there were a certain number of men of other callings, or of no calling at all. There was a particularly handsome man, who had been a magistrate in Ireland, and who told good stories of that country. Now and then a pair of young mashers would begin the evening's amusements by dining there. I found it pleasant to dine there, say, at half-past eight or nine, and remain till an hour or so later, when the actors would begin to come in, saying: "I've been killed, and now I am going to have some supper."

II.

It would be safe to say that scarcely any great American city has undergone in the last fifteen years so many changes as New York. Of these changes perhaps the most remarkable has been the multiplication of clubs. A simple enumeration of the clubs now existing in New York takes up several pages of the Directory. It would be impossible to do more in this article than to attempt a grouping of the more important clubs and classes of clubs. In the same group might be mentioned the Union, the Knickerbocker, the University, the Calumet, the St. Nicholas, and the New York. These clubs do very nearly for New York what the English clubs I have been describing do for London. They are more expensive than English clubs—this remark, by the way, applies as well to other classes of New York clubs. The expense is not in the restaurant, which is not dearer than in clubs of the same sort in London, but in the initiation fees and annual dues. These high fees are explained by the high price of rent and service in New York. But there are other explanations. The appointments are usually smarter than in London clubs, and the food, as a rule, better. This is perhaps true of the clubs of several American cities. An English friend, who is an excellent judge in these matters, tells me that at the Somerset Club in Boston the food and wine are not only better than can be found at London clubs, but that they are as good as the best to be had at Paris cafés like the *Anglais* and the *Bignon*. Of the clubs above enumerated the most prominent is the Union. It is a very characteristic and substantial embodiment of the business and social life of New York. It is handsomely and comfortably appointed. It has an admirable library. It is famed for the excellence of its restaurant. "What good dinners I have had at that club," I have heard the grateful Briton exclaim. Nor is the living dear ; for two men dining together it is very reasonable. The Knickerbocker is an offshoot of the Union. It is, to use an English phrase, the smartest of New York clubs. With its bright external appearence the public is familiar. The late Mr. Matthew Arnold said that within it was the prettiest club he had ever seen. The Knickerbocker from its name might be supposed to confine its membership mainly to old New York families. I imagine, however, that the club would repudiate such an intention. It would perhaps be more correct to say that the qualification for membership of the club is a recognized position in New York society. The St. Nicholas is a club that confines its membership to the descendants of old New

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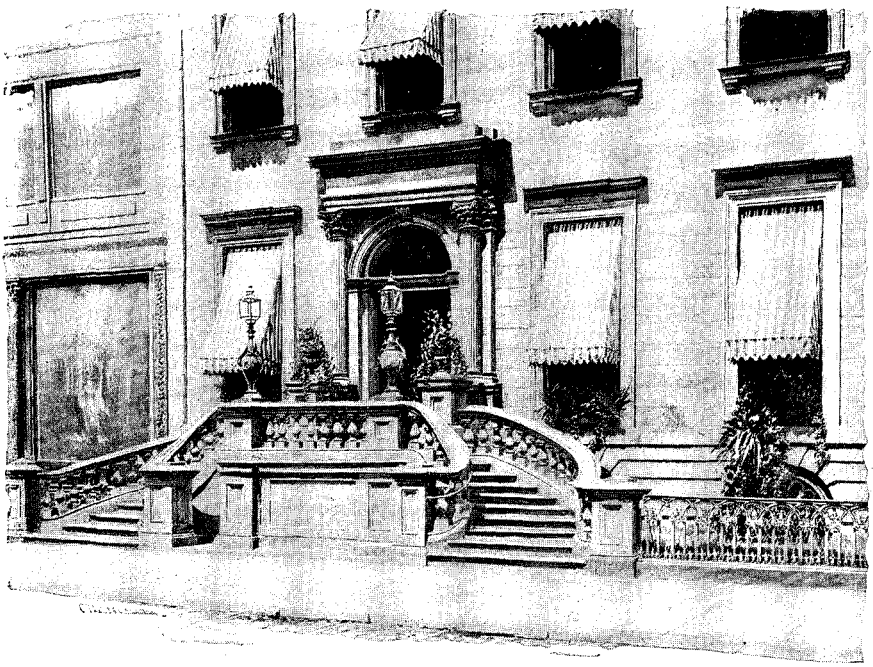
Yorkers. The candidate must have had an ancestor living here before 1785. The Calumet is the extremely attractive club on the corner of Twenty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, which has a southern exposure, full of windows through which the bright sunshine comes in upon a number of cheerful rooms. The University, a club composed of college graduates, is widely known as one of the most vigorous and successful social institutions in the country. It is a club of comparatively recent foundation, but it sprang almost immediately into a position of power and influence. For some years it occupied the corner of Thirty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue, now occupied by the New York Club, but later removed to the house in Madison Square formerly belonging to the Union League. The New York Club revives a name very dear to people who remember this city in the decade preceding the war. One of them was heard to say, a few days ago, "That was one of the pleasantest clubs that ever was. It contained everybody one wished to know."



Entrance of the Old Manhattan, New York.

Political clubs in New York have not the prominence which they have in London. London has, besides its Reform and Carlton—respectively the leading Liberal and Conservative clubs—numbers of subsidiary institutions like the Devonshire and the Junior Carlton, which perform a similar office. Brooks's is indeed a Liberal club. The only New York clubs that could be named with these are the Union League and the Manhattan. The Union League was the outcome of the war, and still preserves a pretty strict Republican character, although it contains a certain number of Mugwumps and Democrats. The Manhattan, the representative Democratic club, is scarcely as strictly political as the Union League. Roscoe Conkling was a member of the Manhattan; so is Mr. Clarence Seward, who is a Republican. The members elected Mr. Conkling because they liked him. Of course, men who belong to party clubs in the course of time sometimes change their opinions. This happens in England as it does here, and parties sometimes leave clubs. It is no uncommon thing to hear in a London drawing-room, on a Sunday afternoon, such a conversation as the following:

LADY. Are you a Liberal?

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GENTLEMAN (*evasively and ironically*). I belong to Brooks's.

LADY. That is not a satisfactory answer.

It is not necessary to speak at length of the Union League, or of the well-known building in which it is housed. The restaurant of this club has always been very highly considered. Then it has such a beautiful dining-room, with such a fine outlook. The Manhattan has always been distinguished for its kitchen and cellar. Since it has moved into its new house, it has one of the finest club-houses in the world. There is perhaps only one objection to be made to it, and that may be hypercritical; white marble does seem a little cold for a club-house.

The Century is a club which it would be difficult to class with other clubs. It has been a club by itself. Always original and natural, it has endeavored throughout its history to adapt itself to the needs of the higher life of New York. A club which gives picture exhibitions once a month, to which ladies are admitted, evidently does not follow the European models. The monthly receptions and weekly suppers are also a departure. The aim of this club has been high thinking, or, at any rate, social enjoyment rather than luxury and display, and a pretty steady resistance has been offered to all movements in the contrary direction. But a very little while ago only luncheon could be had there, and at this nothing was served hot. Members who wished anything cooked were required to do the cooking themselves. A chafing-dish was given them in which to cook oysters or eggs, or to grill a piece of cold roast beef. Very agreeable were those symposiums in which the mind was bent half upon the conversation and half upon the contents of the chafing-dish. Later more elaborate luncheons, dinners, and even breakfasts were permitted. The old members, and for that matter the young ones, too, hope that in the new house the ancient character of the club will be preserved. It is the intention that the new building, while being comfortable and even elegant, shall secure as far as possible the especial objects of the club. The monthly exhibitions will continue, but the entrance to the gallery will be from without, and the club will thus be in no-wise incommoded by them. There are to be well-lighted reading- and writing-, dining- and billiard-rooms, and fine rooms for the library and the meetings of the club. The walls of the building are now high enough to give a view of the front, and there are good judges who say that it is as beautiful as an Italian palace, or, at any rate, as a perfectly new Italian palace can be made in New York.

The Century is assisted by other clubs in looking after the literary and artistic needs of New York. Among these may be mentioned the Lotos, the Players', the Fellowcraft, the Authors', and the Aldine. The Lotos has long been familiar to the public, and a great deal has been said of the brilliant gift which Mr. Booth has made to New York in the handsome house of the Players' in Gramercy Park. The complaint is indeed made that in these two clubs the non-professional element tends to strengthen itself at the expense of the professional. The complaint is not an unusual one; it has been made with regard to the Garrick in London. The Fellowcraft is composed of writers and artists connected with the press. The Authors' Club is, as its name indicates, made up of men who have written books. It has rooms, but no club-house. The Aldine, founded by publishers and artists, has within two years taken possession of a house in Lafayette Place.

What strikes one about all these clubs is that they are sound, natural, and national. American clubs of thirty years ago were, to some extent, exotics. But the modern clubs are thoroughly united with the national life. They are changed to suit our conditions. Clubs are constantly appearing in which the English original is modified in all sorts of ways to suit the needs of the projectors. This is especially observable in the German clubs. If the origin of the English and of most American clubs was the coffee-room of a tavern, the origin of the wonderful institutions which the Germans have put up in New York is evidently a German beer-garden. The Englishman was happy in his tavern chair, unrestrained by the presence of female soci-

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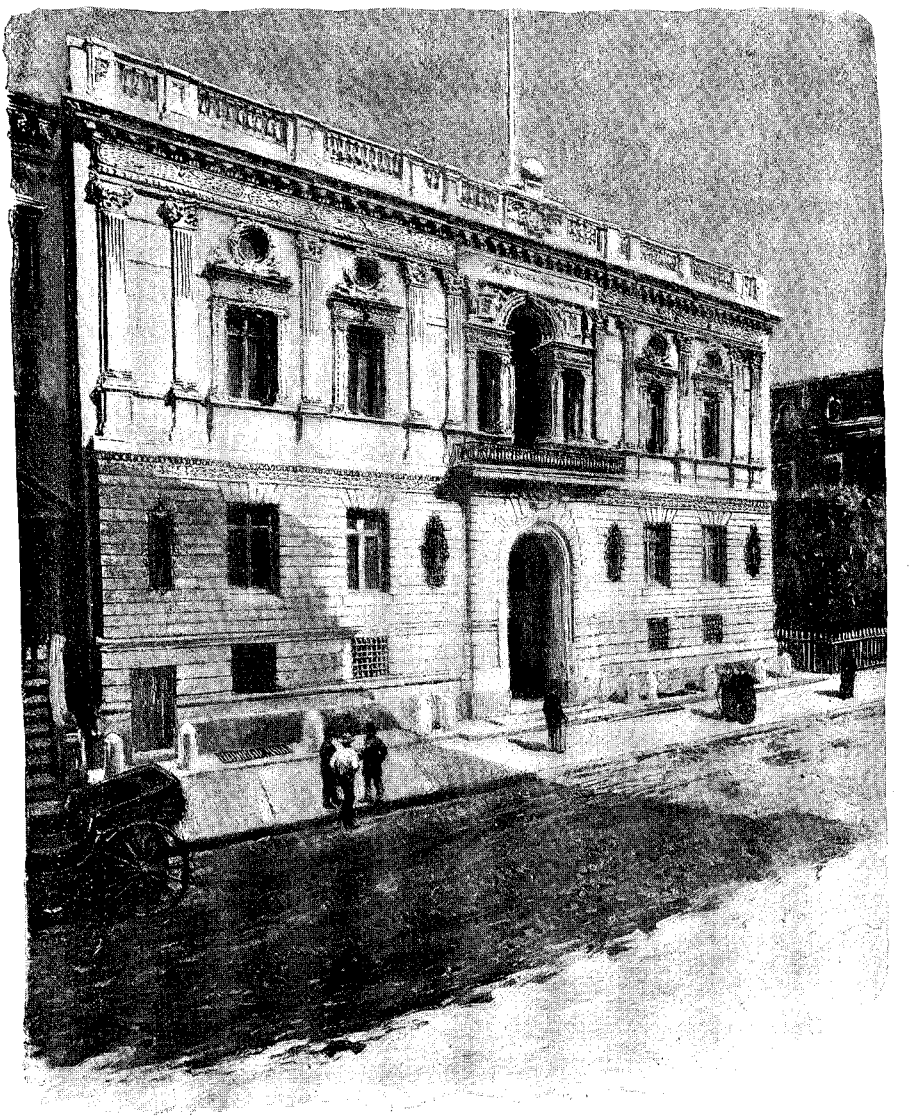

The New Century Club.

ety. The German liked to drink beer in company of his sweetheart, or surrounded by his family. Such clubs as the Freundschaft, Arion, the Liederkrans, and the Central Turnverein are evidently only splendid developments of the charming gardens of the Fatherland. This fact to me is wonderfully interesting as showing the composite character of this country, and the readiness with which the people of every nationality proceed to make themselves at home here. The new Progress Club, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixty-third Street, the handsomest of several handsome Hebrew clubs, is another illustration of the freedom with which the English model is altered at will. This club has a superb ball-room. The ball-room of the Central Turnverein, by the way, is nearly as large as the Metropolitan Opera House.

There are besides many purely American modifications. In the business

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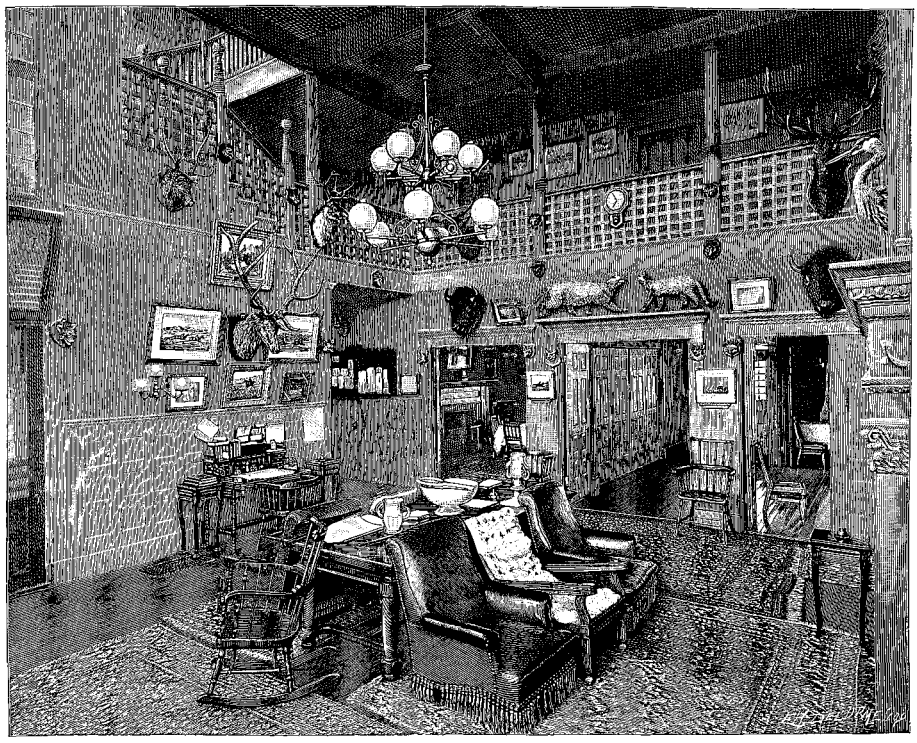
part of the town there are clubs for mid-day luncheon and recreation. The Down-Town Club is a very fortunate organization. The appointments of this club-house are handsome yet simple, the restaurant excellent and dining-rooms comfortable. It is a very pleasant, sensible place. The Lawyers' Club stabling for horses of the members, a good-sized ring for exercise, dining-rooms, and (of which there can hardly be too many) bath-rooms, and dressing-rooms. The bath and dressing-room is perhaps the most important element of these clubs. The man who has had an hour's exercise in the Park and has



The Hall of the Rockaway Hunt Club.

in the Equitable Building performs a similar office.

I have only time to glance at another native American modification; I mean the country clubs, such as Tuxedo and the Country Clubs at Pelham and Cedarhurst on Long Island. Tuxedo has been pronounced by many good judges to be the most beautiful thing of its kind in the world, and the other clubs are very successful. Of these clubs, ladies, although they may not belong, are nevertheless part and parcel. The *raison d'être* of most of these clubs is the horse. The New York riding clubs should not be overlooked. The principal one of these clubs, that in Fifty-eighth Street, has got in a perspiration, if he keeps his horse near Fifty-ninth Street—which he is likely to do in order to save walking him over the cobble-stones—is in danger of taking cold before he gets home. Hence the advantage of being able to dress and have a bath where his horse is kept.

There are also the Aquatic and Athletic clubs, which are very important and are growing in number and in splendor at a great rate. Colleges and college fraternities have clubs. The Harvard Club has a house of its own. D, K, E, and Psi Upsilon occupy houses, and the Delta Psi fraternity, under the name of the St. Anthony Club, owns its

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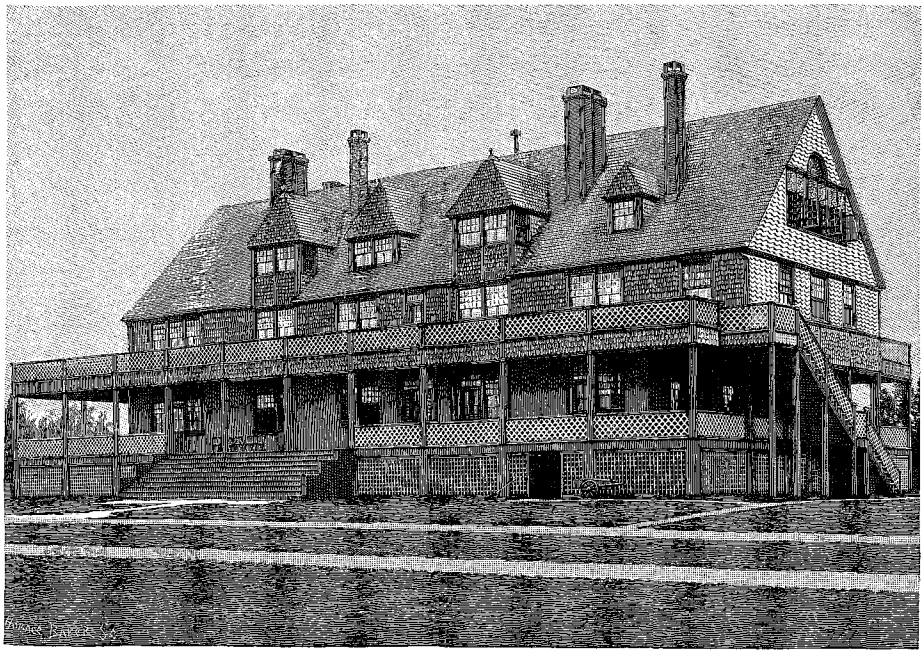
house. There are religious clubs. The Catholic Club is putting up a great club-house on Fifty-ninth Street, and there are associations, such as the Congregational, the Clergy, and the Universalist clubs. There are clubs for the ladies. Sorosis is of course a famous institution. A new club-house for ladies has recently been started, with every augury of success, in Lexington Avenue. There are purely social clubs for men and women, such as the Thursday Evening and Nineteenth Century Clubs. One of these, the Drawing-room Club, has recently taken a house. The Fencers' Club, an institution which enjoys itself very much, has recently moved into very pretty rooms. To show how impossible it would be in the course of an article of this sort to notice all these special institutions, I may say that not only are there clubs for dogs, but there are clubs for varieties of dogs, such as the spaniel and the mastiff.



The Rockaway Hunt Club, Cedarhurst, Long Island.

III.

Much has been said in the course of this paper about sociability; that is, indeed, the characteristic difference between English and American clubs. Which is the better, the English solitude or the American sociality? Speaking for myself, I may be allowed to say that I have never had as much pleasure at any club as at one I belong to in this country. The keenest social pleasure, by the way, you can, as a rule, only have with your own country people. In one London club, composed largely of foreigners living there, I used to observe that people of the same nationality almost invariably dined together. Frenchmen dined with Frenchmen and Austrians with Austrians. It might be thought that men who have been together all day long would at the end of the day rather dine apart. But it was not so. Not long ago I was at a club of a similar kind at Washington and noticed the same thing; people of the same nationality dined together. The reason of the necessity of a common nationality is that intimacy is necessary to social happiness, and you cannot easily have intimacy without a common nationality. The fact that we know each other very well is the reason of the charm of the American club just spoken of. It gives an idea of this place to say that people find themselves neglecting their business

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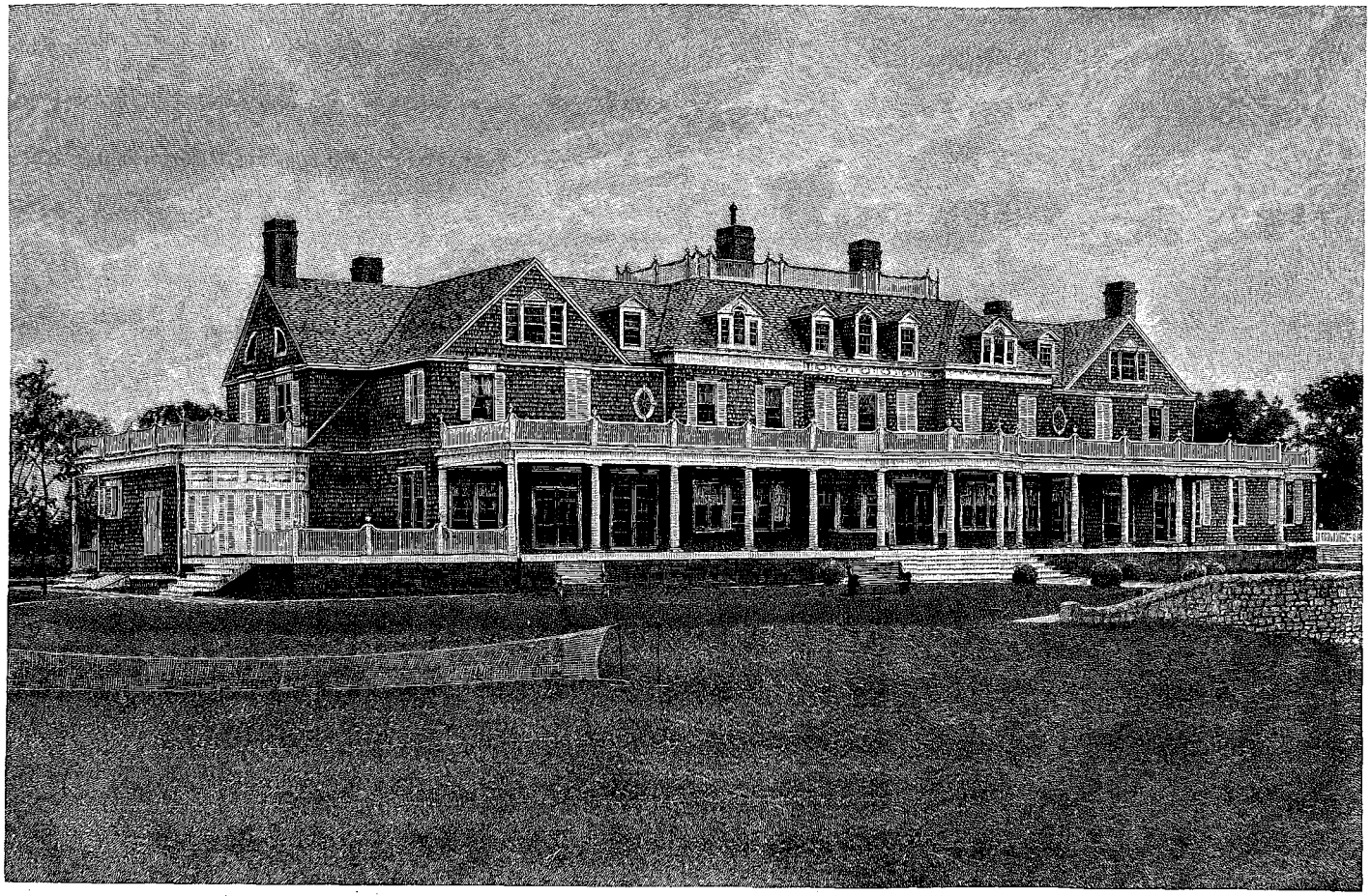

The Country Club, Westchester, New York.

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in order to get there in time for luncheon. It is not that the company is so unusual. There are, no doubt, attractive men, full of interesting knowledge; there is plenty of good talk. But it is not enough that the talk should be good; the men must be seen and heard through an atmosphere of friendship. Some of the nicest men choose to say very little; but these are men in whom in the course of daily acquaintance you learn to discover very charming qualities and friendly dispositions. Possibly everybody is not charming. Perhaps there is even a bore or two; but bores are very human, and, to my thinking, rather cosy. There is a gentleman who tells over the same story, but nobody minds it as much as he would if he knew, and he doesn't. Even the gentleman who is always talking about his health performs a beneficent office; he insinuates into the minds of his auditors an impression that life is valuable.

Such are the possibilities of social enjoyment in an American club. Can this be made to consist with that independence which is characteristic of English clubs? This may be done, I hope, by the simple device of making the clubs large enough. A slight examination of the enormous club-houses now building in New York leaves little doubt of the possibility of the coexistence of these qualities.

MY FRIEND.

By Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

I HAVE a friend who came — I know not how,
Nor he. Among the crowd, apart,
I feel the pressure of his hand, and hear
In very truth the beating of his heart.

My soul had shut the door of her abode,
So poor it seemed for any guest
To tarry there a night—until he came
Asking, not entertainment, only rest.

Our hands were empty—his and mine alike,
He says—until they joined. I see
The gifts he brought; but where were mine
That he should say "I, too, have need of thee"?

Without the threshold of his heart I wait
Abashed, afraid to enter where
So radiant a company do meet—
Yet enter boldly, knowing I am there.

Whether his hand shall press my latch to-night,
To-morrow, matters not. He came
Unsummoned, he will come again, and I,
Though dead, shall answer to my name.

And yet, dear friend, in whom I rest content,
Speak to me *now*—lest when we meet
Where tears and hunger have no grace,
A little word of friendship be less sweet.

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JERRY.

PART THIRD (CONTINUED).

CHAPTER XI.

"For every worm beneath the moon
Draws different threads, and late and soon,
Spins, toiling out his own cocoon."

DURDEN'S was in a stir, and pulsed and throbbed under its ugly covering of slush and grimy snow; Durden's had never seen such times, and in its wildest dreams had never pictured such excitement.

A shanty had been put up in Eureka and called the "Depot," and one small locomotive had made the run over the road that was barely laid, and entirely unsafe. Still, the directors could not come at any other time, and they had made it quite plain that the salvation of the two towns, the mines, and the railway depended on their coming to see and to advertise things. So the track was laid, not built, to Eureka and on to Durden's, that the imaginary last spike might be driven by some portly director, or his wife, or his daughter; that the reporters might be there to telegraph this wonderful town-growth to all the important daily papers; that the artists in the great cities might make the pictures of the event so that the people in the provinces might see it all in their illustrated journals before it had really occurred! All this was necessary to the success of the towns, and to the welfare of the railway: things must be advertised, else they would die. Everyone having been convinced of these facts, a great excursion at half-rates was advertised, and a suitable number of the moneyed elect invited to go out and patronize this new town of Durden's, that was different from any other town in that it was founded and organized on the newest theories, and worked on the plan of pure equality, that had been the problem of philanthropists and philosophers through all the ages! So the newspapers said.

Alas! a town that had become a dreadful burden and puzzle to its author!

And Durden's, reading all this in Dan Burk's paper, felt very proud and important; and was fully prepared to patronize these "city folks" who were coming out to see this remarkable town. And Jerry was glad, for the people were much more willing to help in his preparations and plans.

The paths that answered for sidewalks were put in order, the houses were thoroughly cleaned, a new path was made to the mine, and on the few sunshiny days everything in Durden's seemed to be washed and hung out to dry.

All was moving smoothly, when suddenly the temper of the people seemed to change, and Jerry heard murmurs about spending so much money and about the dividend that had not been declared.

"Paul is at work," he said to himself; and the clew was put into his hands by Mrs. Milton.

"An' youuns hed better know, Jerry Wilkerson," she said, while putting his supper on the table with more than usual

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emphasis, "thet if these city folks *is* rich, an' is youuns's frien's, they ain't agoin' to stomp on noner us, ner change nothin' in this town, they ain't, if Mr. Henley as knows 'em do say it; an' youuns hed better tell 'em so, Jerry Wilkerson, or Durden's will."

It was after a hard day's work that this revelation, for it was a revelation, came to Jerry; and he did not answer the old woman—he did not wish to until he had collected his thoughts somewhat, so went on with his supper diligently, as if this were his reason for not talking.

"Paul Henley, thet were borned rich," Mrs. Milton began again, "he don't take on like he were too good, he don't; he jes' goes roun' alonger orl the boys, jes' fur orl the worl' like he were a pore boy too, he does."

And now Jerry did not answer, because he saw that it would do no good. Paul Henley had made his impression, and these people were not capable of receiving more than one impression at a time; and this silence was so often his way with Mrs. Milton that she scarcely noticed it.

It was her method to give her opinions and advice while Jerry was busy with his dinner or his supper, because, as she would explain—

"It's a good time to say youuns's say, 'cause thar ain't the man livin' as'll stop eatin' to jaw back; jest you bet on that," and Jerry often verified her theory, and was glad to do it on this occasion; and without reply went away to the issuing of rations, and the doing of numberless odd jobs that were crowding on him more and more as the time drew near for the great excursion.

He could not stop to think now, it was impossible to pause long enough to gather together his thoughts; his thoughts that, notwithstanding his preparation and expectation of Paul's attack, were scattered wildly by the strangeness of the quarter from whence it came. He held the clew, however, to Paul's course of action, and to that extent was more safe; and while he worked, even though with both mind and body, directing, measuring, counting, weighing, his scattered forces gathered themselves about this new centre and worked out counter-plans.

Mrs. Milton's words had revealed much; had connected much for him; had given him the key to Paul's intentions. Paul was trying to undermine him in the eyes of the people by telling them that the laws of the town would bind them, but not Mr. Wilkerson's rich friends. Not a very clever plan, Jerry thought, and one easily foiled. Next day, at the meeting of the town committee, he would move that all the laws of the Commune should be strictly enforced during the stay of the strangers. This would open the people's eyes; and the ease of his counter-move made him suspect that this was a ruse to throw him off his guard; Paul's plans must be deeper than this.

On the morning of this same day Greg had told him that his mother and sister would stay with Henley; that the arrangement had been made before Henley left New York; and Jerry had answered that they would be more comfortable there; but that he would not be able to see anything of them; then had gone on with his work in so undisturbed a way that Greg — though to some extent he had expected just this action—felt a little angry.

His people had been very kind to Jerry, he remembered, and Jerry ought to be more troubled about not seeing them; still, if he were not, it was not Greg's place to remonstrate.

Then Jerry had heard of Paul and Engineer Mills putting in order many of the empty houses in Eureka, and arranging them as lodgings for the excursionists. Paul was unusually energetic and interested; and Jerry listened and watched closely.

His move in the committee, that the laws be strictly enforced during the stay of the strangers, was warmly seconded and carried; no drink was to be allowed except beer, and men who got drunk over in Eureka must stay there until they recovered. No drunkenness nor rioting was to be tolerated in Durden's.

And Jerry walked home wondering what he would hear next—and he had not long to wait. The next day the news came to him that Paul had repaired and improved Dave Morris's old shop in Eureka, and had stocked and opened it

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as a "Bar-room and Eating Saloon." Dan Burk told him of it, and had added that his wife was to attend the eating-room, and a new man from the East was to keep the bar.

"It's to be fine," Dan added, "and good vittles for mighty little."

"That is economical at least," Jerry had answered, while his mind began to follow Paul's plans.

A very sure game for a man whom Greg had described as unscrupulous. And to put Mrs. Burk in the front of his venture was a clever move. As the standard of Durden's went, Mrs. Burk was a society leader; she could read and write, and took much to herself from the fact of her superior education, and the people regarded her as a person of some importance.

In the course Paul was pursuing a woman was the best tool. Mrs. Burk's tongue was endless, which was one good way of advertising the "saloon," besides being most admirable for the spreading of any reports Paul might wish to have scattered abroad; added to this, she would make the place attractive for women, and the men would soon follow.

Jerry pushed the fire a little uneasily as he sat thinking; he had been such a fool; such a fool to banish so great a power as drink; such a wonderful factor as it was in keeping the people satisfied and unquestioning: such a wretched fool! Joe had warned him of this—wise old Joe had said that these people wanted nothing so much as corn bread, and dirt, and whiskey, and that they would have it. And in the silence words came back to him, words he had heard that day, but that he had not heeded properly until now. A man had said, "Mr. Henley ain't above ownin' a shop nor sellin' whiskey," and Jerry had passed on, not seeming to hear.

And he understood it all, and could see the poison working in the minds of the people.

If only this wretched excursion were over, and he left free to countermine, he could play the same game: he would work things round until the people would not be able to understand anything but that things had changed; he would do anything, he would put half he owned into the town in order to win the game against Paul.

He paused suddenly in his thinking, and pushed the fire until it blazed and roared up the chimney. There was one easy way out of it all; and he leaned back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head.

Run the Durden's stock up as high as possible, then sell out quietly from the whole affair. He could retain power long enough to accomplish this; and do it while Paul was involving himself in new ventures and expenses in order to undermine him: sell out quickly and leave Paul neck-deep in a troublesome speculation.

He laughed a little, and turned the thought over in his mind; it did not seem so black now as it had done. The people no longer cared for him; already they were becoming adherents of Paul Henley's; and they were not worth that he should sacrifice anything for them. For years and years the doctor had been their friend, and in a week they had all turned away from him; why should he think of them? True, they had invested in the town and in the mine because he had told them to do it; but in return he had kept them sober for months, had given them more comfortable homes and more decent habits than they had ever known; and besides, there was no reason why either the town or the mine should fail because he withdrew.

Give up the mine and Durden's—give up his millions that lay hidden down there under the earth where Joe's patient feet had trod day after day to amass the gold that now, strangely enough, had gone back into the mine—had all gone back to try to bring out more!

Strange, very strange! If he had thought of this he would not have invested all in the mine—Joe had warned him.

He got up and walked up and down the room once or twice; his pulse was beating faster, and he felt the blood burning in his face.

Give up Durden's and not make his millions — give up Durden's and his power and position; go away from the only place and people he had ever

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known; give up his individual glory and his little kingdom; admit himself foiled, and his scheme a failure—leave Paul victorious even though the victory should be death!

He shook his clinched fist.

Never!

He would rather be buried under the ruins of the fabric he had created than lay down his arms!

How foolish this was! Who would care if he failed and died; who would count him a hero for standing by his venture; who would mourn his loss?

To die now would be like dropping a stone into the water—one little swirl of the tide, then gone! And why should he hate Paul—Paul who had been the spur and power of his life? If he had never known Paul as a rival, as an enemy, as a creature who took and held the love and place he had longed for, he would have been an idle dreamer still, planning impossible schemes for the regeneration of his class; he would never have gone East; never have compelled the doctor to go there, and so to wrench the hope out of two lives.

Never have left Joe to go on that wild adventure, whatever it might have been; that cost him his life.

Never have found the money, nor invested it so wildly.

Not have lost his only friend and protector, nor involved himself in this net that was closing about him—binding him until he writhed and bled. Never have lost the peace and quiet of his days. Never have fallen so low as he was now—now when he was willing to stoop to anything—to sacrifice anything to make and save money!

But for Paul he would have still retained his self-respect.

He laughed.

Now he was a fool. He was not obliged to make a decision at this moment; he could run up Durden's stock, and the manipulation would help him in any case; and he would write to his broker immediately.

It was a relief to have something to do, and he sat down and wrote rapidly. A peremptory letter it was, directing that every known mode should be pursued that could force the stock up; that his name and his credit should be used in any way and to any extent to further this end, and after this Mr. Glendale was to stand ready to sell at a moment's notice—he would telegraph his orders.

And the broker read the letter with a satisfied feeling when he remembered that he had sold his Durden's stock to his client; and being uninterested calmly began to make preparations to execute these very doubtfully wise orders.

CHAPTER XII.

"We talked on fast, while every common word
Seemed tangled with the thunder at one end,
And ready to pull down upon our heads
A terror out of sight."

Durden's stood on tiptoe!

Preparations had been made that seemed grand and luxurious in the eyes of the town: the Town Committee had met and elected a "Committee of Arrangements," while the whole population turned out as a committee of reception.

As there was not even a shanty in Durden's which could be used as a station, Durden's had built a shed; a shed that meant money, as labor and lumber were expensive; a shed that, Durden's magnanimously announced, would not cost the railway company anything! a shed that Durden's was proud of in a reckless, careless, bountiful sort of way. When they did things in Durden's, they did them "rale han'some!"

Many had gone to Eureka to see the entrance of the grand train—the grand train that was obliged to come in very slowly on account of the insecurity of the track; these people intended to board the train, if possible, and come back as an escort of honor, and receive the guests in grand style under the Durden's shed, where the great body of the towns-people waited in hungry excitement for this greatest event of their lives.

Two nights before, a light snow had fallen, which melting within twelve hours had reduced the partially dried roads to the consistency of soft-soap, and had caused every small stream and rivulet to double its size instantly. Jerry and Mr. Henshaw were anxious,

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miserably anxious, though Jerry gave no sign; but his heart was quaking and his pockets felt empty, for the main stream was as full as could be esteemed safe, and too full to let the shareholders think of the mine as an entirely trustworthy investment.

"They will not know that this has been an unusual winter," Mr. Henshaw said, despondingly; "they will judge of things only as they see them," and he looked at Jerry mournfully over his spectacles.

"Very true," Jerry answered, quietly, "and we can only hope that the stream will subside a little before to-morrow; they will not have time to go to the dam to-day."

"So!" and Mr. Henshaw looked admiringly at Jerry, who seemed always to find the right way out of a difficulty. "I had not thought of that; of course they cannot go up to-day—of course not," and he took his way down to the reception-shed in a calm and peaceful frame of mind.

All the town was there; everybody in their best; everybody eager to see and to hear; everybody full of importance as to the guests consigned to them.

Jerry had told them that, with the exception of a few ladies who would go to Mr. Henley's, the people would live in the train probably, and only would have to be provided with food; he had made a point of telling them this, fearing dissatisfaction or misunderstanding. Also, he had spent much thought on his dress; should he wear his usual Durden's suit, with his rough trousers tucked inside his boots, and his pistols in his belt; or should he put on the clothes he had brought from the East?

He felt foolish because he could not decide instantly, and angry with humanity that such a trivial thing should be of importance; but it was of importance, and he knew it. Would the people prefer that their representative should dress as they dressed; or that he should look on an equality with the people who were coming?

He spent much thought on it, at last deciding in favor of his usual costume; there was a fitness in it to the environment that would be missing entirely in his tailor-made clothes. He dressed most carefully, with an unacknowledged feeling that he would like to look well in Isabel Greg's eyes, and wondered if she would recognize him in this Western guise. Pshaw! if she did or did not, what matter? she would stay at Paul Henley's house, so that he could see nothing of her—what matter how he looked? Besides, she would have eyes for her brother only, whom she had not seen in a great length of time. So he hurried down to the station, being a little late, to find the town waiting and fuming over the delay in Eureka. The train had been heard and seen to stop in Eureka, at least twenty minutes before Jerry joined the waiting town.

Dan Burk and Dave Morris had gone over there, the people said, to see that things were properly managed, and the train properly welcomed. Twenty minutes ago the train had stopped, and since then there had been no sign of its moving on; and yet there was nothing to keep them in Eureka.

Jerry listened but made no comment, even though he was surprised; he had expected them to pause in Eureka simply because it was Eureka, but only for five or ten minutes!

Gradually the grumbling grew louder and more impatient, as with strained eyes the people watched the train, announcing at short intervals that the smoke from the engine was rapidly lessening. Had any accident happened?

Thirty minutes passed, and many more in their wake, when a voice in the rear of the crowd said, in a smothered tone—

"Hullo!"

The murmurs had been loud and continuous, and this exclamation was scarcely above a whisper, yet every man, woman, and child turned, for there was something in the tone that defied indifference.

Jerry drew a sharp breath between his teeth: driving by as rapidly as the road would permit, was Paul Henley with a large wagon full of ladies going to the doctor's house, and behind him another wagon full of gentlemen, and driven by Greg!

Jerry's heart seemed to stop its beating: Paul had outwitted him!

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It was a stupidly simple plot; so stupidly simple that Jerry had not suspected it; and now, though he understood it all in a moment, he dared not act on his intuitions. These people could not understand anything but a plainly demonstrated fact; and if he showed that he understood with so little explanation as two wagons full of people, the town would accuse him of being in the plot to give Mr. Henley all the great guests. He must wait always as they did, and understand as they did when ill was about to befall them; but good fortune he could predict as far ahead as he pleased, and be esteemed a prophet!

The people watched until the wagons stopped and the travellers were lost to sight in the house, then once more they turned their attention to the train, over which only the thinnest cloud of smoke was visible: what did it mean?

Jerry knew, and as the murmurs grew loud about him, he cursed himself bitterly under his breath; cursed himself as the blindest of fools, and Paul as the most wily of villains.

He could read it as plainly as a book spread open before him; two days ago Greg had gone to meet his mother and sister across the divide, and Paul had gone with him to meet his guests! And now the train had stopped in Eureka, and Paul had driven over a wagon full of ladies, and Greg a wagon full of gentlemen to Paul Henley's house; had the rest of the excursionists taken up their abode in Eureka?

The surmise struck him like a blow, and with it came the memory that the railway company had most of its interests centred in Eureka. They owned all the land and houses in Eureka; of course it was to their interest that Eureka should advance. Had all stopped there?

Louder and more discontented grew the words about him; the people were becoming more and more angry; it was cold and uncomfortable even under the wonderful shed, and the waiting crowd were hungry. But not even one of the advance-guard who had gone to meet the train had come back; nothing had happened since the thrill that went through the populace when the whistle of the engine was first heard, and now they were weary.

Curses were growing plentiful, and sarcastic remarks as to great public festivities, when a cloud of smoke was seen to issue from the engine, and a sound like a faint shout was borne on the air!

"She's a-comin'!" went from lip to lip, and a breathless, strained silence ensued; surely the train was in motion, very slow on account of the insecure track, but still it *was* moving! Once more the excitement rose to fever heat, and the people ceased their cursing and grumbling, and every eye watched eagerly.

Every eye save Jerry's.

He knew that the day and its triumph had been stolen from him; he knew that the end he worked for would never be accomplished through any good he would reap from this excursion: Paul Henley had undermined him. He was certain of this fact, but to what extent Paul had cheated him he could not know until the train arrived.

How many had gone with Paul did not matter so much, as the standing of the men; the people in Durden's knew the names of all these magnates who were coming, and from the new settlers, many of them sent out by these great directors, they had gathered some knowledge of the moneyed worth and standing of these men, and had contested as to the entertaining of them; a man's millions making him great or small.

More than once Jerry had turned away from the boasting of the Durdenites over the man "who was agoin' to eat with them!" And now he knew that all these triumphs were gone hopelessly; he knew that all the great men had gone to Paul Henley's; and what would be the upshot?

Slowly the train came on, crawling like a great worm, the more slowly when it felt the upward grade as it neared Durden's, and the excitement had time to grow intense: Jerry caught it, and his fears added to it made him angry—what would the result be?

Nearer and nearer; the buzz of excitement growing into a cheer as the engine gave a last scream and stopped.

Instinctively Jerry turned and looked

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toward the doctor's house—what made him he could not tell, but he turned back quickly with a smothered oath, for on the distant piazza he could distinguish Paul and his guests watching the arrival!

"I'm blessed if it ain't plum empty!" and Jerry, hurried on by the crowd that hustled and pressed the more eagerly after this exclamation, found himself pushed into the first car, that but for one or two men, well-known inhabitants of Durden's, was empty!

For a moment the crowd paused, too surprised to ask any questions; then pushed on toward the next car, only to find it locked and a guard at the door.

"The provision car, sir," he said, touching his hat respectfully to Mr. Henshaw, who, like Jerry, had been hurried along by the eagerness of the crowd; "to go back to the other town, sir," the guard went on; "Mr. Henley has a lunch-room there, sir, for the gentlemen."

Mr. Henshaw looked at Jerry in mute wonder, and the people crowded nearer to hear.

"It must be a mistake," Jerry said, quickly; "Mr. Henley does not know that preparations have been made in this town to entertain all the guests."

"I have it in writing, sir," now addressing Jerry, and handing him a card; "as soon as the back cars are emptied the train is to push back to Eureka, and unload the provision car there, sir," again touching his hat; "this is Mr. Henley's card, sir, and Mr. Redwood wrote the orders on it."

Durden's stood open-mouthed, and Jerry felt as if he were in a dream!

"This provision car belongs to Mr. Henley's guests, then?" he asked, as calmly as possible.

"No, sir, to the directors, all the directors, sir; they are to have rooms in Eureka, and their meals are to be provided for them at an eating-room of Mr. Henley's, sir."

"And these other people whom you have brought here," Jerry went on, striving to steady his voice that was shaken sorely with anger, "who are they?"

The guard shrugged his shoulders.

"Paying passengers," he answered, almost contemptuously, "people who wanted a cheap trip."

Jerry turned away; he had been foolish to push this explanation that was now almost irretrievable, and he could only hope that the people had not understood it.

He could not afford to stop and think now, and he pushed his way hastily through the questioning crowd to the last cars, that were disgorging rapidly a motley, tawdry crowd of men, women, and children; flashy, loud-talking creatures that even to Jerry's untutored eyes seemed far below the inhabitants of Durden's. Involuntarily he recoiled for a moment, and asked sharply for Dan Burk and Dave Morris; they should be there to help him; but they could not be found, and one of the men who had gone to meet the train explained that Mr. Henley had asked them to stay and see after the strangers who had stopped in Eureka.

There was a vow of vengeance uttered under Jerry's breath, then he turned manfully to his task. He had expected people like these to stop in Eureka, and be fed from the lunch-room; and only that morning had been anxious lest this class should prove more attractive to the Durden's people, and so entice them away to the aiding and abetting of this new scheme of Paul's. Now things were completely reversed, and all his plans with them.

Hurriedly these thoughts streamed through his heated brain, as, calling up man after man of those who had promised to provide for the visitors, he parceled off to each his guests. Rapidly the crowd dwindled, and the spirits of the Durdenites seemed to rise as they led away the strangers to be fed and warmed; and Jerry, watching and listening, had a faint hope that Durden's would be satisfied, and not fully realize the slight put upon her.

Very weary he was when he reached Mrs. Milton's with the three men she had agreed to receive; very weary, and possessed by an undying hatred and anger. An honorable death by shooting was far too good for Paul; he would ruin him first; would cause him to waste his substance—then he would stand and

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watch his life fade into a colorless failure!

If only he could compass this.

It was one o'clock—late for dinner in Durden's — and Mrs. Milton was more brusque in her ways than usual, in order to show that she was perfectly at her ease with these "pulin' townfolks."

"An' har's some writin' as come fur youuns, Jerry Wilkerson," she said, putting down by his plate a carelessly folded note; "Jim Short he brung it from Paul Henley's house;" then, with a chuckle that was more angry than amused, "Jim he 'llows thet Paul Henley's done crawled youuns's log to-day," she said.

Jerry's eyes flashed, and the color surged up into his face; but it would not do to contest Mrs. Milton's words, especially before these strangers; and an effort at explanation would be ruination. Paul had over-reached him, and the more clear he made it to the people the higher would be their respect for Paul, and the more faith they would have in him. He knew full well that the first claim he had on their regard was the fact that he had outwitted both the doctor and Paul, and now his safety lay in not acknowledging himself as worsted; so he answered with a laugh:

"My log is a slippery log, Mrs. Milton."

"Thet's so!" came heartily from the old woman, "an' I tole Jim Short thet Paul Henley'd better scratch mighty easy roun' youuns, 'cause thar worn't no sicher thing as raisin' dust ernough to make you shoot crooked; but keep the wittles a-stirrin', boys," she went on, more hospitably than she had done before, "I guess you all is rale honggry."

Then Jerry opened his note: a little scrap of paper from Mr. Redwood, who stood in Mr. Greg's place as chief officer of the expedition, telling Jerry that there would be a supper that night at the lunch-room in Eureka, to which he was most cordially invited; and that the next day the "Directors" would take great pleasure in going over the mines and the towns.

They had reversed the order of things, and intended entertaining him!

And he realized to the fullest extent that he stood in a most difficult and dangerous position.

"Did Jim say there was any answer to this, Mrs. Milton?" he asked.

"Nary," emphatically. "Jim's a plum fool anyhow."

So Jerry returned to his dinner, and to the entertaining of these three nondescript guests who had fallen to Mrs. Milton's share, while his mind followed an undercurrent of reasoning.

If he went to this supper from which the people were shut out, what would the people say? If he refused to go, what could not Paul say? Either way he was sure to be misjudged, for Paul would be ready to give either side reasons and motives unfavorable to him. He thought diligently while he talked to the men and to Mrs. Milton, who in her various journeys from the fireplace to the table made many telling remarks on the place and people; but she was stanch to Durden's, and told the most entrancing stories of the fortunes that had been made, and that could be made still.

"Sakes-alive, when 'Lije Milton come har, I'll be drat if he hed a livin' thing ceppen the cloze on hisn's back; an' when 'Lije Milton were buried he owned the whole thing, he did," putting down some biscuits that were golden-green with soda.

The men looked at each other, and then at Jerry, incredulously, so that Jerry added:

"Yes, and the town bought the mine from Mrs. Milton," and the men rose from the table much impressed, and Mrs. Milton swore a secret oath that she would stand by Jerry as long as she could "worry out one breath."

One strong adherent, and Jerry would need many. Still undecided as to the supper, he took the men out after dinner to where he had agreed to meet several householders, who would assist him in showing the guests the wonders of the mine, and the advantages of the town. They met many groups on the road who joined them, until quite a crowd took their way to the meeting-place. But there he found neither Dan Burk nor Dave Morris, nor was Mr. Henshaw anywhere to be seen. Added to this it was cold, and had clouded up

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as if for another snow-fall; and Jerry's own spirit being at a low ebb, there was not much enthusiasm to spare.

But Jerry did not falter; he could not falter; he had been obliged to change the base of his operations entirely, and from intending to push and advance the interests of Durden's, he had to retreat to the position of saving himself and his venture.

So quietly, so cleverly the thing had been done, that he had scarcely had time to realize it; and the only hope left him was to impress everybody with his past successes, and the future of the place.

Instead of taking the grandees about, and strengthening his position in the eyes of the people by the way in which these great men listened to him; and instead of securing himself in the estimation of the stockholders by the sight of his power in the town, he was reduced to the necessity of keeping this motley mob in order, and also in a good humor, that the Durden's people might be deceived into esteeming these creatures as guests who were worth pleasing, and to think of themselves as gaining importance by entertaining them.

This was necessary for to-day, and to-morrow he would take the real guests about, and have all Durden's out to escort them; if only he could tide over this one bewildering day, he hoped that the occasion might yet be retrieved.

And after?

He put his hand back on his pistol for comfort, as he led the way over the carefully prepared pathway that he had intended should be trod first by the great directors! Alas! the rabble tramped over it carelessly and unappreciatingly, and Jerry thought with much impatience how impossible it would be for him to repair it before the next day! The whole thing seemed like a nightmare that he could not shake off. Why could not he rise and denounce the whole transaction? why could not he explain the whole affair, and demonstrate the great mistake that had been made? Explain to whom? Only to himself could the explanation be made, and the mistake be demonstrated. Mr. Henshaw had acquiesced in the whole arrangement, though somewhat surprised, and had been seen to go from the car-shed to Paul Henley's, where, doubtlessly, he took his lunch. Dan Burk and Dave Morris had never returned from Eureka; Greg's mother and sister were Paul Henley's guests; so who was there to listen to his explanation, or to agree that he had been badly treated, when he was the only dissatisfied person? All he could do was to cover as well as possible his defeat, and bide his time.

At last his task was finished. The mine had been explained and explored, the town talked about glowingly; then, a light snow beginning to fall, the people hurried off in groups, and Mrs. Milton's three guests having gone to Eureka to look at that mine, Jerry felt at last that he was free to examine his position and arrange his plans.

Stock-still he stood in front of his fire, with his hands in his pockets, and his eyes fixed on the dancing flames; feeling too much to rest or to think connectedly; only realizing a hatred for Paul, and a desire for revenge that seemed almost to consume him; while a cold resentment against all humanity took possession of him.

Over this foundation of feeling a confused cloud of ideas floated: how had Greg explained his absence to Mrs. Greg and Isabel? in what light had Paul represented him to these people? how would he be received that night? and should he go?

Over and over again these thoughts drifted through his mind; over and over again he decided in one way, only to change to the opposite extreme.

Try as he would, he could not realize his position; he could not control the feeling that the whole fabric was melting before his eyes as suddenly as it had sprung up; there was magic in the whole thing—magic that would destroy him! He was doomed—he had taken the wrong turn that lies in every path—the one wrong turn which there is no recovering, and now he seemed to be travelling fast away from all success.

Whichever course he took now could be misconstrued, and would be misconstrued; but he must decide on something, and take a firm hold somewhere; to drift would be inevitable ruin. He

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might make a mistake in his action—still it would be action; and he must act if action meant financial suicide. He must play Paul's game, and stop at nothing; let no tool nor thing be too low for use; and if he found that he could not hurt Paul in any more lasting way, he would kill him. And he laughed bitterly at the thought that death would not last as a punishment for Paul Henley! If there were any judgment or punishment hereafter, death should take Paul Henley to both: the doctor's love should shield him no longer.

Then the door opened and Greg came in.

"Not ready yet?" he began, with a gayety that had something of nervousness in it; "the supper will be early, so that we can sit long," he went on, rubbing his hands and holding them to the fire, "and of course you are coming."

"Yes," Jerry answered quietly, rising and standing in front of the fire, with his hands behind him; "but I will not change my clothes. How is your mother?"

"Quite well, thank you, and wishes to see you very much; so does Isabel; and Miss Henley asked after you most especially."

"They are very kind; I hope I shall see them to-morrow. Are you ready to go to Eureka now?"

The color flashed hotly into Greg's face.

"Not immediately," he answered, hesitatingly; "I told my mother I should stop there a moment on my way over."

"And will go over in Henley's wagon," Jerry added, in a matter-of-course way; then looking at his pistols carefully before putting them in his belt, he asked, "How are your visitors impressed with Durden's?"

"They seem to be immensely surprised," Greg answered, "especially at the government of the town; it seems that they did not believe what the papers said about us."

"I suppose it seems rather foolish to them," Jerry said; "rather whimsical."

"Well, yes," doubtfully, "rather impracticable for a speculation, they say; but I think they scarcely understand it yet."

"And would not, probably, after a week's talk," laughing. "To a capitalist and a speculator the scheme does not look so captivating as it does to the class I have been entertaining to-day; people looking down and people looking up cannot, of course, get the same view of a thing; and when I began, I was one of those who looked up."

"But now you look down, so can agree with the capitalists," Greg suggested.

"Do they propose to try any changes?" and involuntarily Jerry's voice sharpened.

"No, no; they cannot, you know; but I believe they have some suggestions to offer."

"To-night?" tersely.

"No, to-morrow; they intend to enjoy themselves to-night, and talk and explore to-morrow; there is to be a public meeting in Eureka, and speeches."

"In Eureka?" Jerry asked, quietly, although for a moment the ground seemed to slip from under his feet.

"Yes, the railway men, you know; they bought all the land at the doctor's suggestion, you remember; and now they are very anxious that the land values should rise, and think this is a good opportunity to capture settlers."

"And it is," Jerry answered, looking down into the fire, while there seemed a singing in his ears.

"And to-morrow Henshaw goes with Mills to inspect the Eureka Mine; of course the growth of one town will react on the other," he went on, as if to comfort Jerry; "a sort of double-barrelled affair that will help all."

"And I suppose I shall have to speak," Jerry said.

"Of course," quickly; "I shall call on you myself."

Jerry laughed.

"Scarcely," he said, "I do not think that would quite do;" then drawing a heavy pea-jacket over his flannel shirt, and taking up his hat, he turned to the door. "Of course I shall be called on to render an account, and I shall do it; but now we must go," and he led the way from the room.

At the foot of the steep, blind descent of the stairway, Mrs. Milton opened a door and let a stream of light out on them.

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"I wants to set eyes on youuns, Jerry Wilkerson," she said, "'cause you looks rale jimpsey in sto' cloze, you do; come in, come in."

Jerry laughed.

"I did not put on my store clothes, Mrs. Milton," he said; "I prefer to look like a Durden's man," stepping into the light.

"Great-day-in-the-mornin'!" Then Mrs. Milton stood in silent disappointment.

"You are the best friend I have in the world, Mrs. Milton," and Jerry's eyes seemed to glow as he laid his hand on the old woman's shoulder, "and what is good enough for you is good enough for anyone."

"An' nothin' but youuns's ole blue shirt an' jeans breeches—Golly!"

"A bran-new shirt," Jerry answered, "and of the very best flannel, and my pistols are cleaned and my boots freshly greased to keep the wet out; what more should a man want?"

Mrs. Milton turned away.

"Youuns is a good figger of a man, Jerry Wilkerson, whatever yer cloze is," she said, slowly, "an' allers looks rale nice; but them thar sto' cloze does look pisen fine, you bet; an' Mr. Greg," scanning him over the top of her glasses, "looks a rale buster, he do;" and without more words she ushered them out of the door, closing it after them.

"She is an extraordinary character," Greg said, laughing.

"The most extraordinary I ever met," Jerry assented; "she is perfectly true and honest."

"Whew-w-w!" Greg whistled. "You are hard on humanity."

"Only another case of people looking from different stand-points," Jerry answered.

Then they plodded on in silence for a time.

"It will be deucedly cold by morning," Greg said, at length, almost repenting the friendliness that had caused him to come and warn Jerry of the plans on foot, so that he would be somewhat prepared. Jerry had not seemed surprised, nor in the least thankful to him for the trouble he had taken, nor did he seem much upset by the day's doings; indeed, Greg felt defrauded of the sympathy that he had been spending on Jerry all day.

"And the snow is increasing every moment," Jerry answered; "if the worst comes, we shall have to illuminate one of the mines and have the meeting there; it will be warm, and have plenty of echo, so that their words can come back again and again, and so impress themselves on our minds." Then suddenly, "Why did not your father come?"

"My father?" Greg repeated, in some surprise; "he could not leave his business."

"And Mr. Glendale?" mentioning the name of his own broker, who was also a director of the railway, "he could not leave his business either?"

"I suppose not, though I have not asked;" then Greg turned down the road to Paul Henley's, and Jerry went on to Eureka.

It had not occurred to Jerry before that the absence of these two men might mean something more than accident; but now, although he did not know that Glendale was Henley's adviser also, the fact of both staying away seemed ominous. They were the only directors who were in any way bound to him, and knowing that there were possible disagreements ahead, they felt that in Durden's they would have to take sides, while in New York they could remain neutral. It was a hard conclusion to come to, and it was harder still to bear, but fortunately for Jerry, it brought its own strength in the shape of anger; a strength that upheld him as no rest nor sympathy could have done.

So they were to have a public meeting in Eureka; and the thing he had looked on as his greatest triumph, the compelling the company to buy the lots in Eureka in order to save what they had invested there already, this act that had been more than anything else the badge of his success, this had turned out to be the salvation of the rival town.

At the time of the transaction he had realized that this would be the case, but not so soon as this. It was a cruel misfortune that it should come now, and through the machinations of Paul Henley. And yet, was it any more than he had done to Eureka? He walked a little faster.

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He had been working for the public good when he did that; his motive had been the raising and bettering of a whole class!

He laughed a little as he thought this, a scornful, ill-sounding laugh; what a complete fool he had been! The only difference between him and Paul Henley was that Paul had had sense enough to have but one end in view—the destruction of an enemy; while he, though thirsting for this same thing, had covered it over with a philanthropic cloak. He had not realized his hypocrisy at the time, perhaps, but this proved him only the greater fool. And now Paul was reaping the benefit of his unscrupulous honesty in working openly and unblushingly for a low end. The people could understand him and his scheme, and were forced into belief in him by the unveiled selfishness of his motives. All along he had known that Paul laughed at his venture, and the laws of the town that held these men to a decent way of living, and took care of them and their money by force.

And well might Paul laugh; laugh at a man who, with the experience of generations before him to show and prove the folly of forcing people into a right and just way of doing things, still made the experiment. Old Joe, even, had seen his folly. The Almighty Himself had left humanity free for good or ill!

The world would grumble at its condition always—always it would cry frantically for honesty and reform; but it had only laughter for the honest man—and woe for the reformer. All that the world wanted was money, and only the poor found the times evil; it was only the poor who could not hold their place in the battle of life; and no man could help them; weakness must fall.

And yet Almighty Strength gave itself to death for the weak. He looked up to the sullen sky—if only he had been strong enough for that kind of success.

And the doctor? Jerry paused a moment in his going; had the doctor believed in that grand atonement of love—the doctor whose whole life had been spent in trying to strike a balance of good works against his sins?

If only this man had given him a little love, how his life had been glorified!

Even now it was not too late for him to make a grand sacrifice!

He walked on slowly; suddenly he turned into the one muddy street of Eureka, and stopped to take in the novelty of its appearance.

In front of every house, up and down the road, were hung lanterns, making quite an illumination, and in front of Dave Morris's old shop there was a long row of them; and boards laid down before the door; and an awning stretched overhead!

Jerry walked down to the shop, and found that inside things were as different as possible from the time when, in his youthful scorn and folly, he had knocked down Dave Morris. It had not been a year yet, since he struck that first blow of his career.

Dan Burk and Dave Morris were both in the shop, and Mrs. Burk, in all the finery she could buy or borrow in both towns, was sailing importantly, but condescendingly, about a table spread at the far end of the room. There were one or two women, faint copies of Mrs. Burk, who followed her obediently; and, in *blasé* and amused silence, the cook brought from New York was carving at a side-table; while a group of well-dressed imported waiters stood laughing near the stove.

And Jerry, in his rough dress, walked in unheeded by them. Dave Morris and Dan Burk were charged with the admitting of people, and now they hurried forward.

"Good-evenin', Mr. Wilkerson," looking anxiously in his cold face, for as yet they had not won their way with the new party sufficiently to be regardless of the censure of the old; "a paper, Mr. Wilkerson, and a chair?" and Jerry, accepting both things, sat down near a lamp.

The imported servants looked at him curiously; but he had given Dan Burk his coat and his hat with the air of a master, and wisely surmising that he was not made by his clothes, their mirth subsided into respectful silence.

Jerry opened the paper that already was rather soiled, and behind its protecting pages watched and listened and drew his conclusions.

Paul had worked well; for, as the conversation of the waiters and the women

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drifted to him, and as he listened to the talk of a group of natives eating at the lunch counter near the door, and caught the remarks from Burk and Morris, he could hear "Mr. Henley" referred to as an authority for everything; a stranger would have thought Paul the great man of the towns; and the anger and the revenge, that out in the darkness he had subdued a little, seemed to take fresh hold on him, and to grow more quiet and more determined within him; it seemed now to reveal itself as the substratum of his whole being, over which all lighter emotions passed like the shadows of the clouds over the plain!

It would never leave him, this hatred—it should lie still for a while yet, but it should grow and strengthen by day and by night until the right time should come. His thoughts and emotions as he walked over had been only another phase of his lunacy.

There was a sound of wheels and of laughter outside, then an influx of men in every shape and size of overcoat and wrap that could be thought of, and out of the crowd Greg approached Jerry.

"Here you are," he said, heartily, "safe out of this beastly weather;" then to the party, who were most of them out of their wrappings by this time, "Here is Mr. Wilkerson, Mr. Redwood; of course you know him, Granger, and you, Van Dusen," and Jerry's hand was shaken by one man after another, and he was looked at from head to foot in a well-bred way. This the Wilkerson, the exceedingly gentlemanly young man they remembered in New York? What possessed him to clothe himself in this way?

Then Paul came forward, and a bow and a few words of greeting passed between them; Jerry's hatred must keep; and Paul's rôle was to make these people believe Jerry to be a rash, hot-headed philanthropist; and he the much-enduring friend whose advice and warnings had been scoffed at and disregarded; so their greeting was strictly unremarkable.

It seemed like a dream, to Jerry; a bad dream from which he could not waken; all the talk seemed to be against him, yet in a covert fashion that he could not take hold of; he talked busily enough himself, and was the recipient of many toasts and many fine speeches, so that the people and the waiters standing about looked on him with very different eyes from what they had done when the semiroyal feast eaten in public began. Yet under all he detected with unerring instinct an effort to keep him in a good humor; he was an amiable visionary who had no harm in him, and who had succeeded after a manner, but whose success could not last.

But Jerry made no sign: he would "bide his time"—wait until the moment came when his blow would crush some thing or person—then he would strike—strike if the same blow destroyed himself.

He had ruined Eureka once, why not again? He had brought these men to terms once, why not again? No reason that he could see, save one, that sickened him with dread of failure; in his first struggle he had had a noble foe to deal with; now—and his blood tingled as he remembered who opposed him now!

And while he talked and listened he found himself revolving in an idle fashion the question whether it would be wiser to fight Paul with Paul's own weapons—"fight the devil with fire;" but surely this would give the devil the advantage to fight him with his own weapons; and yet to fight a lie with truth seemed a losing thing. If he had but stood to the first principles he had laid down for his life, how idle this present strife would have seemed to him! How pityingly he would have looked down on the fray, and the poor squabblers wasting lives and souls on the idle dross of gain! What difference if one or the other won?—a little while, and their graves would lie rain-washed and forgotten out there on the hill-side.

"Eureka is bound to succeed!" and Paul put his glass down with a clash.

"Of course," Mr. Redwood answered, tucking his napkin more carefully under his chin; "too many capitalists own land here for it to fail; we have only been waiting on the railway, knowing there was no need for any haste."

Jerry rallied his thoughts as Greg answered, quickly—

"And Durden's *is* a success."

"Except that damned stream," Van Dusen answered; "it makes everything so confoundedly unsafe."

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"What do you say, Mr. Henshaw?" and Paul held his glass up to the light.

Mr. Henshaw cleared his throat and glanced at Jerry. "The dam is safe now," he said.

"And has been for more than twenty-five years," Jerry added.

"But the twenty-sixth might smash it," and Granger shook his head gravely.

"I am willing to risk it," Greg struck in sharply, seeing some of the natives drawing near and listening intently.

Paul laughed lightly.

"So you may be, Greg," he said, "for you have no one dependent on you; neither has Wilkerson; besides," looking Jerry straight in the face, then beyond him to the natives who were listening, "besides, Wilkerson has enough to carry him over any failure."

"Of course," Van Dusen answered, innocent of the part he was playing, "every man on Wall Street knows that Wilkerson can afford to play with dangerous investments; but I have no fortune, and I have a wife and four children."

"I am sorry for you," Jerry said, dryly, filling his glass, while a laugh ran round the table; "I have only been imprudent enough to invest all that Mr. Gilliam left me in the interest of his town, Durden's," returning Paul's look, "and with Durden's I stand or fall."

There was a little sound from the shop as of applause, while Greg clapped his hands openly, and the color rushed into Paul's face.

"By the way," and Paul put down his knife and fork, "we are old friends enough for a home question—how much did old Gilliam leave you anyhow?"

"Enough," Jerry answered, while he skillfully jointed the shapelessly fat ducks put down before him, "to run Durden's stock up above par in the market, and to keep it there," and his eyes flashed dangerously.

"And where did he get it?" Paul went on, feeling safe in the crowd, and too angry to restrain his venom.

Jerry's face grew very white in the moment's silence that followed Paul's words, but his voice was steady enough as he answered, slowly:

"He did not tell me, nor any living man; the secret of Joe Gilliam's find died with him," and Jerry paused in his carving to lay his pistols on the table.

"He refused to tell it even on his death-bed," Greg said, looking angrily in Paul's face, "for I was there and heard him."

Then a silence fell on the company that was not comfortable, until Van Dusen said, with an uneasiness born as much of the look of Jerry's pistols as of Jerry, as he silently and ruthlessly dissected the tender round ducks, as of the subject he was reintroducing:

"But that dam?"

"Perfectly safe," Greg answered, firmly; then went on to tell the story of old Durden who had first turned the stream from its course; a story well known to all present, as it had been most carefully published in the pamphlet advertising the place, but which now was listened to with undivided interest, while the company, each in the silence of his own heart, tried to decide whether Jerry had pulled out his pistols as a warning to Paul, or because they made his belt too tight as the feast progressed. They had heard many well-authenticated stories of the Western mode of dealing with the slightest impertinence, and they were uneasy lest they should be treated to a specimen. Henley had been confoundedly prying, and Wilkerson was not a person who looked entirely safe; and he was not drinking much.

Meanwhile they listened to Greg's old story, making vague comments, and looking steadfastly away from the daintily mounted pistols that seemed to grow larger as they lay on the table-cloth. And when Greg finished, Mr. Henshaw, who was accustomed to seeing every man in the town armed always, and who did not take in the situation, went into a long disquisition on the present safety of the dam, and the work that had been put on it to make it perfectly secure. Then someone followed with a story of some recent flood, and the talk floated away from all dangerous topics; and the wine flowed freely, and the stories grew more witty and less decent, and songs from the younger men waked up the nearest inhabitants; and in the midst of it Jerry left, taking his ghastly pistols, judging rightly that no one could harm him now.

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And through the crowd gathered about the door he found a respectful path opened, and the next day everybody knew that "Mr. Wilkerson had struck up to Durden's, and hadn't drunk but mighty little."

Steadily on through the dreary night, tramping heedlessly through mud and slush, breaking with sharp cracking the ice formed since nightfall on the roadway pools; unconscious of the driving snow, and the wind that cut like a knife; regardless of everything save the one great hatred; grasping with his fevered hands the pistols in his jacket pockets until the cold metal grew warm, and seemed almost to answer to his grasp. The one mad longing to crush and strangle the life and beauty out of the false face that had mocked him that night: he had read a book once, where a man, after long waiting, strangles his enemy. A slow, great agony of death, that he could watch growing in his victim's eyes; no sudden, merciful blow nor shot, but an awful creeping horror that would grant time for the realization of illimitable suffering—for the anguish of regret and failure to work its most dreadful pain. This man might undermine him; might in his crafty, snake-like fashion, compass his ruin; might stand and smile triumphantly over his fall; he would bear it, he would wait and watch, and when the hour of greatest success stood ready to this man's hand he would murder him.

He drew a long, sharp breath; he longed to cry aloud, that the awful excitement might find vent.

The wind came tearing down the mountains and out across the plain, driving the snow in great clouds before it, crying and shrieking as it went, and far off he heard the roar of falling water!

He stood still in the darkness—and in the lull of the storm he listened: often in the night he heard this roar. How easily an enemy might ruin him: one loosened stone—one little blast of powder unheard in the stormy night, and the wild water would rush like a mad creature back to its old haunts; dash in wild ecstasy down the black abyss where old Durden's bones lay crumbling; lash with its fierce caresses the stones that in the long ago it had worn down to patient smoothness! Would it know that it had got home again, this water that fell so far, and cried so piteously as it fled away to the thirsty plain? would it know that it had conquered one man who stood without one friend to love in all his life?

He started on hurriedly.

No friend, no friend; but, ah, one enemy! one merciless enemy whose dead body should be cast down the abyss with the wild white water as its only winding-sheet, and find no rest down among the black, bruising rocks! That would be better than fortune or fame—better than any success!

A sudden memory came to him like a voice speaking in his ear: he must burn that little scrap of paper; no man must know that the same water would ruin both! It would be a sweet revenge to let Paul ruin himself. For the paper said—"What goes in at Durden's, comes out at Eureka."

And he laughed aloud in the darkness.

Paul would laugh as the water roared in at Durden's mine—*he* would laugh as the stream flashed into the sunlight again from the mouth of the Eureka mine!

Joe had been wise and faithful and silent.

(To be continued.)

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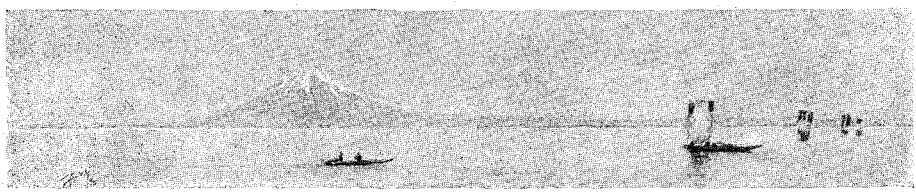

The Last Glimpse of Japan.

JAPONICA.

FOURTH PAPER.—JAPANESE WAYS AND THOUGHTS.

By Sir Edwin Arnold.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT BLUM.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, writing about the Japanese people in the middle of the sixteenth century, said: "This nation is the delight of my soul!" Will Adams, the English pilot-major, sending home an account of the land where he was at that time a prisoner, although soon to be released and raised to great favor, delivered it gravely as his opinion that "the people of the Iland of Iapan are good of nature, curteous aboue measure and valiant in warre: their iustice is seuerely executed without any partialitie vpon transgressors of the law. They are gouerned in great ciuilitie. I meane, not a land better gouerned in the world by ciuill policie. The people be verie superstitious in their religion, and of diuers opinions: alsoe veri subiect to thear gouvernours and superiores."

Kaempfer, at the end of the seventeenth century, describes the Japanese as "bold, . . . heroic, . . . revengeful, . . . desirous of fame, . . . very industrious and enured to hardships; . . . great lovers of civility and good manners, and very nice in keeping themselves, their cloaths and houses, clean and neat. . . . As to all sorts of handicrafts, either curious or useful, they are wanting neither proper materials, nor industry and application, and so far is it that they should have any occasion to send for masters from abroad, that they rather exceed all other nations in ingenuity and neatness of workmanship, particularly in brass, gold, silver, and copper."

Modern authorities, endeavoring to summarize the character of the inhabitants of "Dai Nippon," appear fairly unanimous with regard to the fine manners, the high spirit, the docility, the loyalty, industry, neatness, and artistic genius of this race; but one complains of their secretiveness and disregard of truth; another of their lack of "chastity and sobriety;" and others, like M. Pierre Loti, in his "Madame Chrysanthème," seem to take Japan as a bright and fascinating freak of geography and ethnology: too *petit*, *bizarre*, *grotesque*, *minuscule*, *manière* to love; too *drôle*, *mignon*, *amusant*, *aimable* to speak very ill of. Merchants inveigh against the unbusiness-like qualities of the Japanese, and compare them disadvantageously with the natives of China; finding them petty, shilly-shallying, and

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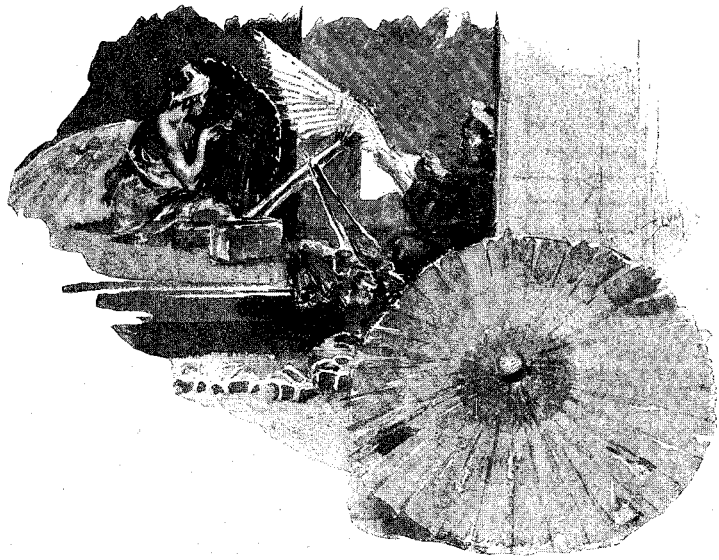
untrustworthy. Scientific and serious natures lament the lack of idealism in the Japanese mind. Metaphysical, psychological, ethical questions and problems—say these—have no interest for their practical and superficial natures. Good-hearted they are, artistic, delightfully polite, nice in persons and ways; yet—declare other judges—"deceitful, insincere, vain, frivolous," and as regards their women, tyrannical, one-sided, and semi-barbarous. Medical works, portraying them physically, tell us that the Japanese are Mongols, distinguished by a yellowish skin, straight black hair, scanty beard, almost total absence of hair on the arms, legs, and chest, broadish prominent cheek-bones, and more or less obliquely set eyes. Compared with people of European race the average Japanese has a long body and short legs, a large skull, with a tendency to prognathism, a flat nose, coarse hair, scanty eyelashes, prominent eyelids, a sallow complexion, and a low stature. The average height of Japanese men is about the same as that of European women. The women are proportionately smaller and better-looking than the men, with pretty manners and charming voices. Japanese children they allow to be most taking, with their grave, little, demure ways, their old-fashioned airs, their almost preternatural propriety of conduct. All seem to conclude that the Japanese have less highly strung nerves than Europeans, bearing pain with admirable calm, and meeting death with comparative indifference.



An Umbrella Store in Tokio.

Mr. Chamberlain justly attributes this, in a large degree, to the silent and benign influence of Buddhism, as being "a tolerant and hopeful creed, promising rest at last to all." It is, however, a fact well known to doctors in Japan, that a vast number of maladies there are hysterical; and it is doubtful to my mind whether any nation possesses a more finely developed nervous organization than its people. Their love of light and delicate pleasures; their keen appreciation of the tea-cup, of the spray of cherry-blossom, or of the maple-branch, whose leaves are green stars, of the tiny pipe, of the deliciously mingled landscapes of their country, go to show their extreme impressionability. I should be the last to depreciate the indubitable effect of the gentle and lofty teachings of Buddhism in fortifying and elevating the national nature, but my own opinion is, that the central characteristic of the Japanese is self-respect, and that their patience, their fearlessness, their quietism, their resignation, and a large proportion of their other virtues, have root in this deep and universal quality.

As for the people, I am, and always shall be, of good St. Francis Xavier's feeling: "This nation is the delight of my soul!" Never have I passed days more happy, tranquil, or restorative than among Japanese of all classes, in the cities, towns, and villages of Japan. Possibly that is because I have had no business relations with my kind and pleas-

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ant Niponese friends, and have never talked very much metaphysics; but it seems certainly an easy way to keep on the right side of folks, to let philosophy and theology alone. Moreover, it is, no doubt, necessary for such experiences to go a little behind that sort of Japan which you find on the *Hatobas* of Yokohama or Kobe; in the *Yoshiwaras* of those and the other open ports. At very little distance from the surface, which we civilizing westerns have done our best to spoil, will be still discovered the old, changeless, high-tempered, generous, simple, and sweet-mannered Japan which charmed so much and so naturally the Lusitanian saint and the Dutch surgeon. I frankly confess it has entirely charmed me too; and therefore what I say of this Japanese nation, and their manners and customs, must be received with the proper caution attaching to the language of a friend, and even a lover. But where else in the world does there exist such a conspiracy to be agreeable; such a wide-spread compact to render the difficult affairs of life as smooth and graceful as circumstances admit; such fair decrees of fine behavior fixed and accepted for all; such universal restraint of the coarser impulses of speech and act; such pretty picturesqueness of daily existence; such lively love of nature as the embellisher of that existence; such sincere delight in beautiful artistic things; such frank enjoyment of the enjoyable; such tenderness to little children; such reverence for parents and old persons; such wide-spread refinement of taste and habits; such courtesy to strangers; such willingness to please and to be pleased? The eye is not less delighted perpetually in Japan by graceful and varied costumes, than the hearing is gratified by those phrases of soft, old-world deference and con-

Tsuru-Kame Dance.

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sideration which fill the air like plum and cherry blossoms falling. It stands an absolute fact that there is no oath, or foul interjectionary word in Japanese, and when common coolies quarrel, or when a stubborn Chinese pony jibs, the

"Fuji Musmee"—Japanese Dance.—Page 336.

worst you catch is *sore!* "that! that!" —or *koitsu!* "the fellow." On one day passed in England or the United States you could inhale more mephitic atmosphere publicly poisoned with vile, angry epithets, than in a month of the lowest slums of Tokio, or Kyôto. They are as clean a people, as to their tongues, as in their persons; and he who is *kuchi-gitanai*, "evil-mouthed," becomes shunned by all alike, and utterly despised. A good tempered word will ofttimes put aside the most threatening passion. A timber-barrow was being wheeled along in a narrow road, and swept away the corner bamboo-pole of a citizen's veranda, bringing down some tiles. Out he comes, deeply agitated, to expostulate; and because the *ninsoku* stands bowing with covered head, endeavoring to explain, the shopkeeper tries to snatch off the coolie's reed hat, crying, "Do you dare to say, *go men nasai*, to me, with your hat upon your head?" This infuriates the coolie, who ceases struggling to get out the promise that they will come back in an hour to repair damages, and to explain that it was all an accident due to a fault in the road. Suddenly the shopkeeper sees for himself that they too have broken a wheel and a lantern, and realizes his over-impatience as to the hat, which, being tied under the chin and ears, could not be easily doffed. A sense of equity returns; he bows low and says: "*O tagai de gozarimas!*" "It was the *honorable mutuality!*" "Yes, *Danna*," responds the immediately mol-

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lified cartman, "truly it was the honorable mutuality!" and with a profusion of bows the quarrel is accommodated. "*O tagai*" has made them reasonable again.

But, if a foreign sojourner must speak so favorably of the men, how shall he avoid an apparent extravagance of praise in qualifying these sweet, these patient, these graceful, these high-bred, these soft-voiced, gentle, kind, quiet, unselfish women of Japan? They seem, taken all together, so amazingly superior to their men-folk, as almost to belong morally and socially to a higher race. In a sense that is the case, for though, of course, identical in blood and breeding, Japanese women have been reared for centuries in a separate school from the men. It was the hard school of obedience, of submission, of resignation, with no pretentions to justify the view. The Japanese male has considered himself, all through his history, the superior of the graceful and gentle companion of his life, who is taught, from the hour when she disappoints her mother by arriving in this world, to humble herself, first to her parents, next to her husband, and lastly to her children. But it is characteristic of women, in all ages and countries, to make the best of bad laws and customs, and even to turn them to the advantage of themselves and of the men. Thus I know not by what soft magic of content, by what subtle elasticity of nature the Japanese woman—in theory a slave—in practice has gained very much her own way everywhere; and obtains, without exacting, far more consideration and deference than might be expected. It is an unsolved mystery in what proportion the Mongol, the Malay, and the South Sea Islander, with perhaps Arabs and Semitic peoples, have blended to constitute this unique, gifted, impressionable race. Yet it is a still greater mystery to me how the Japanese woman has developed her gracious sweetness and bright serenity in the atmosphere of unchivalrous mal-estimation surrounding her from early times. The story of those early times proves abundantly that she was always what she is now—*otonashü shinsetsu na*—tender, gentle, and devoted. It is full of legends and records creditable to the sex, from the time of the great queen who conquered Corea, and of the lovely Oto Tachibani Himé, who died by leaping into the sea to appease the tempest and save her husband, the Emperor, down to Gompachi and Komurasaki, the Romeo and Juliet of Tokio, at whose grave I, reverently, burned a bundle of incense sticks. The spot is a quiet nook in a bamboo garden, near the temple of Fudô Sama at Meguro, where a tiny pent-house has been raised over the ancient stones marking the resting-place of the ill-starred Japanese lovers. Their story is told in Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan," nor can you peruse it, or hear any native relate it, without feeling how immeasurably superior Komurasaki—"Little Purple"—was to Gompachi. And another strange thing is, that though the national morality, from our point of view, would be called "low," and the position accorded to women has assuredly not been such as to make them heroic, nowhere in the world were wives more faithful; and nowhere have there been more moving love-stories than in Japan. I recall a tale—whether already published I know not—of a beautiful Japanese girl, beloved and sought in marriage by a handsome but worthless young Samurai. For family reasons she was wedded to another young nobleman who treated her very well, and to whom she became fondly attached, although she had originally returned the passion of her good-for-nothing lover. This latter held some family secret, the disclosure of which would have been fatal to the fortunes and reputation of her house. A year or two after her marriage he met her walking abroad in Tokio, and felt so violent a renewal of admiration for her beauty that he determined to stick at nothing to gain her. The guilty propo-

Impression of the Palm of the Emperor Goshirakawa, used by him as a Seal.—Page 339.
(Reigned A.D. 1156–58.)

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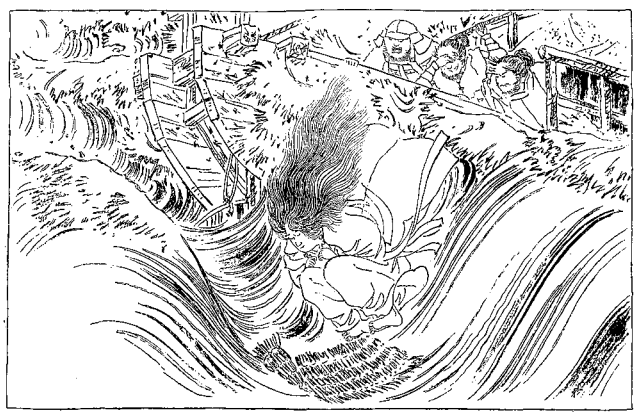
sals which he managed to convey to her being indignantly rejected, he decided to bring to bear upon her mother the knowledge which he possessed of the family secret. It happened that one day, while visiting at her mother's house, she overheard her desperate suitor threatening the aged lady with death, and the publication of the household disgrace, if she did not obtain for him possession of his beautiful lost mistress. Her mother's distress and danger, and the sound of the worthless lover's sword-blade ringing as it left the scabbard, caused her to form an instant resolution. Breaking into the room, she said, "I have heard you, and know how cruel and dangerous you are; but for the sake of our former attachment, and for my mother's peace, and the family honor, I consent to what you demand; on condition that you first kill my husband. He lies at night surrounded by trustworthy and fearless retainers. I will give them sleeping draughts, and you must come in the dark with your sword and slay him. But in order that you may perceive which is my husband's head, I will wet it with water after he has fallen asleep." The wicked lover eagerly agreed; the mother was too terrified to intervene.



Queen Oto Tachibani Himé Leaping into the Sea.—Page 325.

At the appointed hour of the night, when all was still, he made his way into the *yashiki*, and advanced unhindered, amid the slumbering retainers, into the darkened chamber of the betrayed lord. Kneeling down, he lightly felt head after head among those of the sleepers, and came at last upon one saturated with water. With a quick stroke of his razor-like blade he severed the head, and, rolling it in his cloth, hurried forth into the street again, that he might thereafter show it and claim fulfilment of her promise. Arrived at his own house, he proceeded to unfold his dreadful burden, and when the light of the *andou* fell upon the features, it was no man's head at all, but the lovely face of the woman whose peace he had ruined met his affrighted gaze. To save her mother's life, the family name, and her husband's honor, she had cut close her own long hair, soaked her head in water and laid it upon the pillow, to await there with splendid fortitude and self-abnegation the certain visit of the murderer. Beside her pillow was found a letter explaining the motives and circumstances of her deed, and the guilty lover himself became so overwhelmed with shame and remorse that, though he escaped with life, he turned monk at a lonely temple in the mountains, performing daily penances there until he died.

What has been said about the superior virtue and elevation of character among Japanese women, as compared with Japanese men, finds a simple but solid illustration in the subjoined paragraph, taken from a local Tokio newspaper. The date is recent, but any similar return, at any date in the year, and in almost any part of Japan, would probably manifest the same extraordinary preponderance of male offenders over female. These figures speak for themselves! When we find only one woman under arrest for illegal behavior to every thirty men, it may be judged how law-abiding, self-controlled, and gentle in act and word and thought, are these patient and graceful "daughters of the Rising Sun." Here is the paragraph, from the *Japan Mail* of March 13, 1890:

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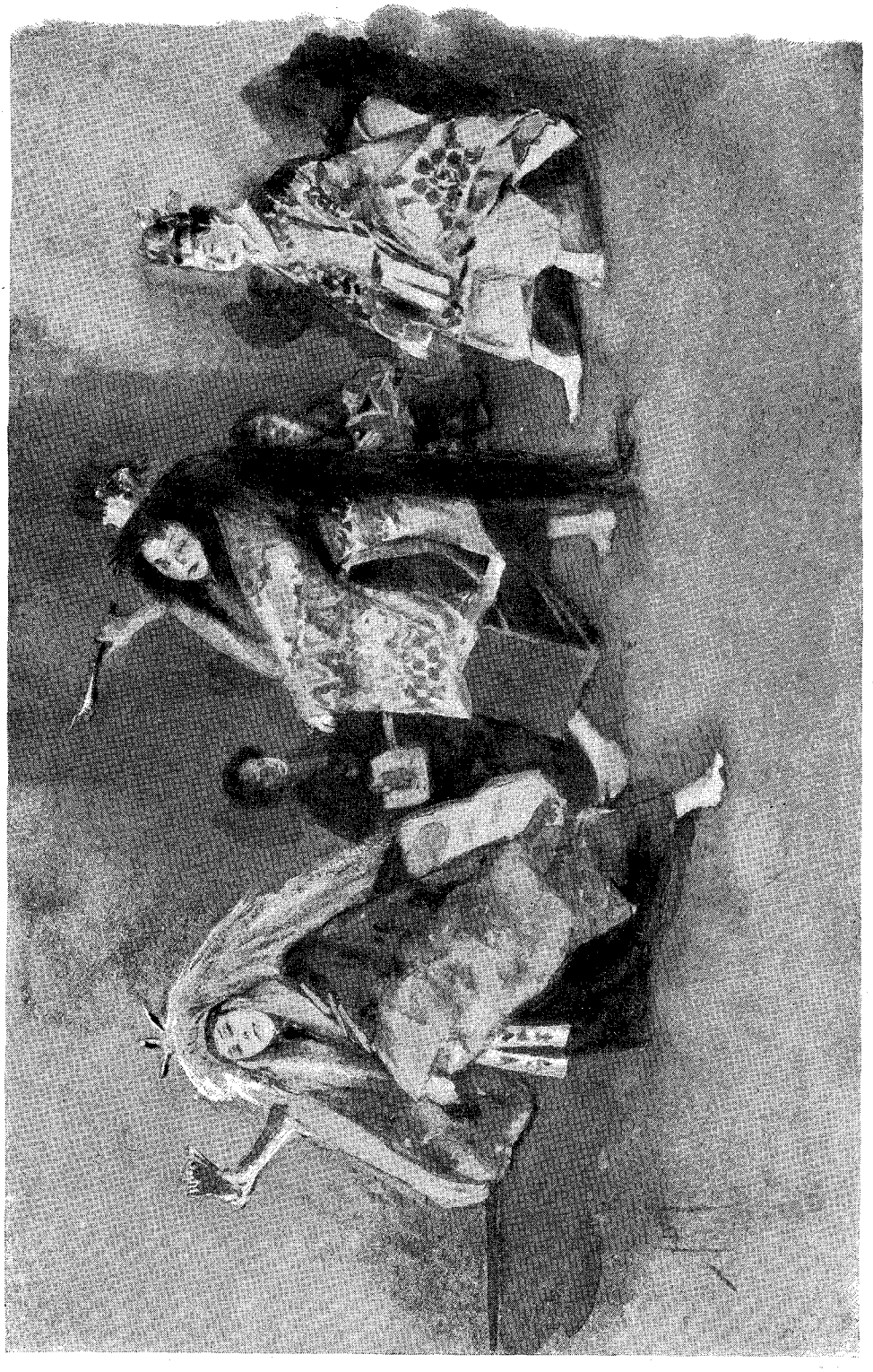

The Tsuru-Kame Dance.

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"The number of prisoners in various Tokio prisons on the 15th instant, were:

	Males.	Females.
Under examination	696	19
Under punishment	2,966	111
In special rooms	242	8
In corrective house	38	..
Total	3,942	138

96 arrests and 83 releases being made on the same day."

Such as they are to-day, moreover, these Japanese women have always been. I picked up in Yokohama an old Latin book by one Bernhardus Varenius, dated 1673, and entitled "Descriptio Regni Japoniæ et Siam," dedicated to "Her most Serene and Puissant Princess Christina, by the grace of God Queen of the Swedes, Goths, and Vandals." This quaint old volume was printed at Cambridge, "in the shop of John Hayes," and would well repay translation, as it contains many interesting particulars about old Japan, and innumerable anecdotes illustrating the fidelity, the gentleness, and the virtue of the women of Japan. The ancient author says that when Japanese have been asked why they keep their women so subordinate, the answer was that "in old times, when they had more liberty and authority, deplorable results ensued, recorded in history, and that the true place of woman in this life is to serve the man, to amuse him when tired with cares and labors, and to bear and bring up his children." Buddhism—badly understood—has added, it is to be feared, to this spirit of disregard, teaching that a woman's soul could with difficulty be saved. But such, of course, was never the real Indian doctrine. It was and is characteristic of the inequitable views thus entertained, that infidelity in the wife was made a capital offence, while it was regarded as hardly so much as a fault in the husband. The Japanese women, being taught obedience and silence from their birth, accepted the hard laws made by the men, and have moulded their natures in accordance. My Swedish doctor has an entire chapter headed "*De fidelitate et pudore fœminarum*," in which he recites many noble instances of their self-respect and high sense of honor. He tells the story of a lady of rank with whom the Tycoon once fell in love, and, in order that he might possess her, played the part of David with Uriah, causing the husband to be killed in battle. Afterward he commanded that she should come to the palace, whereupon her answer, given in the Latin, was this: "Most potent Lord! if I had not been a wife, and did not now very well know how I have been made a widow, it would behoove me silently and with reverence to rejoice that I had been held worthy to serve and please your Majesty. But now, if you oblige me to comply, I will bite out my own tongue and die. Yet, if your Majesty will grant me this one request, namely, to pass thirty days in mourning while making a sepulchre for my lord, and paying him due honors, I shall obey your Majesty's will. I would further pray that at the end of this period I may hold a feast of farewell with my friends and relations in the highest apartment of the tower of the palace, where I will take my leave of them, and be finally done with tears and sorrows." The Tycoon consented, the feast was held, and at its close the lady rose, and pretending to go out upon the roof to breathe the fresh air, threw herself down upon the stones below, and was instantly killed. Again, my doctor gives an ancient example of the family pride and the singular absence of selfishness or greed which marks these Japanese women still. A certain Daimio had in his palace a very beautiful mistress, of whom he was needlessly jealous. Her mother, an extremely poor widow, used to send her letters begging for clothes and money, and whatever the daughter had she would send, but was far too self-respectful to ask special assistance for her mother, or to reveal her indigence. One day the Daimio entering, found her reading a letter which she endeavored to conceal from him. Furious with suspicion, he demanded to see it, and she, overwhelmed with shame, thrust the thin paper into her mouth and attempted to swallow the evidence of her mother's poverty. But it stuck in her throat and suffocated her. The savage husband, more than ever persuaded that she was concealing some love-epistle, drew his sword, cut open

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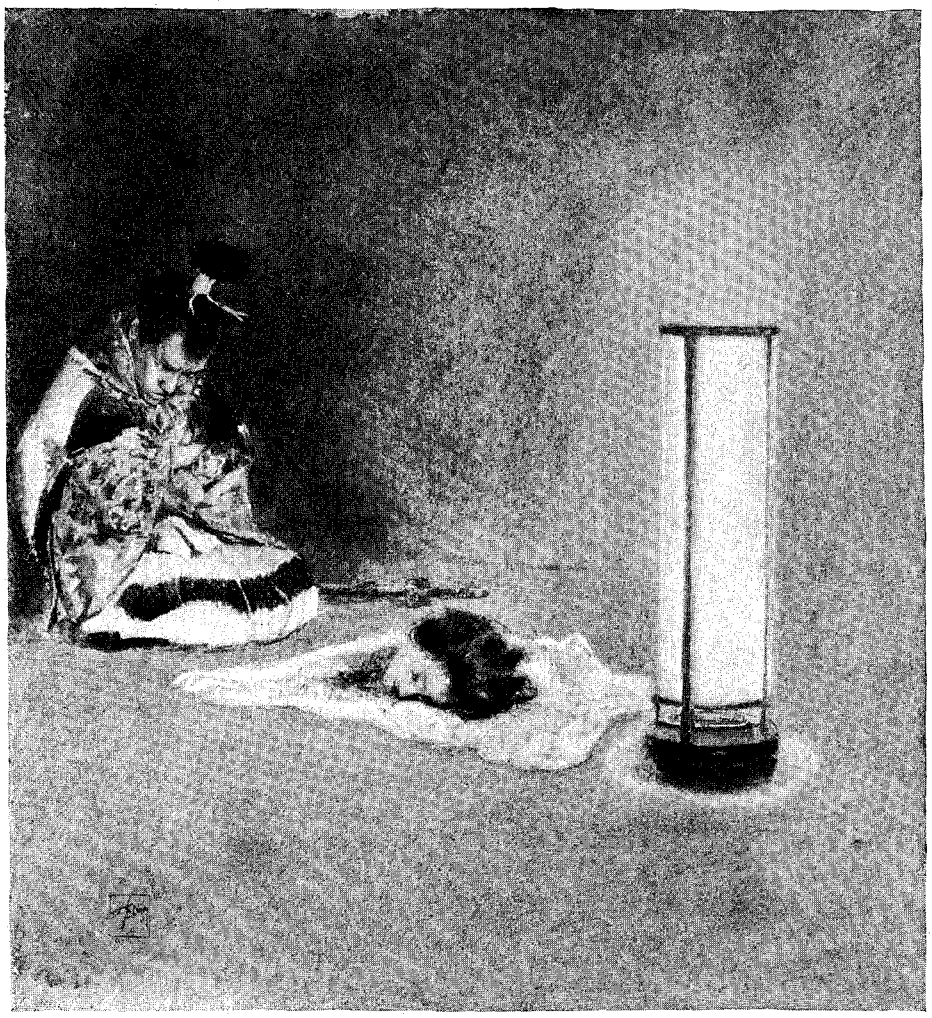
her throat, and took out the document, reading which he became full of shame and remorse; and to the end of her days, the story says, kept the widow in his palace in the greatest honor and comfort.

What renders the semi-angelic sweetness of Japanese wives, and women generally, more remarkable, though practically perhaps it really goes far to explain it, is the fact that marriage, as we know it, can scarcely be said to exist for them. It is true that ceremonies are observed at a nuptial union, especially among the upper classes, which are elaborate, and very formally prescribed in the *Sho-rei-Hikke*, or "Book of Proprieties." There one may learn all about the presents of white silk and wine and condiments; the sword of dignity for the father-in-law; the silk robes stitched together for the marriage night; the bucket containing clams to make the wedding-soup; the garden-torches; the mixing of the rice-meal (curiously like the Roman confarreatio); the two candles lighted and extinguished together; the table with two carved wag-tails; the dried fish, seaweed, and chestnuts, and the two wine bottles, with the male and female butterfly. But all these are for very great people. For ordinary folk little more is observed than that the



Endo Morito's Remorse.—Page 326.

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bride and bridegroom should drink together nine tiny cups of *saké*, after which the bride changes her white dress for a *kimono*, presented by the bridegroom, and the union is registered at the office of the *Chó*. Nevertheless, as far as the man is concerned, it is a union dependent only upon his good pleasure. He can and does divorce his wife on any of seven grounds, among which are "disobedience," "talking too much," and "jealousy." Practically he can at any time send her away, and in proof of this the statistics of 1888 show that one marriage out of every three in Japan ended in divorce. A very amiable friend of mine, an officer of the Imperial Household, told me, without much self-blame or hesitation, that he had sent a wife away, to whom he was much attached, and who was of faultless character, because she did not get on well with her mother-in-law! In the upper classes it is doubtless not good form to do this if you can easily help it, but the discontented husband finds easy consolation from other arms without much reproach from his discarded spouse, who early learns that watchword of a Japanese woman's existence, "*damatte*." To be silent, under whatever neglect or unkindness, is her chief resource, forced upon her not less by tradition than by prudence. That deplorable old opportunist Konfutze, or Confucius, wrote: "The man stands in importance above the woman; he has the right of the strong over the weak. Heaven ranks before earth, and a prince before his minister." Again he says, "The hen that crows in the morning brings misfortune." In the Japanese *Jushô* there is a passage which runs —"When the goddesses saw the gods for the first time, they were the first to cry out, 'Oh! what beautiful males!' But the gods were greatly displeased, and said: 'We, who are so strong and powerful, should by rights have been the first to speak; how is it that, on the contrary, these females speak first? This is indeed vulgar.'" The Japanese wife, therefore, in too many cases, has nothing whatever intervening between her gentle head and this suspended Damocles' sword of easy divorce, except the good-will of her lord, a certain social sentiment, and her daily power to please. Where unions endure the husband was a good fellow, and as for the wife, *elle a su plaire!* I am, by my inquiries, inclined to believe that it was really for this reason that blackening the teeth and shaving the eyebrows—still a quite common custom in Japan—was adopted, if not invented, by married women, in order definitely to declare themselves a class apart from concubines and prostitutes, the *iro-onna*, the *joru*,

Some Types of Japanese Babies.

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and the *o-mekake*. It is, of course, the very death of beauty to put a black lacquer on the teeth, which are generally so regular and so brilliant, and to shave away the eyebrows, usually so arched and silken. But from the time of Murasaki Shikibu in A.D. 1008, wives have actually made this sacrifice, to give themselves the unmistakable *cachet* of married dignity, even at the cost of personal charms and also of physical attractiveness. Of late the custom is largely dying out, and naturally, for it is a great trouble, as well as a hideous disfigurement, to paint the teeth every other day with a sticky mixture of iron-oxide and gall-nuts, and to keep the eyebrows closely shaved. Thousands of women may, however, still be seen, with mouths which would have been pretty, darkened into the appearance of toothless cavities; and, perhaps, latterly, it was rather for fashion or tradition than for social reasons that the habit was maintained. But I do not think it is an error to say that the strange sacrifice originated, or was at any rate long continued, from the desire of married Japanese women to establish, at any expense of personal vanity, a distinction which registration at the local office poorly confirmed, and which the husband's affection and equity could not be trusted to sustain.

The preliminaries of a marriage—if such insecure unions can so be designated—are as follows: When a boy or girl has reached a marriageable age, the parents secure a suitable partner. Custom rules that the conduct of the affair must be entrusted to a middleman (*nakōdo*)—some discreet married friend, who not only negotiates the marriage, but remains through life a sort of god-father to the young couple, a referee to whom disputes may be submitted for arbitration. Having fixed on an eligible *parti*, the middleman arranges for what is termed the *mi-ai*, the "mutual viewing"—a meeting at which the pair are allowed to see, sometimes even to speak to, each other. The interview should take place either at the middleman's own residence, or at some private house designated by the parents on both sides. But among the middle and lower classes a picnic, a party to the theatre, or a visit to a temple, often serves the purpose. If the man objects to the girl, or the girl to the man, after the "mutual inspection," there is an end of the matter, in theory at least. But in practice

Danjuro, the First Actor in Japan.—Page 337.
In the "Forty-seven Ronins" and other characters.

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The "No" Dance.—Page 336.

the young people are in their parents' hands, to do as their parents may ordain. The girl, in particular, is a nobody in the matter. It is not for girls to have opinions. And W. Chamberlain, who is the high authority for the above particulars, observes, on the general subject, in his admirable little book "Things Japanese:"

"When it is added that a Japanese bride has no bridesmaids, that the young couple go off on no honeymoon, that a Japanese wife is not only supposed to obey her husband, but actually does so; that the husband, if well enough off, probably has a concubine besides, and makes no secret of it, indeed often keeps her in the same house with his wife, and that the mother-in-law, with us a terror to the man, is not only a terror but a daily and hourly cross to the girl—for in nine cases out of ten the girl has to live with her husband's family and be at the beck and call of his relations—when due consideration is given to all these circumstances, it will be seen that marriage in Japan is a vastly different thing, socially as well as legally,

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from marriage in England or the United States. In this part of the world it is, in truth, a case, not of *place aux dames,* but *place aux messieurs.*"

The outcome of it all is a different standard of morality from ours, which has, perhaps, its own excellences and advantages, but admits ideas strange and unacceptable to Western propriety. Christianity and chivalry combining in the West and North have made a sacrament of love. In Japan Buddhism has sternly disparaged human affection, Confucianism has degraded it, and the unimaginative nature of the Japanese male has made it a pastime and amusement merely. Japanese women generally have accepted, in theory, this inadequate view of the sexual relations, and for many ages have placed fidelity of mind higher than chastity of body. No doubt in the upper and richer classes the rule is that a girl should be very carefully reared and guarded until she marries, and should then live a most exemplary and dutiful life, innocent of even the desire to stray from virtue, till the day when the fire is lighted to consume her faithful flesh. But that very lady would talk about her less fortunate sisters, the *musmees* of the *Yoshiwara,* the *geishas,* and the more or less permanent concubines who everywhere abound, in a way which would quickly show how different from English or American views is that of Japanese society about the relations of the sexes. This is a country where it is not only common for a girl to sell herself to public use for the sake of her parents, but also where she will be rather admired and praised than blamed for it, and her parents pitied more than—as they should be—execrated. This is a country where prostitutes are, by no chance, seen in the streets, and where such evil displays as are exhibited in London or San Francisco would shock the taste and shame the modesty of everybody; yet where, every nightfall, thousands of gayly-attired damsels sit in long rows behind the grille of the houses in countless *Yoshiwaras.* Not once in a thousand instances do even these poor *joro* lose their self-respect, or that sustained propriety and *savoir faire* which makes one say that all Japanese women alike are ladies born. In the same mood and mode temporary alliances are formed (as everybody may know who has read that brilliantly offensive book "Madame Chrysanthème"), where the Japanese mistress generally shows herself as gentle, as attached, as faithful as if she were mated for life. Yet even by the light of M. Pierre Loti's glittering egotism the most casual reader may perceive how infinitely superior, morally and socially, O Kiku San was to her French satirist; and if only she could write a book in the same language entitled, "M. Loti," by Madame Chrysanthème, it would be seen what a poor creature the cultured French naval officer and flaneur of the boulevards must appear beside the gentle-hearted Asiatic girl, whose immoralities belonged to Confucianism, and her virtues to herself. The subject, although perhaps the most interesting which Japan presents, cannot, of course, be discussed here. Suffice it to say that hasty judgments are almost sure to entail injustice both to the nation and the individual.

The principal Japanese good qualities, according to a high educational authority here, Mr. Nose Ei, are "loyalty, filial piety, benevolence, personal cleanliness; and"—he very boldly adds—"chastity." These, he mentions, are strictly indigenous, being due neither to Buddhism nor Confucianism. The code of honor, called *Memboku,* that governed the actions of all the well-born, and constrained them to the highest punctilio and strictest chivalry of speech and action, was purely Japanese in source and inspiration. Mr. Nose Ei sees with me the fundamental characteristic of Japanese life in an extreme aversion to disgrace, which implies self-respect and the passion to be well thought of, leading to the constant desire to please, and this to perfect manners.

"In other countries," says Mr. Nose Ei, "ethical diction is derived from sacred writings. The terms in vogue in China came from the classics; those of Europe from the Bible; those of India and Turkey from the Koran or Buddhist scriptures; but in Japan the words which are best known as expressive of moral states, actions, and feelings are, with few exceptions, purely native, and have no con-

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nection with any religious creed whatever. Mr. Nose Ei gives the following specimens of such words: "*Ai-sumanu* (inexcusable, improper, wrong); *membokunai* (ashamed, crestfallen); *futo-dokisen-ban* (audacious, insolent); *mottainai* (wrong, improper); *kinodoku*, 'poison of the spirit' (concern for others, regret); *appare* (splendid, admirable); *furachi* (unprincipled, lawless, wicked); *kawai* (lovable, dear, pretty); *otonashi* (quiet, obedient, meek); *muri-no-nai* (just, reasonable, right); *fugyōseki* (wicked or immoral conduct); *taisetsu shigoku* (of the greatest consequence, of the highest value); *ikiji* (obstinacy, an unyielding temper); *ritsugisha* (an upright, straightforward person); *buchōhō* (ignorant, awkward, bungling); and *kuchioshii* (a thing to be deplored or regretted)."

This is as true as it is striking, and goes far to prove that the Japanese really did invent an elaborate morality for themselves; and that when an ancient Samurai said "*sumanu koto!*" about something wrong, and preferred to disembowel himself rather than do it, he referred his conscience to "the eternal fitness of things," and proved by example that "revelations" are not necessary to teach men to love the right and hate the wrong. Nay, the poets of Japan have, again and again, enforced the doctrine that the clean spirit makes the clean body, and that good deeds are better than long prayers. Sugawara Michizane wrote:

"*Kokoro dani makoto no*
Michi ni kanainaba
Inorazu totemo kami wa
Manoranu,"

which is, being freely interpreted:

"So long as a man's heart stray
No step from his road of right,
He may pray, or forbear to pray,
But is dear in the Kami's* sight."

The objection to second marriages, which was so strongly felt by the Japanese women of former days; the Samurai's disregard of death when clan obligations had to be fulfilled, which was so conspicuous in the old days, these find no parallel in Chinese morals. After the manner of most Japanese writers on this subject, Mr. Nose Ei dwells on the loyalty to the throne manifested in Japan as something entirely unique, and certainly the Emperor's name and person are still "things to conjure with" in the land. I stood lately all day near His Imperial Majesty, at the great military review of Nagoya, and studied with natural and respectful interest the form and bearing of the man most representative in all this world of the principle of hereditary monarchy. The dark, middle-sized, silent, absorbed potentate, upon whom I gazed, wearing the golden-peaked *kepi*, buckskin breeches, and dark blue general's coat with the golden-flowered chrysanthemum, was the lineal descendant, through an unbroken line of Japanese emperors, from Jimmu Tenno, who reigned two thousand five hundred years ago. Nay, more, of the divine generations ending with Tzanagi and Tzanami, who, being taught the art of love by water-wagtails, married and gave birth to the various islands of the Japanese Archipelago, as well as to innumerable gods and goddesses. During the utmost power of the Shoguns, the Mikado always remained the divine head of the state, the fountain of honor, although the Hojô dynasty, while they ruled, and during whose sway, by the by, the invading fleet of Kublai-Kan was repulsed, thought nothing of removing Mikados to distant islands. The cannon-shots fired by the combined fleets at *Shimonoshiki* brought about the end of the Shôgunate, and in 1867–68 the dreams of those who had studied and loved ancient Japanese history were realized; things went back to the primitive times so far as to make the Emperor actual sovereign again, as well as Mikado. This year is to witness the opening of the first parliament, for which the elections have just been completed, amid a quietude which may, and it is hoped will, prove permanent. It would task volumes to describe the immense changes which have taken place in Japan since what is often called the *O Jishin*, the "great political earthquake." Of all these changes the still youthful Emperor, standing in the artillery smoke upon the hill near Nagoya, amid the wild purple azaleas, was at once the monument and the symbol.

*I.e., God's.

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No change was greater in its effect upon Japanese life than the edict of January 1, 1877, which forever took his two swords out of the girdle of the Samurai. These high-born gentlemen had been accustomed to regard the sword as the life and soul of their order, and yet in a single day they laid them finally and silently aside. Thucydides justly says that "to carry iron (σιδηροφορεῖν) is the mark of barbarism;" and although the sword taught noble manners it led to cruel deeds and bitter tyranny. There were swashbucklers, who would try their new blades upon the bodies of beggars, and even of women sleeping by the wells. An absolute worship, social and artistic, arose for the sword. The Daimio and Samurai made the manners and customs of the time centre around it. It had its special etiquettes; it grew to be at once the terror and the safeguard of society; and, no doubt, modern Japanese politeness is largely traceable to those punctilious days, when to turn the point of a sheathed *katana* toward anybody was a challenge, and when the weapon could not be replaced in the sheath—if once drawn—without somebody's blood. Craftsmanship and art naturally lavished their best skill upon this national symbol of the *Yamato-Damashii* (the "spirit of Japan"). Blades were brought to such perfection of temper that almost miraculous feats are recorded of them, and the swordsmith's profession was held chief of all. The forging of a great blade was conducted with ceremonies as solemn as those attending the birth of a nobleman's child. Daimios often gave away whole estates for a famous weapon, or for the pair of swords, the long *katana*, and the shorter *wakizashi*, which they placed in the *obi* of the eldest son, when he attained the age of fifteen years. The metal-workers spent all the resources of their taste and skill in ornamenting the guard, *tsuba;* the *menuki*, or hilt-studs; the pommel of the handle, *kashira;* the blade-ring, *fuchi;* the cord-cleat, *kurikata*, and the scabbard-tip, *kojiri*. Daintier or more delightful things cannot be found in gold, silver, bronze, and inlaid work than many of these exhibit, and beautiful and wonderful toil was also given to the *kodzuka*, a short dagger kept on one side of the large sword, and to the *kozai*, a sort of sharp skewer, bearing the warrior's *mon*, which used to be left stuck in the corpse of the slain enemy, as a species of card of ownership. How much the pride felt in these exquisite instruments of rage or revenge, and the fierce punctilio attaching to their carriage, bred and fostered violence was acknowledged by the old governments, which would frequently issue edicts forbidding such and such a lord even to bear abroad a certain weapon, as being too notoriously famous and deadly to be kept unused. The two-sworded men were, besides, marked for an aristocracy by the mere sight of the twofold lethal implements projecting from their girdle. In one day, nevertheless, the ancient and bloody distinction disappeared! The swords vanished, and the old order passed away with them. You may now buy in a curio-shop the gold-hilted blade which kept a province in fear, and as likely as not your boy, and your daughter's *musmee* are children of a Samurai, who has gone into business, and has quite forgotten even the rules and regulations of the *seppuku*.

This *seppuku*—more vulgarly styled *hara-kiri*, or "belly-cutting"—was the offspring and crown of the Japanese cult of the sword, and a most solemn and dignified ceremony. If his crime were not *per se* very heinous or disgraceful, the Samurai was allowed to die voluntarily, by his beloved steel; but the mode of death rendered it almost the highest distinction. The warrior notified to die was placed in charge of a great nobleman. New mats with white binding, covered with white silk, were stretched for his seat; flags with quotations from the sacred books were placed at the four corners; and the candles in bamboo-stands were also wrapped in the same mourning badges. An excessive illumination was, however, thought not decorous. Two screens of white paper shut from sight the short, sharp dirk, laid reverently upon a lacquered tray, the new white bucket to hold the head, the incense-burner, the pail of water, and the copper basin. The honored criminal dines, bathes, puts on his dress of ceremony, and takes his seat on the

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mats at the "hour of the monkey," about four in the afternoon. Censors attend from the government to witness the proceedings, and the doomed but dignified Samurai is accompanied by six gentlemen, of whom two are his especial seconds, *kaishi-ku*, who may be his close friends, and must be persons of rank, well acquainted with the use of the sword. It was high etiquette to borrow from the criminal his own weapon, which the chief *kaishi-ku* would hold behind him, ready to employ at the proper moment. That moment arrived when the tray, covered with white embroidered silk, bearing the dirk, was most respectfully presented to the victim, who reaching out to take it, and to raise it to his forehead, first hitched his sleeves under his knees, in order that he might fall forward, and not backward, for that would be dishonorable. Actual disembowelling was seldom or never performed. The Samurai plunged the dirk, more or less deeply, into the left side of his abdomen, and at that instant, or sometimes even while he reached out for the weapon, his chief second struck off his head. Afterward, while he knelt and wiped the blade with white paper, the junior *kaishi-ku* took up the head and presented it to the censors for identification, carrying it by the top-knot upon thick paper laid on the palm of his hand.

I must forbid myself altogether to dwell upon Japanese art, although it forms so large a part of the life of the people, who are, as the Greeks were, a nation of artists; greatest, no doubt, in little things. What the Japanese painter and designer loves most is line; and never have there been such masters in this respect. The great exhibition of the present year in Tokio shows the chief draughtsmen and painters passing into a new style, where they will employ modern methods and try to adopt the European technique. Nobody can yet tell what is to come of this; at present the results are not very promising. But they have nothing to learn as carvers of ivory and wood and metal, as workers in bronze, and at the exquisite cloisonné enamel, the latest specimens of which are the very finest. In porcelain again, though Japan seems to have learned it from Corea, she has done, as everybody knows, wonderful things since 1600 A.D. In the art of lacquer the Japanese surpass the whole world, but it needs an education to recognize and appreciate really first-class specimens of this. As for Japanese music, there is not much to praise in it. The *samisen* twangles everywhere; but its effects are terribly meagre, the airs played are sadly monotonous; the only time is common time; there is no harmony, and though Japanese women have delightful voices, rendering their language always musical, the style of singing which they adopt is forced, nasal, and unnatural. But of their dancing—which is Javanese rather than Japanese in origin—I confess myself a confirmed votary and admirer. It has not indeed the measured grace of the Indian nautch-girl, and quite ignores, of course—being Japanese, and therefore sober, restrained, and, in an Asiatic way, Greek—the vigorous gymnastics of the European ballet, or the violent exercises of a London ballroom. But if you love charm of changing line, rhythmical movement so conceived and executed that picture passes into picture conveying unbroken and delicate ideas; if you know how to appreciate in the really accomplished *geisha* that which she can show you, a nameless, fleeting, subtle delight of fluttering robes and glancing feet, gliding and combining grace, music, and motion as the figures of Chœphori do on the friezes of Phidias, then you will be pleased, as you sit among the lacquered dishes of your Japanese dinner, to watch the *maiko* dressed like flowers and waving like flowers in the wind to the strings of the *koto*, *samisen*, and the throbs of the drum. These dances are all more or less dramatic, but there are others, including the religious, historical, and idyllic dances of the *No*, which are entirely classical, traditional, and complicated by allusion, being consequently very difficult to understand without a key. A most beautiful performance witnessed in the grounds of the governor of Tokio would have been in any case charming, but perfectly unintelligible without the programmes distributed by his Excellency among the guests. By the help of these we com-

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prehended that the skilful *danseuse* in gold and blue, gliding hither and thither, was Fujimusmee, a "Wisteria Maiden," disappointed in love. She laments over the fickleness of her lover. She sends him many love-letters, but they are never answered. So she believes that he must have fallen in love with some other maiden. She dances eloquently to a song expressing her constant but despairing affection for him. "Beauteous as are the many-colored clusters, none is as fair as thou. For the butterfly that I have left behind, it doubtless blooms and smiles forgetting me." We also learned to follow with informed interest the twinkling steps and wandering evolutions of O Kofuji, in the dance of a damsel styled "The Pine Breeze on the Beach." Her light feet expounded how, in very ancient days, a noble of high rank, by name Yukihira, during his short sojourn at a seaside village named Sumanoura (Beach of Suma), fell in love with a maiden of low birth named Matsukaze (Pine-breeze). The maiden's love for him was ten times as great. But on account of the difference of their ranks they loved in vain and were soon parted. Long after the deaths of these lovers there lived at Sumanoura a girl called Kofuji, a salt-maker's daughter. The unsatisfied and longing spirit of Matsukaze fills this girl. Kofuji thinks that everything she sees is Yukihira, who was Matsukaze's love. She fixes on a pine-tree which she believes to be her lover, and, believing that she is called by him, runs up to it. Another character, Konobei, is in love with Kofuji, and as she utters words of passion, he, imagining that they are addressed to him, expresses his willingness to return her love. It is simply a dance of a love-lorn girl in company with a rural swain, but full of such grace, such artistic spirit, such measured marriage of foot and heart, that a Parisian or Viennese *pas-seul* became a clumsy athleticism matched with it.

Japanese names well deserve a paragraph to themselves. The men, if of good descent, have the *Kabane*, a sort of clan or house-name like "Akimoto," "Tachibane," "Fukuzawa." The *Myoji* is the surname, very frequently derived from localities, the birthplaces of the family, as *Amenomori*, "the grove where it rains;" *Tanaka*, "amid the rice-fields;" *Yama-moto*, "at the mountain's foot." Then there is the personal appellation, like *Gentaro*, *Tsunejiro*, often answering to our "Septimus," "Decimus," and describing the order of a boy's birth in the family; but the *jitsamyo*, or true name, is more frequently employed in lieu of this, and corresponds to our Christian name, such as Marashige, Yoshisada, Tamotsu, Takeji, Mano. Then there is the *Azana*, a kind of title, much affected by Chinese scholars, and the *nom de plume* or *de pinceau* taken by literary or artistic Japanese—persons being not uncommonly called after the style of their residences. Mr. Chamberlain adduces, as examples, *Bashô-an*, "banana-hermitage-man," and *Suzanoya-no-Aruji*, "the master of the abode with the bell." This is termed the *go*. And there is also the *Geimyô*, another fashion of name adopted by actors, singing-girls, dancers, and professional story-tellers, who never go by their proper appellations, but bear one to which they have succeeded at a tea-house, or theatre, or yadoya. Thus the most celebrated of living Japanese dramatic performers, who can melt the hardest hearts in the "Forty-seven Rônins" and fill a theatre with fluttering paper handkerchiefs, drawn from the sleeve to wipe away the tears of sympathy or blow the nose of admiration, is not really *Tchikawa Danjûrô*, but Mr. Horikoshi Shu. Great people, when they die, receive a brand new cognomen, as, for instance, do all the Mikados—this is called the *Okarina*, or "going-away name." Indeed, every Buddhist of Japan, at his or her demise, gets, in the same way, the *Kaimyô* or posthumous appellation, ending with *in*, *koji*, *shinshi*, *shinjo*, or *doji*, according to the age, sex, rank, and sect of the departed. But by some happy chance the names of the women are almost always pretty and poetical, being conferred after some flower, tree, natural object, cardinal virtue, or word of good luck. Thus very usual appellatives are *O Yuki San*, *O Tatsu San*, *O Kiku San*, *O Kin San*, *O Haru San*, *O Shika San*, *O Take San*, and *O Tori San*, which may be translated "The Honorable Ladies"

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"Snow," "Dragon," "Chrysanthemum," "Gold," "Spring," "Antelope," "Bamboo," and "Bird." Among the names registered on the books of the Goshiwara, given in a recent official guide, were: "Little Pine," "Little Butterfly," "Brightness of the Flowers," "The Jewel River," "Gold Mountain," "Pearl Harp," "The Stork that Lives a Thousand Years," "Village of Flowers," "Sea Beach," "The Little Dragon," "Little Purple," "Silver," "Chrysanthemum," "Waterfall," "White Brightness," and "Forest of Cherries."

Lightly as religion sits on the minds of these charming people they are still, like Westerns, for the matter of that, full of superstitions. In point of fact all races are vastly alike in this respect, illustrating the pernicious consequence of bad theologies; "*Doko no kuni demo hito no kokoro wa chingawanai,*" says the Japanese proverb, meaning, "The hearts of men are of the same sort everywhere." Thus you find the Japanese immense believers in dreams and divination. The night of January 2d is the great time for noting visions. Everybody must then notice and record what he or she dreams. There are thirty-eight varieties of vision perfectly catalogued and provided for. The first four are simply of splendid augury, namely, to see in slumber Fuji-San, a falcon, egg-fruit, *i.e.*, the dark purple apple of the *nasubi*, or the upper sky. To dream of the dawn signifies recovery from illness. To dream of the sun and moon falling signifies the loss of one's parents, and of swallowing the sun and moon, to have a distinguished child. To dream of being struck by lightning means to be visited by a signal stroke of prosperity, and of hearing thunder to obtain promotion. To dream of being surrounded by clouds means to prosper in business, but a black cloud whirling downward portends illness. To dream of frost is a bad omen generally. To dream of being caught in rain presages a good and gratuitous feed of rice and *saké*. To dream of wind blowing means to become sick. To dream of sunrise signifies marked promotion; of the stars coming out, of great fortune; of an earthquake, to obtain advancement. To dream of a big stone signifies to acquire wealth; and of a big stone placed in a garden, or of mounting on a rock, is also fortunate, though in a more general way. To dream of having a drain dug is a happy presage, but the vision of a land-slide is a bad business. To dream of planting trees or smelling the perfume of flowers is good, but to dream of entering a room is bad. To dream of eating a pear presages divorce, and of eating a persimmon sickness to one's self, while a vision of a mulberry tree means sickness for one's child. The hair plays an important part in dreams. If one sees it whitening, or dreams of getting it dressed or washed, the omen is excellent; whereas, to dream of its falling out signifies an evil fate for one's child. To lose one's teeth in a dream presages separation from relatives. It is good to dream of getting an eruption on one's face, but bad to dream of perspiration. It is also an excellent thing to dream of gold and silver coming out of one's mouth, or of drinking milk; but if one dreams of getting promotion, misfortune is in the air. A vision of being wounded by a burglar portends the receipt of a favor from some unexpected quarter, and, strange to say, to dream of wearing mourning points to speedy promotion, while to see a funeral in sleep is a sign of coming joy. Then there is a series of dreams to which the interpretation of general good fortune attaches: they are to dream of being introduced to a distinguished personage; of being in a lofty upper story; of a light breaking from one's body; of moving into a new house; of putting on a winter garment; and of looking into a mirror. On the other hand, it is extremely bad to dream of breaking a mirror, while to dream of receiving a mirror or a wine-cup presages the birth of a fine child. Finally, to dream of breaking a door means that one's servants will run away.

It will be noticed the Japanese seers, or vision-readers, follow the Irish maxim of "dhrames going by conthrairies," and interpret the most melancholy visions in the happiest spirit. I myself happened to caution some Japanese ladies, at a railway crossing, mentioning that I had dreamed recently we were all cut to pieces by a passing train.

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"*Oh! shi awase! naruhodo!*" one exclaimed. "Really, how very fortunate! Nothing could be of better omen," and she appeared truly radiant at what had seemed to me a very ill-starred thing. Perhaps it is part of the national habit of taking all untoward things lightly. The universal silent social compact to make existence as agreeable for everybody as possible, includes in Japan the custom of never seeming to take personal woes to heart, above all, of never saddening other people with them. You may generally tell if some disaster has occurred to a friend or servant, by their extreme cheerfulness of demeanor at the time. Yet they are really very sensitive and impressionable, and like the Athenians, "in all things δεισιδαιμονίοι," so that the priests make most of their slender revenues out of copper coins given for charms; the wire netting of the temple-gates are covered with paper prayers, chewed into pellets, and spat at the guardian gods; and I have seen an intelligent lady, who was sick, while the doctor was being sent for, swallow devoutly a little paper picture of Buddha, and afterward ascribe her recovery more to that rude illustration of "the unspeakable" than to the hypodermic injection of morphia, which really gave the gentle patient sleep and restoration. Plenty of the common folk still believe that there lives a hare in the moon who pestles rice; and that the moon turns red in autumn because a great maple-tree there changes the color of its foliage at that season to scarlet; as also that two stars, Vega and the brightest orb of Aquila, were formerly a herdsman and a weaving girl, who now live on opposite sides of the "Milky River," and cross it to meet and make love once every seven years. At the graves of Shirai Gompachi and Komurasaki, the typical lovers of Tokio in old times, there is a waterfall by a temple, which is led through the mouth of a brazen dragon and falls in a thick stream with considerable force. It is considered that to stand under this for three hours will wash away a whole twelvemonth's peccadilloes, and accordingly you may see, not only in summer time, when such a penance is rather agreeable, but in the depth of winter, a credulous sinner meekly taking the full stream of the *taki* upon his repentant head.

You will notice on every fan, picture, and document emanating from Japan a stamp affixed. It is the *mon mis eban* or *jitsuin*, and all shops, banks, artists, establishments, individuals, possess this special seal for the purposes of signature and receipts. In old times the sovereign used to sign treaties with his palm dipped in blood or vermilion, and even to-day a prisoner seals his statement before justice with the tip of his thumb. Practically everybody uses an engraved stamp every day for all sorts of purposes. The business of stamp-engraving is quite an industry, there being an engraver's shop in almost every street. When a student joins a school, he must have his stamp; when money is paid to any government office, the payer has to hand in the sum with a paper stamped with his *jitsuin;* when an heir succeeds to a family estate, it is the custom for him to provide himself with a new stamp. When a company is started, however small may be its capital, and however slight its credit, its stamp at least will be more or less a work of art and a thing of beauty. You choose a monogram, a Chinese character, a word, or a motto for your seal, which may be registered. Mine bears the Japanese proverb, *Wataru sekai ni, oni wa nashi,* "I have wandered all over the world without meeting one devil!"

There remain a thousand things more to say about this delightful, fair, and friendly land, from my own point of view as a superficial and uninformed observer, but I have now filled the measure of your hospitable pages. I hope I have not spoken unjustly about the Japanese man. He is full of good qualities, and does well to be proud of himself and his country, a poet whereof has well written:

Shikishima no
Yamato-gokoro wo
Hito towaba
Asa-hi ni niou
Yama-zakura-bana!

Which may be translated:

"If it shall happen that one
Ask'd the Japanese heart,

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'How may we know it apart?'
Point where the cherry-blooms wave,
Lightsome and bright and brave,
In the gold of the morning sun,
There is the Japanese heart!"

A great future awaits Japan and the Japanese man, I believe, but he will have to be better aware of the goodness of his gods in bestowing such women upon the country. In the ever-extending education of the gentler sex resides, I think, the chief condition for the happy development of the land. At present there exists too much of the spirit expressed in the native proverb, *Shichinin no ko wo nasu to mo, onna ni kokoro wo yurusu-na*, meaning, "Though a woman has borne you seven children, never trust her!" It is still true, as Mr. Chamberlain writes:

"Japanese women are most womanly—kind, gentle, pretty. But the way in which they are treated by the men has hitherto been such as might cause a pang to any generous European heart. No wonder that some of them are at last endeavoring to emancipate themselves. A woman's lot is summed up in what are termed, 'the three obediences'—obedience, while yet unmarried, to a father; obedience, when married, to a husband and that husband's parents; obedience, when widowed, to a son. At the present moment the greatest duchess or marchioness in the land is still her husband's drudge. She fetches and carries for him, bows down humbly in the hall when my lord sallies forth on his walks abroad, waits upon him at meals, may be divorced at his good pleasure. Two grotesquely different influences are at work to undermine this state of slavery—one, European theories concerning the relation of the sexes; the other, European clothes! The same individual who struts into a room before his wife when she is dressed *à la Japonaise*, lets her go in first when she is dressed *à la Européenne*. It is to be feared, however, that such acts of courtesy do not extend to the home where there is no one by to see; for most Japanese men, even in this very year of grace 1890, make no secret of their disdain for the female sex. Still, it is a first step that even on *some* occasions consideration for women should at least be simulated."

Perhaps the new civil code and the opening parliament will introduce nobler laws and new recognition of the debt which Japan owes to her gentle, patient, bright, and soft-souled womankind. Perhaps, on the other hand, in meddling with her old-world Asiatic grace and status, modern ideas will spoil this sweetest Daughter of the Sun! At all events, in bidding farewell to Japan, every visitor's last and most grateful *sayonaras* will be addressed in thought to her, more than to anybody or anything else in the *Kami-no-kuni*, the "country of the gods;" and the sound lingering longest in his ears will assuredly be her musical *Mata, dozo, irrashai!* "Be pleased to come again!"

Sir Edwin Arnold's Seal.

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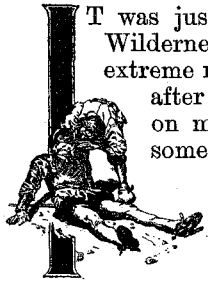
A BLUE-GRASS PURITAN.

By W. H. Woods.



IT was just after the battle of the Wilderness. I had gone out to the extreme right of the lines to look after a wounded friend, and on my return, after riding for some time through the dense thickets with which the country was covered without striking any familiar bridle-path, I began to have an uncomfortable suspicion that I was lost. This suspicion was fast growing into certainty, when a shot was fired directly in front of me, followed by another in the same direction, but evidently near at hand. The shots increased my quandary. I knew that the country was filled with scouts and stragglers from both armies, and in that blind wood there was almost as much danger in coming suddenly upon friends as upon enemies. But I had to get out of there, and, as nearly as I could tell, camp lay in that direction. So, dismounting, and taking the bridle-rein over my arm, I went cautiously forward. Moving noiselessly over the pine needles a hundred yards or so, I approached what proved to be a small clearing, and on the near side of it, just within the pines, was a Confederate soldier. He did not see me. He was stooping over a gray horse which lay on the ground, and seemed to be undoing the saddle-girths. But presently he drew from under the horse a small blackened chunk on which he was lying. One of the horse's legs was twisted under him. This, too, the soldier gently straightened out. Then he stood up, straight and still, and looked down at the prostrate gray. How long he might have stood there, or what he might have done next, I do not know, for here my horse took a notion to shake himself; and the next instant I was looking straight into the muzzle of that soldier's pistol. It looked very large.

"Don't shoot, friend!" I shouted promptly.

"Advance, friend," was the curt reply.

As I did so, the soldier lowered his weapon.

"I beg your pardon, Chaplain," said he, with a grave salute. "At first I did not know you, and the woods are full of Yankees."

"I am afraid I do not know you yet," I said, "though I have been watching you for five minutes."

"I am Hugh McLeod," said he, simply, "of General B——'s staff. I have heard you preach at headquarters. You say you were watching me?"

"Yes. I came up while you were busy over that horse. What's the matter with him? Is he hurt?"

"He is dead, I think," said McLeod, laying his hand on the horse's neck. "Yes: he was shot a few minutes ago."

"That was well placed for a chance shot," I said, as I saw the small, round hole in the very centre of the gray's forehead.

"It was not a chance shot," was the answer. "It was aimed at him. I was not on him."

He offered no further explanation. Indeed, in spite of the courtesy of his manner, my new acquaintance was evidently not disposed to talk. He directed me how to get to camp, but, to my surprise, declined my offer to take his horse's equipments with me; and presently I rode off.

The man puzzled me—then and afterward. He looked a soldier—tall and strong, with a great brown beard curling down on his breast—and he was quick

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enough with his pistol. I had a grim confidence that he would surely have killed me had I not cried out as I did. And yet a moment before he was looking down on that horse as few men, in those bloody days, would have looked on a dying comrade. He could not be a recruit. When had the Army of Northern Virginia any recruits? Besides, there was in this man a steadiness which does not belong to inexperience. And yet, that one of Lee's rugged veterans, with all the Wilderness horrors fresh in mind, should give a second thought to a dying horse was almost past belief. I could not make him out.

Meanwhile the grim game went on. Hot fighting and hard marching followed each other in swift succession. The man who led the Northern armies was of different temper from those who had been before him. Blow on blow he struck on the fast lessening lines of gray, seemingly unconscious of the fact that each stroke was delivered at a terrible cost. It was Grant the hammerer now, against Lee the swordsman; but though the Confederate leader displayed an undiminished skill, there was hardly a ragged soldier in his lines who did not know that the march to Appomattox was begun.

In the hurry of these great events I had almost forgotten my encounter with McLeod, although it was so nearly my last. But I was soon reminded of it. It was at the end of a long and hurried march. The army had passed before me. Even the stragglers were in front. I had stopped to let my jaded horse drink at a small stream which crossed the road; and as he nosed about in the muddy water, churned by many passing feet, Colonel Kelso, of the rear-guard, overtook me.

"Well, Mr. Gray," said he, "this has been a tough march."

"Yes," I answered, "even for an old circuit-rider."

"You are used to it, then," said the colonel.

"Oh, yes. I rode on a circuit for ten years up in the Valley, though I am not a Methodist. But I did not often ride so far in one day; and," I added with some emphasis, as my poor old beast stumbled and nearly went down in the road, "we had horses up there that could stand up."

"That's more than ours can do," said my companion, laughing. "I know of but two good horses in the whole army."

"And I thought old Traveller looked pretty thin as the general rode by this morning," said I.

"Traveller is not one of them," said he, "although the old fellow generally looks about as spruce as his master. The horses I speak of belong to a man on General B——'s staff."

"What!" I cried; "a staff officer with two good horses when many a general has hardly one!"

"Yes," said he, with a smile; "but there are pretty good reasons for it. One of the two is a thoroughbred mare this young fellow—Hughes, I think, his name is—brought from Kentucky with him. He makes a pet of her—takes better care of her than he does of himself—and she's as gentle as a lamb with him. But with anybody else she's a regular devil. You know Hawkins, that crack rider in the Fourth Texas? Well, he undertook to ride her once, when Hughes was out of the way, and she crippled him before he got his foot in the stirrup. They say nobody but Hughes ever has been able to ride her. But she's a beauty! shows blood in every hair, and she's got as much sense as a man. Old General Aiken, who is as fond of horse-flesh as he is of fighting, saw her once as Hughes rode up to headquarters with a despatch. He walked all around her, grunting to himself. Then he said to Hughes, 'I want this mare. Name your own price.' 'She is not for sale,' said Hughes. 'Not for sale,' spluttered the old general, 'not for sale! But I tell you, man, I must have her. Come now, what'll you take for her?' There were several officers standing near, said McGowan, who told me of it. Hughes drew himself up—he's as tall as General Lee—and said: 'My old father, out yonder in Kentucky, is a Union man. When I joined John Morgan he refused me his blessing. This mare was the only thing I took from my old home. She has carried me through many battles. She has never carried another man; and until I am killed she never shall!' McGowan says

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Aiken touched his hat as he would have done to his general, and as Hughes galloped off the old fellow turned to the others and said, with a nod, 'There goes a couple of thoroughbreds.'"

The colonel's story set my memory to work. "You say this man is on General B——'s staff?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Kelso; "a lieutenant, I think."

"Well," said I, "I had an encounter with one of General B——'s staff myself not long ago, by no means a pleasant one either;" and I told him of my meeting with McLeod.

"McLeod, McLeod," said he, repeating the name; and then, "by George, that's the man. His name is McLeod, Hugh McLeod."

"But McLeod had just had his horse killed," I objected.

"Yes, and he killed the man who did it," rejoined the colonel. "He did not say he did, it's true—he's rather a silent fellow—but he brought another man's horse and arms into camp that night."

"Sure enough," I said, "there were two shots. So that was the reason why he refused my help."

But I never heard the story of the other horse; for here came a singular interruption. We had been riding through the woods. Now we came out into the open. From the edge of the wood the fields fell away for three or four hundred yards to a narrow swale through which dawdled a small stream. For a mile straight away in front the land was clear, gradually rising on the western side into a low ridge, where began again the dark green border of the pines. On the right a single field separated the road from the woods. Out to the left it was not so open. The cleared land here was broken by the encroaching pines, which pushed out in irregular points from the adjacent woodland, or stood in scattered clumps about the field. These last, however, were not parts of the original forest, but a second growth which had sprung up on neglected land, and many of the trees, therefore, were little more than bushes. The look of the landscape was characteristic. The stalks of last year's corn still stood, black and stiff, amid the summer's growth, with here and there among them a shapeless heap of mouldering fodder. Everywhere were the tufts of wiry broomsedge, thickest in the small hollows which crept down to the stream; and stretching out on all sides, like the lines in a deeply furrowed hand, went the long gullies with their banks of dull red clay. As the road entered the open it turned a little to the right and passed through a deep cut. Riding slowly along between the banks of the cut, in the pauses in our talk, we heard some one singing far away. We paid no attention to it, supposing it to be some one in the rear-guard behind us. But when we came out on the level we found that the singer was not behind us, but among the broken thickets off to the left, though we could see nothing of him. We pulled up. The air was moist with coming rain, and the breeze blew in our faces as we turned to hear; and marvellously clear and sweet was the song which floated down to us across the slopes. It was not such a song as was common in the camps, we soon discovered, but slow and plaintive as a hymn; and I wondered that though the words seemed distinctly spoken, I could not understand them. The colonel looked grave.

"I do not half like that," said he. "That's none of my men. What's the fellow singing, anyway?" turning to me.

I shook my head. "Nothing I ever heard," I answered.

"Then," said he, "we will wait here until my men come up, and look into this thing."

While we sat waiting we heard the sound of a muffled hoof-beat, and, looking up, saw a horseman coming down the western slope. He had left the road, which here wound far away to his right, and was coming straight across country, taking the gullies as they came; and as I noted the man's superb seat, and the perfect unison between the horse's body and his own, swaying as lithe and free, and yet as firmly placed as the head of a stag, I began to believe the story of the Centaur. He quickly came up to us, and the colonel and I exclaimed together as we saw that it was McLeod himself. He, too, had heard the song, and when his message was delivered—some instructions to Kelso

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about the camp for that night—he turned to listen. At first I did not notice him particularly. I was admiring the beautiful creature he bestrode, for I saw at once that she was worthy of all the colonel's praise. But by and by I glanced at McLeod, and was struck with the look on his face. He sat perfectly still—as still as a dead snag in summer woods. Not a hair of his great beard stirred. He did not seem to breathe. But the veins in his temples were swollen and throbbing fast, and his look, at first simply curious, became set and eager. The song had touched him nearly. But now it was done; and as the last notes died away a soldier in blue rode out into the open. He looked at us steadily for a few moments, and then suddenly raising his carbine, fired, sending his bullet uncomfortably near. Then, with a boyish gesture of farewell, he turned and disappeared among the pines. Hardly had he gone when the rear-guard came up at a swinging trot. Ross, the captain in command, rode forward and asked permission to scour the thickets on the left.

"We have heard some one singing, and just now a shot fired out there," said he, "and my men say it is a Yankee sharpshooter who has been dogging our heels all day, and has done us mischief before."

"Very good," said Kelso, "we have just seen him ourselves. Send a lieutenant and four or five men, but do not let them go very far."

As the squad rode off I heard a grizzled mountaineer among them say:

"Now, fellers, you jes' natchully got to look out. Thet's the durn squinch-owl that killed Jim Gowdy, and them two fellers in Company K. I've heerd him before, and ev'y time he comes screechin' roun' somebody gits hurt, shore."

As we drew near to camp that night I rode up to McLeod. "That was a queer performance back there in the pines," I said. "What was that Yankee singing?"

He hesitated a little. "It was an old Latin hymn to the Virgin," said he.

"Why," I said, "did you hear the words so plainly? I could not catch them."

"I have heard them before," he answered; "often," with a sigh. And then turning a serious face on me he added gently, "that was my brother."

Two hours later the lieutenant came in, grim and silent, with his squad. He had not caught the songster; but he carried his own arm in a sling, and one of his men for six weeks afterward nursed a desperate wound.

The last great campaign of the long struggle drew to a close. Behind the earthworks at Petersburg the mighty war which for four years had thundered in and out Virginia's pines dwindled away to a sharpshooters' skirmish. There, from midsummer to early spring, the two armies lay, like wild beasts, snarling at each other before the last deadly grapple. It was a hard winter for the Southern soldiers, not for lack of supplies, for they were more plentiful than usual; but because now for the first time the Southern heart began to accept defeat. There was much sickness in the camp, and the hands of surgeons and chaplains alike were full. My own duties—which often combined the two offices—demanded my whole attention. So engrossed was I that it was some time before I began to be aware of McLeod in a new rôle. But by and by I found myself watching him. He had long been known as one of the best soldiers in his brigade. Now he developed an equal aptness as a nurse. Nobody called him that. I do not think many were able to associate such an idea with his known character. There was an obvious incongruity in connecting an occupation so tame with one who was in every respect the ideal *beau sabreur*. And yet I, who knew him in both characters, could never tell which most became him. There was in him none of that loud cheerfulness which often serves only to advertise the sick man of his danger. He was as shy and quiet as a girl. But he was full of help, and his strong hands were servants to such kindly eyes and friendly, simple speech that his presence was itself a tonic. He was such a big fellow that unconsciously he seemed to dominate any company in which he mingled. He did not enter a tent like other men. He took possession of it. While he was in it, it was his tent, not because of any self-assertion, but

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by virtue of a personality which could not be hid. It used to amuse me to see him sit down—he was always afraid of breaking something. And yet, when stooping over the blankets, as I often saw him, he would lift some bag of aching bones as though they were made of glass, he had the same manner, and it suited him well. He told me once that he was reading medicine when the war began; and I thought it exceedingly fit. Nothing could have so become him as the physician's art, except, indeed, its deadly opposite, the art of the soldier. But McLeod was not a soldier by instinct. He did not love fighting for its own sake. He had the tenacity of the mastiff, but none of his ferocity. He went to war simply as a matter of duty—being the better soldier therefor—and at any time would have quit it gladly. Nevertheless he had in him much of the iron of which great deeds are wrought. Two soldierly qualities he had in high degree; he received his orders without question, and brought to their fulfilment a massive courage which was seldom foiled. These were qualities for which he had long been noted, and, but for his own refusal, would have advanced him much above the rank he held. This was the man who through weeks of forced inactivity was the valued assistant of the surgeon and myself. Veteran of many battles as he was, he helped to heal more men in those two months than he had ever hurt, and, I know, had far more pleasure in the work.

But all this was merely an episode. We soon had stern reminder that the war was not over; and the true business of war is killing men.

The earthworks of the two armies at Petersburg were, in many places, within range of each other, and at these points the sharpshooters kept up a perpetual duel. It was a different sort of fighting from that usually done by sharpshooters in open battle or on the march. For that many a good soldier had no liking. But here was no skulking and sneaking about to strike an unsuspecting foe. Men went down into the trenches to face a foe as wholly alert as themselves. Every man looked out for himself, knowing that his enemy was equally wide-awake, and usually the keenest eye and the quickest hand won. One point, especially, soon became noted for this sort of encounter. On our side of the lines was nothing unusual. The place took its name, Pine Hollow, from the enemy's side. It was a narrow ravine, through which ran a deep-worn gully, hid in its upper part by a thicket of brush and undergrowth, and lower down abounding in deep, dry holes. From the midst of the thicket shot up a single tall pine, which had been killed by lightning early in the summer, but still bore the withered leaves it could not shed. Just under this tree the enemy's line crossed the ravine, and in the thicket here were posted the best marksmen in all Grant's army. Gradually this came to be known. Pine Hollow became a familiar name, and its sombre record grew daily. Not all the casualties were on our side, it is true. Our boys did their best, and by and by none but picked men were placed there. But the Federals had much the best of us in position, and they made the most of it. Our position was much more exposed, and so difficult to reach from the rear that many a poor fellow was hit before he got to the trenches. But the place was thought to be of great strategic importance, and so was usually held in force.

One morning, when the firing in Pine Hollow had been both sharp and prolonged, word came to me that Will Cabell was fatally hit, down there in the trenches, and wanted to see me. He was too badly hurt to be moved, even if it had been possible to bring him out of there under fire, and I started with the messenger to go to him. When we reached the wounded man, which we did by making a long detour, I saw at once that he would soon be beyond all help, and gave my whole attention to my solemn office. But in a little while all was over, and gently laying the battered cap above the staring eyes, I turned for the first time to look about me. The firing had ceased some time before. The men lay at ease behind the works, smoking, talking, and laughing, more like harvesters at noon than men whose trade was war. I was anxious to see what was going on across the way, and was just about to look out of a port-hole when a lank

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North Carolinian, with no gentle hand, quickly pulled me back.

"Ef you want to git yourself killed, Parson," drawled he, "thet's a mighty good way to do it. I was sort o' pintin' my ole gun outen thet hole a while ago, and look thar," and turning his head he showed me a bullet swath cut through his long locks above the ear. "But ef you jes' have obleeged to see them folks over thar, I reckin I kin fix you;" and he pointed to a crack in one of the logs of the embankment. The earth had fallen away from the log on the other side, and pressing my face close to the crevice, I could see the deadly works across the way. But that was all. Not the glint of a musket could I see. A September sun flooded the scene with light. The little valley lay in perfect peace; and but for those opposing walls of earth and certain ragged clouds, no higher yet than the tree-tops, it might have been some quiet vale where the sheep browsed by day and the rabbits played by night. Even while I looked, a black snake lazily crawled to the top of a log fifty yards in front, and sprawled himself out in the sun. Then suddenly somebody began to sing in the thicket over there. It was a single voice, fresh and buoyant, and full of music, and I was surprised to see my Carolinian, as the resonant notes rolled over us, duck his head and crouch low behind the logs of the pit.

"Lay down! lay down!" he said to me sharply.

I did.

At another time I might have debated the matter first and then refused to lie down, but not in that death-trap; and, sure enough, hardly was I down when "bang!" and a bullet thumped into the bank behind us. It had come through our port-hole.

"Thet's him! thet's him!" said my friend, excitedly.

"That's who?" I asked.

"Jes' about the best sharpshooter in the Yankee army, thet's who," was the terse reply.

And then, still crouching low, my companion went on:

"Yes, *suh!* He suttenly kin shoot. You heerd him singin' jes' now," turning to me with great interest. "You heerd how nice and easy it bubbled outen him? Why, Parson, that fellow jes' *leaks* music. But shucks! that ain't nothin' to the way he kin shoot. I lay he's kicked up more devilment with that gun o' his'n than any two men in this yere hollow. But," he concluded, with quiet fatalism, as he loaded his own gun, "they's folks watchin' for him all along this ditch, and some o' these odd-come-shorts they'll plunk him yit."

They were trying to "plunk" him, or somebody else, then, I thought. Beginning with that single shot, the fire had increased until it had become general again. For half an hour it raged, almost by volleys, and then ceased as suddenly as it had begun; and I seized the opportunity to get back into camp.

That day five men were killed or mortally wounded in Pine Hollow; the next day, three; and at the end of the week the death-list footed up thirteen killed at that one point, and, strange to say, much of this mischief was attributed to one man. My Carolinian, I found, had many supporters in his estimate of the singer's prowess; for it was the singer to whose marksmanship these grim results were, in large part, credited. This state of affairs was, of course, intolerable, and earnest efforts were made to put a stop to it. The keenest marksmen in the army were sought out and placed here, with special instructions to silence this one man. But to no purpose. Day after day the same story came up out of the trenches. They had had a song? Yes; two or three of them. Well, anybody hurt? Yes, again. Always the answer was yes.

I had long suspected who this man might be whose deadly work was beginning to shake the nerves of even brave men. The incident that occurred that day on the march, together with McLeod's disclosure, came back to me; and my suspicions were confirmed by McLeod's behavior now. Although we were now messmates and close friends, he never mentioned Pine Hollow in my presence; but his blue eyes would darken—the sign of a rare excitement in him—whenever the place was named. Thus his very silence assured me that he believed the wandering soldier we

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had seen in the pine thickets and this dreaded marksman to be one.

After this fashion affairs proceeded until a new story was told in the camp. There had been a duel on the line—a genuine duel. A Northern rifleman had leaped upon the breastworks, waving a handkerchief; had challenged our men to single combat; and had killed the keen-eyed old deer-hunter who had stood up against him; and the men declared that the challenger was this same songster against whom was already laid so heavy a score. "Jes' a boy too," said a disgusted skirmisher, "whar ought to be at school, somers long in the Fo'th Reader, stid o' rampin' round here shootin' folks so durn permiskyus."

That night an orderly stood in the tent-door asking for McLeod—he was wanted at headquarters. When he came back I did not notice anything strange about him. He told me, in reply to some careless question of mine, that he was detailed for special duty on the next day—an occurrence so frequent that I gave it no further attention. To-night, however, for the first time he did mention Pine Hollow. Knowing that I had been down there he asked me "how far the lines were apart at that place?" "A hundred and fifty or two hundred yards I should say," was my reply.

"Near enough, then," said he "to recognize a man on the opposite breastworks."

"Yes," I replied; "but why do you ask?"

"Oh, I have not been down there yet," said he, "and I was wondering if the lines were as close as the boys pretend."

"They are a great deal too close together for comfort, I can tell you," said I. "The day I was down there it was the hottest place I was ever in."

"Yes," said he, "if all they say be true it must be a dangerous place."

He sat thereafter silent until the full moon rose above the horizon. Then he got up and went to the door. "It will be very light to-night," said he. "I think I must have one more ride."

"Nonsense!" said I, "after all the riding you have done to day?"

"Nell is not tired," he replied, as if that were the only consideration. "And besides," he added slowly, "I shall not ride to-morrow," and he walked away to the stable where he kept his horse.

I must have been asleep when he came back; but when I awoke the next morning I heard him talking outside. He had haltered his mare near by the night before. When I went out he had just finished grooming her—an office neither he nor she would ever permit another to perform, and the mahogany-colored hair glistened like burnished copper. McLeod stood with one hand in the creature's mane. The bonny wild thing had turned away from her food to rub her nose against his breast. "We have been good friends," I heard him say, in his deep, slow tones, "we two." And then with sudden earnestness he added, "Girl, I wish we could go together."

"What's the matter, Hugh?" said I, behind him.

"Nothing," he replied, turning a red face toward me. "I was just talking to Nell. She stands better when I talk to her."

Nevertheless there was much the matter, as I was soon to learn.

He took his horse back to her stable, and went off to report for duty, I supposed, as I did not see him again.

Late that morning I went up to headquarters to get a furlough for a man just recovering from a long spell of fever. The general was busy; and while I waited I overheard part of a conversation between some officers who had gathered about the door. It seemed they were quizzing Colonel Scott, in command of the skirmish line, about something.

"Gad! I don't know what you mean by it," said Colonel Saunders, a fierce old Georgian. "Can't you find men enough for this murderous sharpshooting without detailing staff officers? The next thing I know, you will be sending me down to Pine Hollow."

"I would send you fast enough," was the cool reply, "if you knew anything about a gun. But Pine Hollow is no place for amateur marksmen."

"But that is exactly what McLeod is," said some one else. "He was never in the skirmish corps."

"Perhaps not," was Scott's reply, "but he ought to have been. They say he is a crack shot. Anyhow, sharpshooter or

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not, if there's any possible way of killing that Yankee down there, he'll do it."

"I beg your pardon, colonel," said I; "do I understand that Lieutenant McLeod has been detailed for duty in Pine Hollow?"

"Yes," said he. "But what's the matter, Mr. Gray? I'm afraid you are not well."

"May I see you a few moments privately?" I stammered.

"Certainly," said he, "come over to my tent."

"There is not time for that," said I, as we stepped aside; and all the while we were talking I was listening for the sound of firing on the lines.

"Colonel," said I, as soon as I could speak, "you have sent McLeod down to the trenches to kill his only brother."

He stared at me, astonished.

"How do you know that?" he asked.

I told him, hurriedly, why I thought so.

"Does McLeod know it?" he asked again.

"Yes, I am sure he does," I replied.

He looked at me keenly for a moment.

"Ah! then that explains it," said he.

"Explains what?" I asked.

"Why," he answered, "when I told McLeod what I wanted, I thought he changed color; but he did not say anything. Is it possible he will flinch?"

"I wish to heaven he would," I exclaimed. "You do not know the man. But I am wasting time. Colonel, let me go down before it is too late, and countermand this order."

Scott was a kind man, though somewhat of a martinet, and I could see that he was troubled.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Gray," said he, "but this is merely the fortune of war."

"Oh, no, no!" I answered, eagerly; "if they had met by chance in open battle it would have been bad enough; but to set one brother knowingly and deliberately to spy out and kill the other is inhuman, it is monstrous."

"I decline to interfere, sir," said Scott, firmly. "I knew nothing of all this when the orders were given; and if I had, I do not know that it ought to have made any difference."

Sick at heart I turned away. There was nothing more to be done. McLeod had his orders, to him the end of all controversy. Infinitely hateful as I knew the thing was to him, he was, nevertheless, of just such stuff as would attempt it because it wore the name of duty.

The one thought in me now was to get down to Pine Hollow before the tragedy was done. There had been but little firing in front that morning. My strained senses awaited the dread sound each moment as I ran. But I reached the lines, and hot and breathless, threw myself into the pits, and still not a gun had cracked. As soon as I got my breath I asked for McLeod. He was a little farther along the line, the men told me, and I had just risen to go to him when, once more, out of the thickets across the way arose that fateful voice, and the plaintive music of the "Ave, Maria," swelled on the air again. As before, but now with muttered curses, the men in the pits crouched down clear of the port-holes. All at once the song stopped—stopped in the middle of a line—and then burst into a ringing shout the fox-hunter's view-halloo. There was an exclamation and an excited stir among the men.

"Look there! Who's that? Who's that?"

I heard and looked up; and there, erect upon the breastworks, not twenty rods away, stood Hugh McLeod. In his left hand he held a rifle, and with his right waved a handkerchief toward the Union lines. Instantly his challenge was accepted; and while on both sides the men in tacit truce stood up to watch the issue of this single combat, his antagonist leaped upon the opposing works. It was a mere lad who stood there, tall and slender, and with cheeks yet innocent of beard; and as with youthful grace he gravely saluted his opponent, a murmur of recognition ran down our lines. It was indeed the man McLeod was sent to meet. The salute was returned as gravely as it was given, and the men fell to loading their rifles. There was no nervousness, no haste. Each went about his deadly work with the same deliberation and the same dexterity. McLeod's face, I noticed, was a trifle pale, and once I saw the other man for

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an instant stop and look keenly at McLeod. They finished loading at the same time.

"Ready?" was the question.

"Ready!" the answer; and then, amid tensest silence, the two guns were raised and aimed. One instant they hung poised. Then a single report rang out. McLeod's gun had missed fire. But he himself, it seemed, was, by some happy chance, unhurt; and amid the mingled yells and cheers with which the equal issue of the duel was received, turned and asked for another gun. It was quickly handed up to him, and again he faced his foe. The Yankee had meanwhile reloaded his own weapon, and once more the antagonists stood ready. Again they looked hard at each other for a moment, and again together raised their guns and fired. At first the result seemed the same as before. Neither man fell. But presently the boyish figure on the Union works reeled a little and the rifle fell out of his hands. And then a strange thing happened. McLeod, who still stood erect, flung his own gun far away, and stretching out both arms toward his enemy:

"Charley, Charley!" he cried, and the next instant himself fell heavily into the trenches.

We got him out of there as soon as we could for the firing. He was not dead. Some kindly breeze had turned the bullet a little aside, or this story would have been done already. As it was, the end was in sight. With the help of two or three others, I carried him back to camp, and sent for Bingham, the brigade surgeon, a man rough and wicked of speech, but with hands both gentle and skilful, and, withal, McLeod's good friend. While Bingham was examining the wound, McLeod opened his eyes for the first time. "Will it do, doctor?" he said with a faint smile. The surgeon glanced at him keenly and then arose, and bending over the wounded man, with a gentle gravity all new to me, "Hugh," he said, "this wound is not necessarily fatal. You may get up again if you want to." McLeod shook his head. "This is what I want," he said, with a slight gesture toward his breast; and then, with a sigh of relief, he continued, "and I think it will do," and again fell into unconsciousness or sleep.

Late that day I went over to look after Nell, McLeod's mare. She had become somewhat used to me of late, and I could make shift to feed her or lead her to water. But to-day I heard her whinnying before I came in sight of the stable. She was so nervous and excited I could do nothing with her. I placed her food in the trough, but she ate only by snatches. The shapely head, with its great brown eyes, kept turning toward the door, and the slender ears moved restlessly to and fro, listening in vain for the familiar feet. As I walked sadly away with that low whinny still in my ears, her master's strange speech came into my mind, "Girl, I wish we could go together." I knew now what it meant. And I knew he was going soon.

He did. For hours he lay in the same profound stupor. Midnight came—midnight, whose moon was hid behind thick clouds. The camp had long since sunk into silence. As I sat by McLeod's side alone, watching his heavy breathing, I heard far off a faint sound break the stillness. I listened. It grew apace upon the ear, each moment louder and more distinct, and by and by I knew it to be the hoof-beat of a galloping horse. McLeod stirred a little in his sleep, and lay still again. Then, all at once, he sat bolt upright in his bunk, with wide eyes staring intently into vacancy. As I threw my arms about him he turned to me with his rare smile and said, as simply as a child, "I thought I heard Charley singing." He turned away again with a listening look in his eyes. The hoof-beats came thundering on, now close at hand. It was not them he heard. "Hear him? hear him?" he said exultingly. "He is singing, far along the road toward home; but we will overtake him yet." "We?" Who was that other, then? and a strange thrill shot through me when, as if in answer to my thought, the hurrying feet stopped short before our tent and a shrill neigh rang out upon the night. I felt the dying man stir in my arms. "Whoa, Nell," he whispered. "Steady, girl, steady." The left hand groped among the blankets for the bridle reins. The left foot was lifted toward the stir-

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rup. "Now, Nell," he said, and with one great bound the swift feet sprung on again into the dark; and the man I loved most in all the world lay dead in my arms. . . .

And down the road the hoof-beats faint and fainter grew until I heard afar a challenge and a shot; and by the road-side there, next day, lay Nell, the bonny mare.

My friend had his wish: and they two together went away out of all wars.

PARAPHRASE OF HORACE IV., 7.—TO TORQUATUS.

By Donald G. Mitchell.

The snows are gone, the grass is seen,
The woods wear waving robes of green.
'Tis Spring again; she wakes—she wakes!
The icy fetters all, she breaks;
And every brooklet, wanton, free,
Goes singing sweetly down the lea.
The Graces three, with zones unbound,
Trip lightly o'er the teeming ground;
Yet grace and greenness flee apace,
And change on change besets our race.
Frosts melt away what time the Spring
Puts balmy breezes on the wing;
Hot Summer next, foredoomed to die,
Drives away Spring; while hovering nigh
Autumn brings fruits and golden grain,
Forerunners both of Winter's reign.
But as the seasons swiftly wane,
New seasons swiftly come again;
Whilst we, poor souls, our courses run,
Will never see another sun;
Alike the wicked and the just—
Die where we may, and when we must,
Are only shadows—only dust!
And who can know the days in store,
Or when, for us, they'll come no more?
Yet this we know—that what we spend,
And what of ours to good works lend
More wisely is bestowed than theirs
Who hoard, for greediness of heirs.
And thou, O friend! when death shall call,
And the dread Judge, who judgeth all,
Declare thy fate—never again
Can'st thou return to haunts of men;
Nor family, nor pious lore,
Nor wingéd words can help thee more.
'Tis so with all: nor queen, nor king,
Can stay or change what Death may bring.
The fabled goddesses of old,
As heathen stories quaintly told,
Could never to that nether land
Stretch forth to friend a guiding hand;
And we no more: for Dead is Dead.
Our hopes, our cries, the tears we shed
Can never call—alack, alack!
From out the grave, our dear ones back!

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THE ORNAMENTATION OF PONDS AND LAKES.

By Samuel Parsons, Jr.

DID the reader ever have a place in the country? If he has and does not want to grow sick of it, or if he has none, but hopes to have one, and does not want to be forced to give it up in disgust, let me give him a piece of advice. Don't undertake too much. Have only five hundred square feet of grass and one tree or half a dozen shrubs, but have all of the best. Dig deep, fertilize liberally, plant the best grass-seed and plenty of it, set out the largest trees and shrubs that will be likely to grow, and care for them tenderly, year after year. Dig about them and prune them and spare no pains to make them the best of their kind; or, let me say at once, that the reader's delight in nature and his desire to imitate her effects will not prevent the failure of his lawn-planting. All this is said in advance, because it applies as well to water-plants as to ordinary lawn-plants.

I am now, in a few words, going to tell the reader how I came to attempt to grow, and to succeed, after much tribulation, in growing a good collection of water-plants, and how I contrived to get reasonably satisfactory water-effects upon the lawns. At a comparatively early period in my life, having a comfortable fortune, the desire took possession of me to have a country-place.

With my country-place I had the usual failures and successes that are incident to the construction of lawns and gardens in the hands of amateurs. The failures, I am frank enough to confess, much outnumbered the successes. I propose, however, to confine myself to a brief account of my lily-pond work. The soil on my place, of one hundred acres, was gravel and sand, and a stream or pond on one side of it had a clean pebbly bottom and water that flowed rapidly down a decline. The water was only a few inches deep in many places. I thought it would be a good plan to dig out the bottom a bit, and thus cleaned out considerable valuable peaty material. However, I did not mind that, as I expected to dig a hole for each water-plant and to fill it up with good soil from the neighboring field. At this early period of my lawn-planting I unfortunately gave little thought to the quality of the soil. A charming magazine article had fallen into my hands and completely fascinated me with its dainty, fanciful description of lilies grown in a pond-hole or ditch. It all seemed so easy: just a few water-plants set out in what appeared the easiest and simplest fashion, and lo! you had a feast of lilies and lily-pads. The plants seemed to have just grown themselves, like Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." At this time I was greatly impressed with the idea of planting the lawn with trees and shrubs from the woods, sweet fern, sumach, sassafras, dogwood, red cedar, pepperidge, hickory, etc. Of course, such plants frequently died, and if they did live assumed a stunted form. As an old farmer of the neighborhood subsequently expressed it: "Well, I knowed them things you set out would die. I could have told you beforehand that crowded woods plants have poor roots. But there, you wouldn't have believed me if I had. Your plants just up and died because a full dose of sunshine didn't suit their shady constitutions." Considering this mania, you will not be surprised to hear that I visited a pond in the woods near by and dug up and transplanted to my own pond a large number of roots of white water-lilies. Other water-plants were naturally secured subsequently in the same way. I need hardly say, after the above remarks of the farmer, that my water-lilies did not specially thrive. The lily-roots had not been grown for transplanting and were not, in most cases, young and thrifty, and the soil of the bottom of the stream or pond was not rich and suited to water-plants. However, among the numerous water-plants I set out

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many lived. They were strung along a straight, monotonous shore that I had dug out to a line to secure a neat appearance. I learned in after days that this arrangement was about as bad as could be imagined from a good lawn-planter's stand-point. The lilies and other water-plants grew slowly and the flowers were small. I had finally to acknowledge that my lily-pond and stream was not a success. As a result my interest in the plantation soon flagged, and except to gather a few lilies I seldom visited it. Weeds sprung up to its surface and drifted material made it untidy and unhealthy-looking. Besides, about this time I sold this country-place and so cannot say what the lily-pond finally became, as I never revisited it. Much like any natural lily-pond in the woods, I fancy. Returning to the city, I continued to live there most of the time for several years. Yet I never at any time wholly lost my interest in lawn-planting. Now that I had no country-place to absorb my attention, I went about at home and abroad and saw how other people succeeded and failed in their landscape-gardening efforts. An important source of information existed, I found, in the different nurseries. I did not take so much to the woods now as I did aforetime. Concerning the construction of ponds and streams and the ornamentation of their surface with aquatic plants, I did not, however, secure as much information as I had hoped. At last, one day, I again met my fate and bought another country-place, only instead of a hundred acres as before it now contained less than ten. The soil was of excellent quality and there were on either side of the house some grand old native oak, elm, and tulip trees, and I planted a few large shrubs on the outer boundaries. Paths and roads there were none, except one short carriage-sweep leading directly from the house to the highway. Off to the west of the house sloped a half-dozen acres of meadow-land, the rich velvety turf of which had known no plough for half a century. Sheep and cows had pastured it, and sometimes it had been mown. I mowed it and manured it too, and prided myself on the finest lawn to be seen in the county. At the foot of the slope came the feature which had chiefly induced me to buy the place. It was a broad placid stream fifty to one hundred feet wide, moving quietly down to a small neglected mill-pond that partially abutted my property. Across this stream I owned a narrow strip of land only an acre or two in extent, but enough to enable me to control the treatment of both shores of the stream. A rustic bridge joined these acres. The water was shallow, not more than, for the most part, two or three feet deep, and the grassy slope extended to the very edge. It was a brimming sheet of water, sometimes overflowing its banks several feet up the steep lawn-side. Here was my chance, I believed, to grow aquatic plants in perfection. I proceeded at once to study the natural conditions of the spot, and tried to work on the same lines as nature had employed in this small territory ever since the dam had been built. Where the force of the stream had already managed to scoop out a small bay, I dug it still farther inland. In other words, I analyzed the forces in action and aided and abetted their inclinations. If grasses and twigs had caught on a small projection of the shore and a little vegetation had sprung up and soil thus collected, I lengthened and broadened the projection and planted it with clumps of grasses, such as flag, bamboo, pampas grass, and the hardy *Eulalia japonica*. Back of these, on more solid ground, I planted a willow and an alder with some irises, and tender cannas and caladiums or elephant ears. I was careful, moreover, to be conservative even in this natural treatment of my shores. There was no frequent repetition of the promontory and bay idea. At only a few points was any change made in the original line of the shore. Such changes as I did make, however, were forcible and marked and carefully adjusted in the exact direction and angle that the stream would be likely to take when it worked its fantastic way before a rapid current or overflow. Grasses and shrubs suited to low grounds, of the kinds I have named, were scattered in small groups about the points running back, sometimes quite a distance, up the bank. In the

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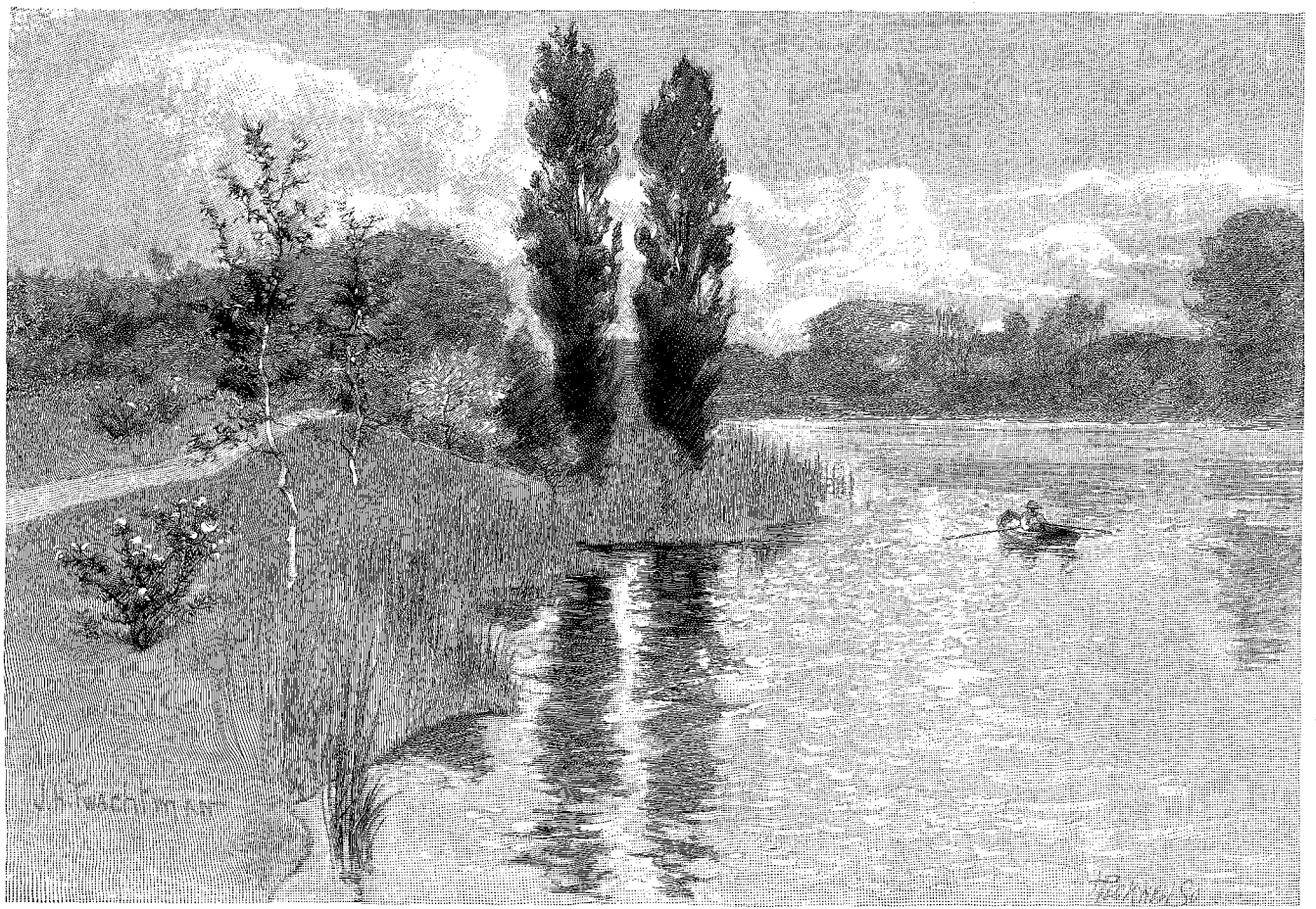

DRAWN BY J. H. TWACHTMAN. ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

The Stream Effect,
Lombardy poplars and birches for emphasis.

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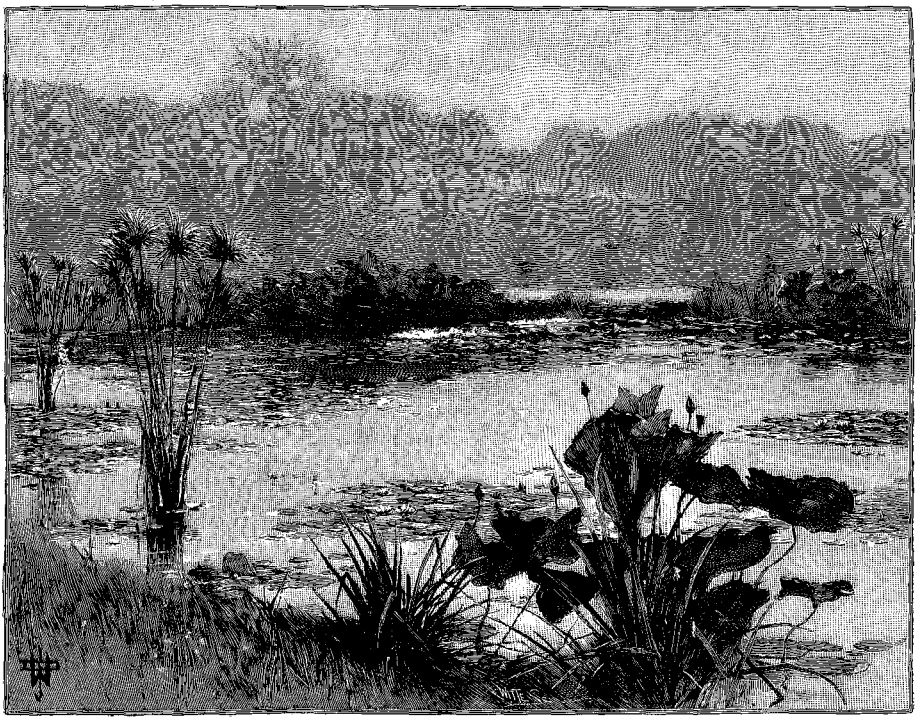
midst of these groups grew some higher shrubs or small trees like the birch, for the sake of emphasizing the effect and giving variety of sky-line. I don't wish direction will touch them. Even the tendency to lose their leaves early in the season would not induce me to use the axe, for their lofty spire-like forms



A Corner of the Lily Pond.

to be needlessly technical, but if you could see the two great Lombardy poplars, forty feet high, bordering and making a frame, as it were, for my place, you would understand what I mean by emphasis. Great towers of green, these poplars seem to be mounting guard over my small domain, and their long shadows at sundown reach far across the stream and the grass of the meadow beyond. I am not going to apologize for my poplars. They were and are grand, and I am proud of them. Tree-experts may warn me that they are liable to borers and tree-lice and that they lose their leaves early in the season, and in many ways invite the use of the axe. It may be so. I have enjoyed them, however, for a number of years and they are entirely healthy yet, although surely a score of years in age. It will be a long time, therefore, before an axe under my dominate everything and establish that variety of sky-line so much to be desired by the lawn-planter. Let the limbs be bare and the trunk scarred and seamed with borers, the noble outline is there, and shrubs and small trees can be made to screen the lower and generally uglier portions. It should be remembered, also, that an occasional pruning, as the years go on, tends greatly to renew and perpetuate the poplar's health and vigor.

But, the reader will say, where is the lily-pond? You have told us about your lawns with its stream and old mill-pond, but where are your lilies? Well, I answer, don't be in a hurry. I assure you if I had not selected and arranged my lawn and water properties as I did, the lilies I might have set out would have been of much less account than they are. Remember the lilies on my former place. In truth, without some

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It is also probably the lotus of ancient Egypt.

Picture for yourself a pumpkin-leaf erected three or four feet high on a stem, and great buds that look, for all the world, like gigantic tea-rose buds, and you will have a fair idea of the general appearance of the lotus. Of course, the leaves of the lotus are more finely veined and smoother and more shining of texture, and the flowers grander and richer in tint than the tea-rose bud; but, for all that, the pumpkin-leaf and tea-rose bud comparison is a suggestive one. The botanical name of the lotus, *Nelumbium*, signifying a rose or spray of a watering-pot, is very descriptive of the curious seed-pod. There is a fine nelumbium native to America, a yellow lotus with excellent foliage, which is found in one or two places in New Jersey, but which chiefly abounds in Florida and other Southern States. The leaves of this species are quite as noteworthy as those of the familiar *lotus speciosum*. These are often two feet in diameter.

An Arrangement of Lotus and Lily Pads.

The lotus leaves and flowers are decorative and striking in effect, but the true water-lilies, the nymphæas, are, after all, I am inclined to say, the best ornamental water-plants. Following out my Lombardy poplar idea of emphasis, I used many lotuses in front of my brook and pond promontories. But in all my experiments with aquatic plants I never chanced on any pond-effects quite equal to that of my coves of nymphæas in midsummer. Fancy a quiet, mirror-like surface of water, studded with clustering masses of lily-pads, enfolding half-open flowers, nestling yet buoyant. Everyone is familiar with scenes in woodland nooks resembling this in kind. The remarkable difference on my place was that my trees and shrubs, grasses and flowers, came to the water's edge and were mirrored there, and that in front and about them floated and were reflected lily-pads of excellent size and coloring. The flowers also of these great tropical lilies were especially large and richly hued, some species being pure white, others red, and still others purple and deep blue. I have had these water-lilies and other water-plants growing on my place now for several years, but I confess that, even at the present time, familiar as they are to me, when I look at one of these blue lilies on an early summer morning I am impressed with the scene as an absolute revelation of beauty, a landscape feature positively unique.

I am not going, on this occasion, to give an account of all the aquatic plants I grow. I have the tender *pondeteria crassipes*, a floating plant with curious orchid-like purple flowers, water-poppies, pitcher-plants, cat-tails, and a score of other species and varieties that I shall not enumerate. All these kinds of water-plants doubtless add greatly to the attractions of decorative waters, but, after all, it is the lotuses and lilies or lilies and lotuses, not giving the precedence to either, that everyone ought to want. Having once had them, any

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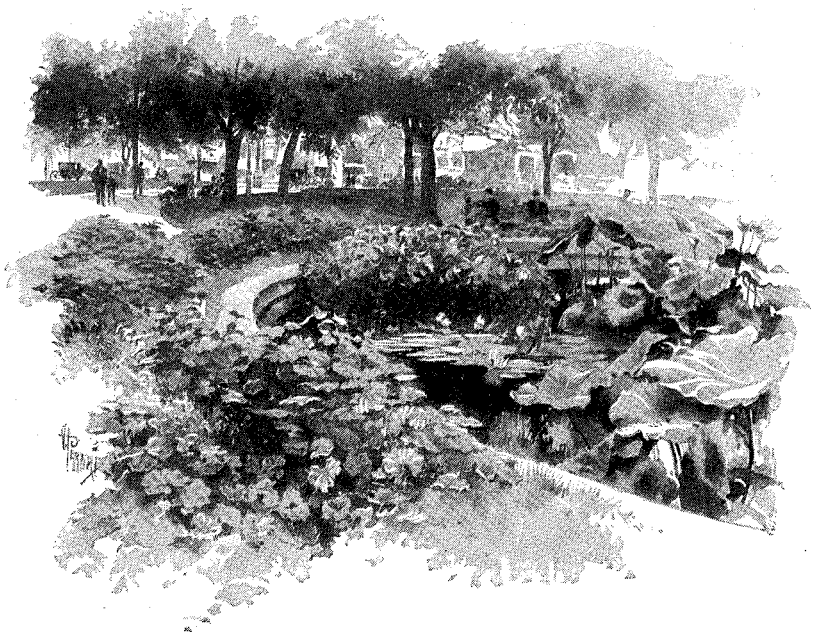
of the characteristics of my present lawn the proper setting for the clustering water-lily gems would have been absent. And think what a setting they had now—great poplars, drooping willows, alders, waving grasses, purple irises, red marsh-mallows growing on promontories of a brimming river backed by a sloping bank of rich greensward. In the coves, chiefly, of my stream and pond were set my lily-jewels. The bottom of the water was deepened and a foot of soil, not in spots but along the entire front, was replaced by the richest mixture I could make of mould and manure. Pond-lilies are great feeders, and I intended to give them the best chance I could to look their prettiest. For the nelumbiums or lotuses considerable clay is needed. Fortunately, my soil had naturally plenty of clay. I used, moreover, other kinds of water-plants besides lilies, and some of them, as well as certain lilies, were tender, coming as they do originally from the tropics.

The tender ones I bought anew every year, at a moderate expense, from one of the few growers in America. I may have expended during some years one hundred and even one hundred and fifty dollars, but it was a small sum compared with the amount necessary to keep up a greenhouse fitted with suitable tanks. Water-lilies and aquatic plants winter badly in cellars. They are easily excited to grow by a little excess of light and heat, and as easily checked and injured by an excess of cold. Except a few kinds, such as the wonderful blue and purple water-lilies of Zanzibar, which I bought yearly, I have therefore managed to content myself with a number of perfectly hardy aquatics, including some of the best water-lilies and lotuses. Doubtless the biggest, grandest, and most effective of these was the lotus *Nelumbium speciosum*. This plant is the greatest feeder of all, and will thrive prodigiously in the richest, rankest mud that can be concocted. It will, in fact, crowd out most other plants, and should be thinned every year so as to appear in clusters and not in monotonous masses extending from shore to shore. This nelumbium is widely known in India and Japan as the lotus, and is there considered sacred and is freely copied in their decorative designs.



Border of the Fountain, Union Square, New York—Lotus and Water Lilies.

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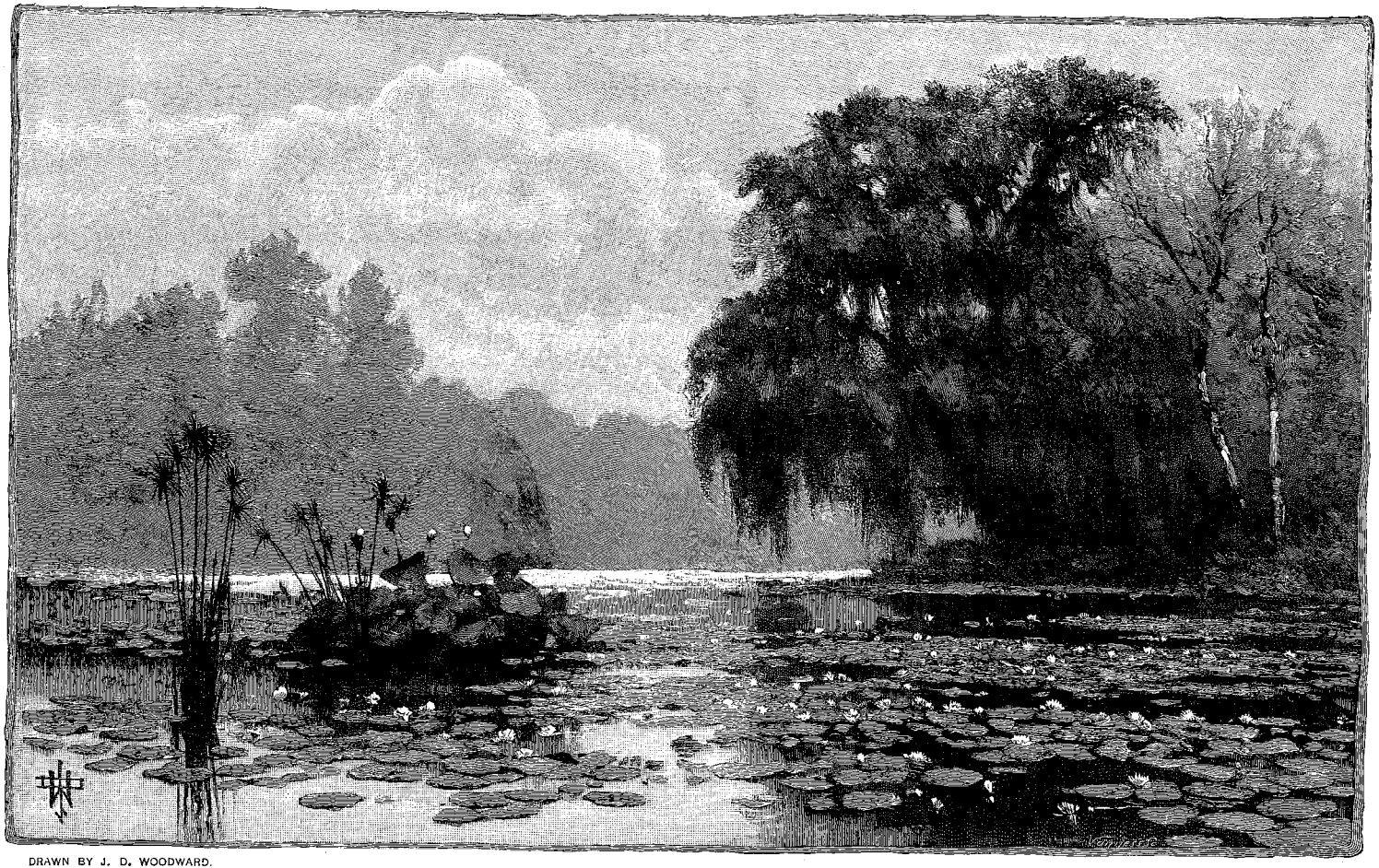

DRAWN BY J. D. WOODWARD.

The Pond Effect.
Lotus and water-lilies.

ENGRAVED BY VAN NESS.

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decorative piece of water without them will seem almost uninteresting, no matter what other water-plants are employed.

Let me say here, before I forget, that spaces of clear surface among water-plants, with undisturbed reflections, are particularly necessary to secure the best effects. The whole surface of the pond should be no more covered up with water-lilies than fine rocks should be completely masked with climbing vines.

A Group of Japanese Lotus.

To explain to the reader which are the tender and which are the hardy kinds would be a lengthy task, and I must refer him to the nearest nurseryman who grows aquatics. Better not grow many tender plants, would be my advice to the ordinary amateur lawn-planter.

The success of this treatment of my stream certainly affords me great pleasure, and I need hardly say I am proud of it. It has, however, done more than that. One or two of my neighbors are, I see, already following my example, with promising results. In the village, also, near by there is a fountain, and in the basin I have persuaded the authorities to arrange some boxes of lilies and lotuses renewed every year with purchased plants, and in place of a great iron Neptune painted white and surrounded by white iron cherubs spouting little jets of water, a graceful spray effect has been introduced. Water-lilies and lotuses lend themselves charmingly to the decoration of fountain-basins, especially if they are used in moderation and do not cover up more than a fair half of the entire surface of the water.

Before closing this account of my experience in growing water-plants, I must refer to the introduction of water-lilies and lotuses in the parks of New York. Some three years since, a year or two after I became Superintendent of Parks, my mind was turned, as well as that of my assistants, to the subject of growing lilies in the Central and City Parks. We knew they had been grown to a limited extent in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, and we conceived the idea of using them largely in New York.

At first we bought a considerable number, say five hundred dollars' worth, from Mr. Sturtevant, of Bordentown, N. J., the father of water-lily culture in America. For the last two years, however, we have bought little and propagated much, so that at present we have an abundance. We have tanks constructed in the greenhouses, where, by means of high bottom-heat, we can grow the most tender aquatic plants. Our most ambitious, if not our earliest attempt, was the construction of a lily-pond. In Central Park we have nothing like the stream and pond effect on my own place, and we found that it would be necessary to treat our lakes in a larger and more expensive way. As a

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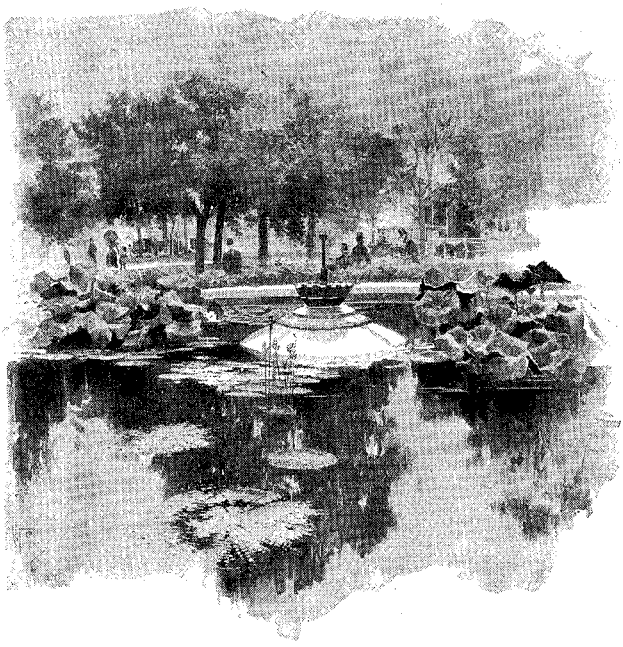
first essay we dug out a pond close by, and forming as it were part of, what is termed Conservatory Lake, just north of the gate at Seventy-second Street and Fifth Avenue. The general shape of this pond was oval, with winding, irregular shores, bounded by a high bank on the east side and a great willow drooping over the north end. Rocks were disposed in the immediate banks, so as to suggest a natural formation rather than an artificial pond. The bottom, scarcely three feet deep, was cemented tight as a cup and the water flowed gently in at one end and out at the other, and so through a basin into the sewer. Eighteen inches of soil was made rich with manure and deposited over the bottom. This soil was renewed more or less every year. Masses of flowering shrubs and small trees, such as the hydrangea, *Spirea opulifolia*, and Purple beech and birch formed a background of foliage on the steep hill-side sloping up to Fifth Avenue. The lotuses (*N. speciosum*) in this pond were disposed in a solid mass at the north end along the steepest banks. There the observer can look down and see them mirrored on the surface of the water in the most effective way. Masses of the large hardy white lily (*N. alba candidissima*) and the beautiful little white one (*N. pygmæa*), the size of half a dollar, the Cape Cod pink lily, and several other kinds grow permanently in the mud of the bottom. Tender ones, like the blue and red varieties (*N. devoniensis*, *N. zanzibarensis azurea* and *rosea*), are planted in boxes filled with rich compost and removed to the park greenhouses every year. The season to enjoy this pond at its best is about ten o'clock in the morning—later than this the heat of the sun gradually closes many of the blossoms, and earlier than nine some of the kinds have not yet opened their flowers. A sight of this pond in August and early September is worth a considerable journey to see; and hardly less effective are the lotuses and lily plantations in boxes to be seen in the great fountain-basin at the Terrace.



The Centre of the Fountain, Union Square, New York.

An Arrangement of Water-lilies and Papyrus.

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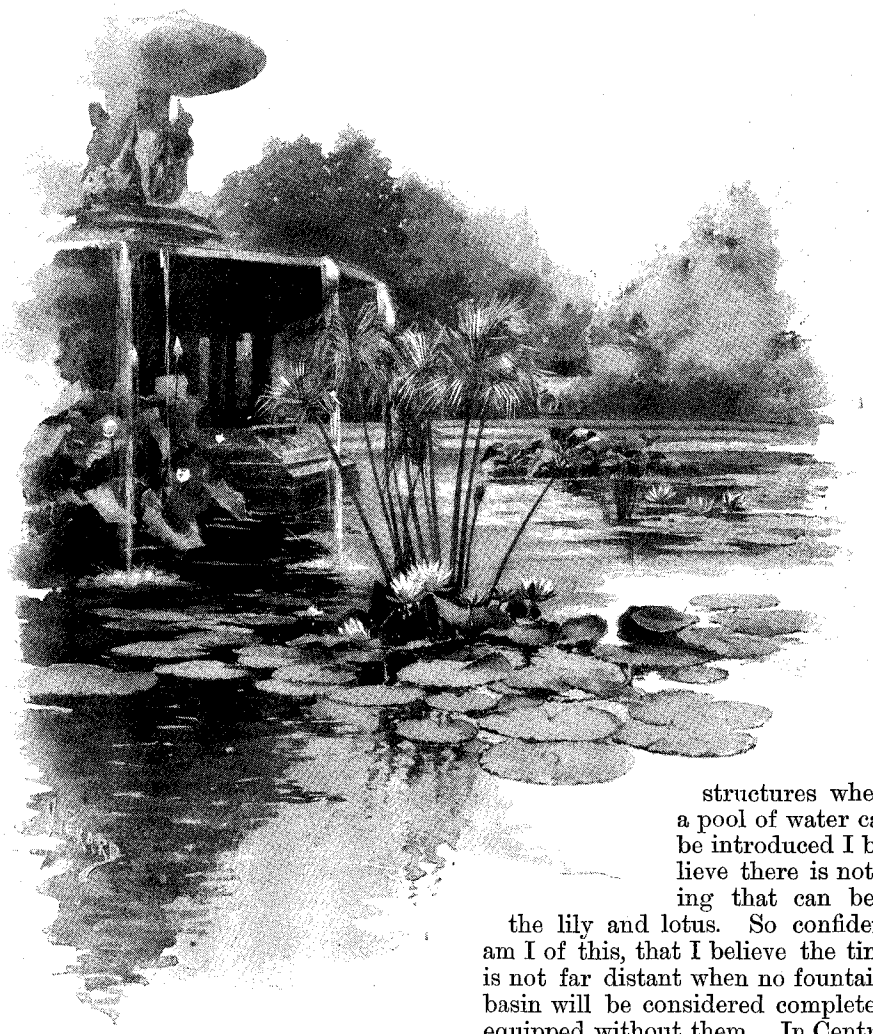
Yet probably more effective, and certainly more attractive, on account of location, is the Union Square fountain, with its beautiful spray of water and vigorous water-plants, and in addition its outside collar of red alternanthera sward, planted with islands of geraniums. By electric light in the evening, or in the early morning sunlight, the effect of these lily-pads and lotus-leaves bedewed with globules of water is magical. Half a dozen, in fact, about all the fountain-basins in down-town New York are treated in this manner, and at almost any time before midnight, scores of people are gathered about them enjoying the beauties of the lilies and lotuses—nor, as the years go on, does the interest in them seem to flag. Indeed, among all decorations for architectural



Bethesda Fountain Basin, Central Park, New York.

structures where a pool of water can be introduced I believe there is nothing that can beat the lily and lotus. So confident am I of this, that I believe the time is not far distant when no fountain-basin will be considered completely equipped without them. In Central Park we have already begun to plane the shores extensively with them. At present this applies especially to the loch at One Hundred and Tenth Street and Eighth Avenue. There is a good deal of labor required in the preparation of rich soil on the shores, but we hope, nevertheless, in a few years to have our lakes as well stocked with lilies and lotuses as our fountain-basins.

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MOUNT ST. ELIAS AND ITS GLACIERS.

By Mark Brickell Kerr.

SINCE 1741, when Bering, in the course of his great voyage, discovered St. Elias and named this grand mountain-peak after the patron saint of the day, many voyagers and explorers have turned their thoughts and energy to accurately determine its correct height and true position. Captain Cook, about 1778, La Pérouse, about 1787, and, later, Malaspina, whose unrequited services and death in a Spanish prison rival the experiences of Columbus in the ingratitude of humanity; Vancouver, in 1794, and many Russian navigators—Ismaleff, Berchareff, and Tebenkoff—all saw St. Elias, and most of them took sextant observations for its altitude and position.

The elevation, generally adopted until 1874, was that placed upon the British Admiralty charts, viz., 14,970 feet. In that year a party of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey made a reconnoissance of Mount St. Elias and vicinity, and obtained results for altitude and position by means of open triangles with long sides. This placed the height at 19,500 feet, and was adopted by geographers as the best evidence extant for altitude. Since then three expeditions have been sent to climb the mountain, one in 1886, under Lieutenant Schwatka, called the *New York Times* Expedition, and another, in 1888, under Harold Topham, of the Royal Geographical Society and English Alpine Club. Both these attempts failed, as the ascent was tried from the south or ocean side, where the sandstone slopes are almost perpendicular. The latter party, by aneroid, reached an elevation of 11,000 feet. A sketch of this expedition, by Mr. William Williams, one of the party, was published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for April, 1889.

The third party was sent out in June, 1890, by the National Geographic Society, in command of I. C. Russell, geologist. To this party the writer was attached, in charge of the geographic work of the expedition. It is the narrative of the journey of this party which I have to detail. The work of this expedition places St. Elias at 15,350 feet, agreeing fairly well with former determinations by Malaspina and other navigators of the last century. Mount Cook is 12,370, and Mount Vancouver 9,884 feet.

Taking advantage of the experience of former expeditions, our party made the attempt from the head of Yakutat Bay, and on the eastern face of the mountain.

For many years public interest has centred around the most remote of our possessions, and many are the tales related of the wonders of Alaskan scenery. Examining all the data extant to-day, very little is found outside the beaten tracks—that is, those portions where the tourist steamers yearly go. If you look in an ordinary "Gazetteer," the result of your search will be that Alaska covers about five hundred and eighty thousand square miles, is rich in minerals and fur-bearing animals, has large fishing interests, immense snowy peaks, and huge glaciers. The charts show its coast-line in a general way, but the interior is almost a blank. This lack of definite knowledge was the reason our party was organized, particularly to explore the vicinity of St. Elias, determine its altitude, and ascend it, if practicable.

We outfitted at Seattle, Wash., and hired seven stalwart woodsmen who seemed particularly well adapted for our work, and rendered us independent of Indian packers, who have been found so unreliable in former expeditions. Our provisions were carefully selected and placed in tins of convenient size for protection against rain and flood, and we were extremely thankful afterward that we used such precautions.

I will pass lightly over the events of

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our journey to Sitka, through the inland narrows which have been so ably described by others. We were fortunate in securing passage on the Queen with Captain Carroll, whose pleasant and cordial treatment did much to make the journey enjoyable, and his knowledge of the country assisted us greatly. We passed Wrangel, the Narrows, Douglas Island, Juneau, and arrived at Glacier Bay on June 23d. At first sight the Muir Glacier was disappointing, my imagination having pictured a more magnificent field of ice; but on climbing a little hill I soon beheld the extensive nevé, the rocky islets and long moraines extending twelve or fifteen miles northward, the regular and beautiful curves only limited by the surrounding peaks, whose summits rose above the intervening fleecy clouds. At noon the mist cleared, and our sail out of Glacier Bay will long be remembered as one of the most delightful in my experience. Some bergs of ice floating majestically, with their different forms, and hues varying from deep azure to pale blue, mingled with others where the morainal material had changed the color to a dark brown. Very skilful manœuvring was required to take the vessel through these masses of floating ice, and many were the comments on the splendid seamanship of our skipper. Here, in the crisp morning air, we had a fine view of the Fairweather group, uplifting their snowy crests, a barrier to the scene eastward. The immense fields of ice and snow made us shudder, even from our great distance, as we thought of crossing them, and we turned with pleasure to the comfortable surroundings of our good ship.

We arrived at Sitka, early on the morning of June 24th, and after arranging every detail with Governor Knapp and the Naval authorities, transferred our stores to the United States steamer Pinta, and Captain Farenhalt, U. S. Navy, made everything ready to start for Yakutat Bay early the next morning.

We entered Yakutat Bay June 26th, anchoring off the Indian village; but during our stay there it rained continuously, and we did not even catch a glimpse of St. Elias, much to our regret.

On the morning of June 28th we started up the bay, Lieutenant Karl Jungen, U. S. Navy, and myself leading in the whale-boat, followed by our flotilla of canoes. We secured the Moravian missionary at Mulgrave, Mr. Hendrickson, for guide, and he also afterward read my barometer at the Mission, giving a reference point for all barometric observations.

In the afternoon the Pinta's boats, after giving us three cheers, left to rejoin the ship, and we turned to in the rain to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, realizing that our work had begun in sober earnest. At this juncture my assistant, Mr. Edward Hosmer, of Washington, who had been quite sick for a few days, was taken so ill that he was obliged to return to Mulgrave village, and thence to Sitka. Our party then consisted of Israel C. Russell, geologist; Mark B. Kerr, topographer; J. H. Christie, foreman; and Lester Doney, William Partridge, Jack Crumback, William L. Lindsly, Tom White, and Tom Stamy, woodsmen.

On the 29th, with two men and a load of stores, I started ahead, and the next day succeeded in landing on the north shore of Yakutat Bay, great care being used to avoid the masses of ice, which, breaking off from the Hubbard and Dalton Glaciers above us, crunched and grounded here on the beach, threatening to destroy our frail canoe. The bay narrows here to about three miles, and opens farther inland into another one known as Disenchantment Bay. Looking up the bay, one sees a verdure-clad shore, above which rises a vertical wall of ice, fully three hundred feet, the end of the Hubbard Glacier, over which tower the great snowy peaks, Vancouver, Hubbard, Shepard, and Bozman. Here I had a lesson in surf-landing, but it took me some time to learn a trick so readily accomplished by even the smallest native boys. They usually wait for a fair chance between the high waves and then rush in, and the canoe is quickly hauled up out of reach of the surf. Many were the duckings we had before this could be done in safety.

I had my first experience in the snow on July 3d, and was greatly surprised to find it lying so low down on

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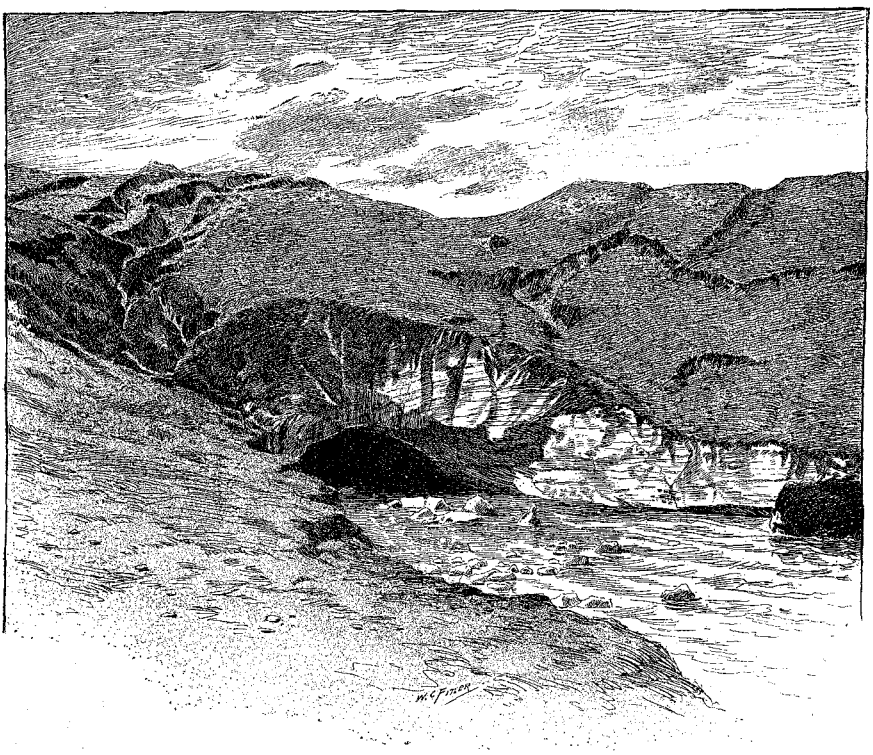
the slope. The snow line here is about one thousand five hundred feet above the sea, and is as clearly marked as in the first high ridge we crossed with our packs, and very glad were we to view the other side.



Head of the Dalton River—water flowing from an icy cavern.

Sierras of California. Moss, shrubs, and berries grow in great profusion along the bay shore, and over the moraine a regular trail was formed as the large brown bears crossed and recrossed in search of food or berries. The glacial stream divided into a thousand branches and formed an ideal delta, depositing silt and glacial débris. Our course took us over a mountain spur and across an interior basin about one thousand five hundred feet in height, filled with numerous lakes and swarming with mosquitoes. Indeed, there were such myriads of the latter that imagination suggested that each flake of snow had concealed within it a germ, and thus the mosquito had generated. Here it is that sometimes huge brown bears, driven to fury and desperation by these tormenting little beasts, finally tear their flesh and die in agony. This was the

Our course took us to the head of Dalton River, where a curious phenomenon was observed. The water was flowing out of an icy cavern, above which was a stratum of ice, rock, and dirt, on the surface of which bushes and trees were growing. This formation was gradually caving in and borne by the stream to the sea. The same phenomenon was seen at Styx River, farther on, across the Lucia Glacier.

Crevasses were wide and deep, cutting the ice in fantastic shapes. We advanced slowly during the next three weeks, absolutely feeling our way over the rough moraines; two miles a day was heavy travelling, and it took several trips to bring up all our camp outfit and tins of provisions. The rocks tore our shoe leather and cut our feet, and human endurance was exerted to the utmost to force our way over this rough and icy glacier.

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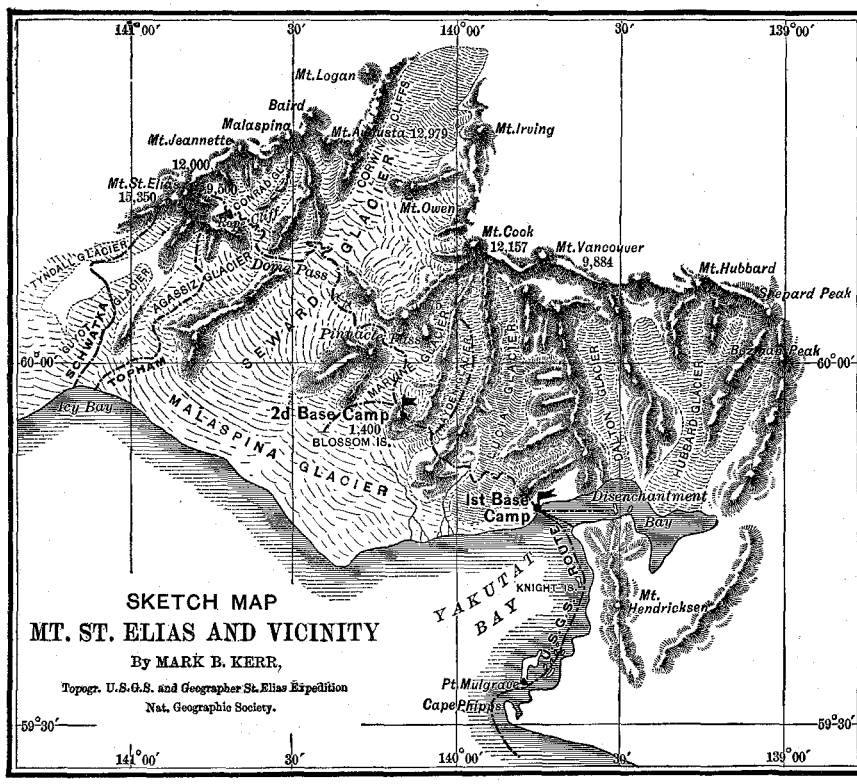
Happily sufficient vegetation was found on the lower slopes to afford fuel. We crossed several swift and icy-cold streams, and numerous curious holes or kettles in the glacier, where great care was necessary, as a single misstep meant a fall of many hundred feet.

On July 25th, I went ahead with one man to prospect the Kettle Cañon and the Hayden Glacier. We took an oil-stove and a small outfit, and even then we had to carry about forty or fifty pounds each. At the head of this cañon the glacier flows directly past with a width of two miles. Across the surface of hard ice about two or three miles in width, and gradually ends in a huge moraine of dirt, rocks, and ice, belching its contents into Yakutat Bay. As you proceed up the glacier the slopes on both sides become perpendicular. Huge massive slate and sandstone ridges rise up on both sides, clear cut and defined, with niches like an open fan. After a few miles the upper level is reached, and then the journey is made through soft snow, sinking in over boot-tops at every step, and progress is slow and difficult.

Toward evening of the 25th we had reached an elevation of twenty-five hun-



glacier, a point of the ridge comes down covered with spruce-trees. Flowers, grasses, and ferns were growing luxuriantly around me, and as I lay down in the soft moss and looked over a cathedral mass of rock from a lupine bed of beautiful colors, I seemed to breathe the atmosphere of the Tropics rather than of the Arctic.

The Hayden—the third glacier of great importance on our route—begins with a dred feet, and here found a slope with a few loose rocks at an angle of about thirty degrees. We riprapped the bottom of the slope to prevent slipping down the hill, and here made camp. All around was a snowy expanse broken into curious shapes, with nothing living except a raven, which suddenly and hoarsely croaked above my head. I felt like offering the bird an apology for being there.

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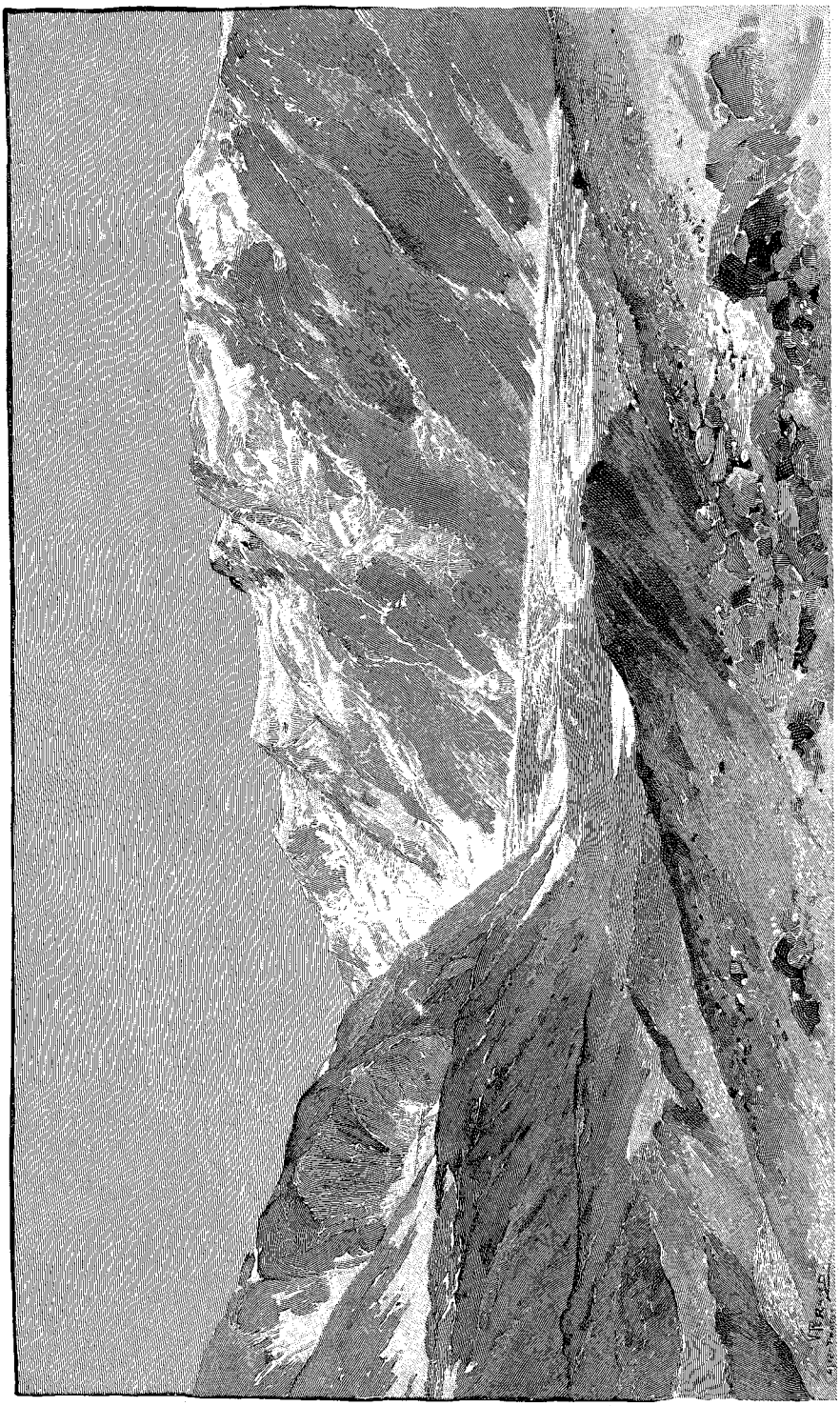

Lucia Glacier.

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The next day we tried two points of the ridge, but could not cross over on account of the crevasses. However, we found a more desirable point of rock upon which to pitch camp. The day thundering down the mountain slope. These immense ice-fields, split up by huge crevasses, assume all sorts of shapes, and combining with the shadows and effects of the surrounding

The First Climb.

after, in a fog, we went up toward the last promising pass, and at the top of the divide were met by a "berg schründer," which stretched across the slope about six to ten feet wide, and about five hundred feet in depth. The walls of these crevasses were laminated, and each year's snow was easily discerned by its difference in color, radiating like the rings of a tree.

As I looked into the depths of the crevasse, I grew bewildered in endeavoring to discover its age, and pictured to myself the time when almost the whole world was an ice-field, grinding and twisting out forms so familiar to us at places where now one could scarcely believe the ice had ever formed. Here, on the extreme summit of one of these sandstone ridges, I discovered a hill of fossil mussel-shells, and also ferns and flowers, embedded in the rock, evidences of a great ocean once rolling over these rock masses. The fog still continued, and as I lay in my rocky perch, protected from the pelting rain by only a canvas sheet, I was suddenly startled by a dreadful report as an avalanche of ice and rock, detached by the rain, came patches of massive rock left here and there, imagination runs riot. I could see a picture where white-robed choristers and surpliced priests passed in endless file, while the huge black masses of shaly rock of the higher peaks stood out like the spires of a mighty cathedral, the lower slopes, the pipes of an immense organ, to which picture the thunder of the avalanche supplied the deep diapason.

On the 28th, after a hard struggle, we succeeded in reaching the summit of the pass, and were rewarded by a few hours of clear weather. St. Elias, Augusta, and Cook burst upon us in all their glory, rivalling anything I had ever before seen. Here were deep crevasses, high domes, hummocks, and bergs of ice, and above towered the huge peaks, sharp and steep. But soon the fog arose, and we were forced to return. We spent a most miserable and wet night. In the very early morning, as the rain gradually loosened the rocky débris, and the pieces went whizzing by, threatening to engulf us, we were forced to move out. It was a rough trip, but we reached Kettle Cañon, wet to the

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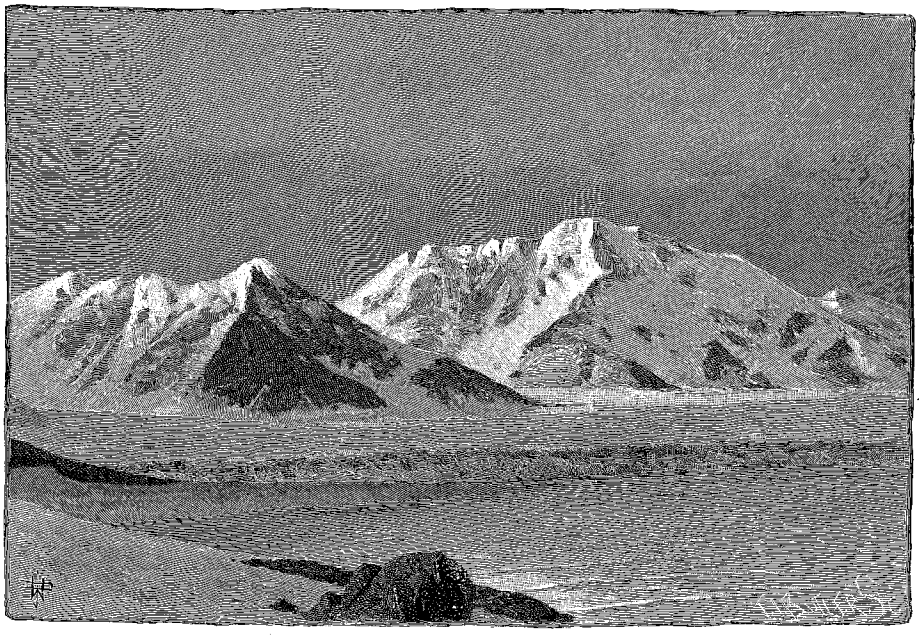
skin, and found the main camp moved ahead to Blossom Island, where we spent the next few days in examining the ice formations and extending triangulation.

This was an oasis in a desert of surrounding ice—the last point where we found wood, and a most beautiful spot, completely environed by a glacial stream. The flora here was abundant and varied. Lupines of all colors, bluebells, and ferns of every description flourished in rank profusion, while clusters of wild currants and salmon-berries grew in immense quantities, the latter, especially, to an enormous size, in this damp but equable temperature. Indeed the thermometer scarcely varied during the day more than five degrees from an average of fifty degrees, but the rain was heavy and continuous. During the night the thermometer fell, sometimes reaching freezing-point. In the winter the temperature falls to just below freezing-point, and this rain, converted into snow, piles up in immense quantities.

A few bumble-bees and house-flies were noted, and the mosquito still held its own, rendering a trip through the thickets and underbrush almost an impossibility. There were quite a number of ptarmigan and whistling marmots, and, although signs of bear were numerous, we saw none. From this, our last point of vegetation, we decided to start a reconnoissance trip to explore the route toward St. Elias and Cook, now in full view from our camp at the summit of Blossom Island.

On August 2d we started up the glacier, which we named "Marvine," and camped, during a storm of rain, on a ledge of rock at an elevation of twenty-five hundred feet. We passed a very disagreeable night. The rain continued loosening the rocks and débris above us, and soon these came whizzing by, too close for comfort. When one large rock struck my alpenstock, which was used for a tent-pole, and diverted its course just enough to miss cracking open my skull, I thought we had best move camp, so down in the snow we moved, through the rain, and spent the rest of the night huddled over an oil-stove, and enjoyed a good cup of coffee, brewed at the early hour of 3 A.M.



View of Mount Cook and the Seward Glacier.

The next day we found a very comfortable camping-place in hard snow, which we covered with dirt and rocks from the moraine. The grade ahead

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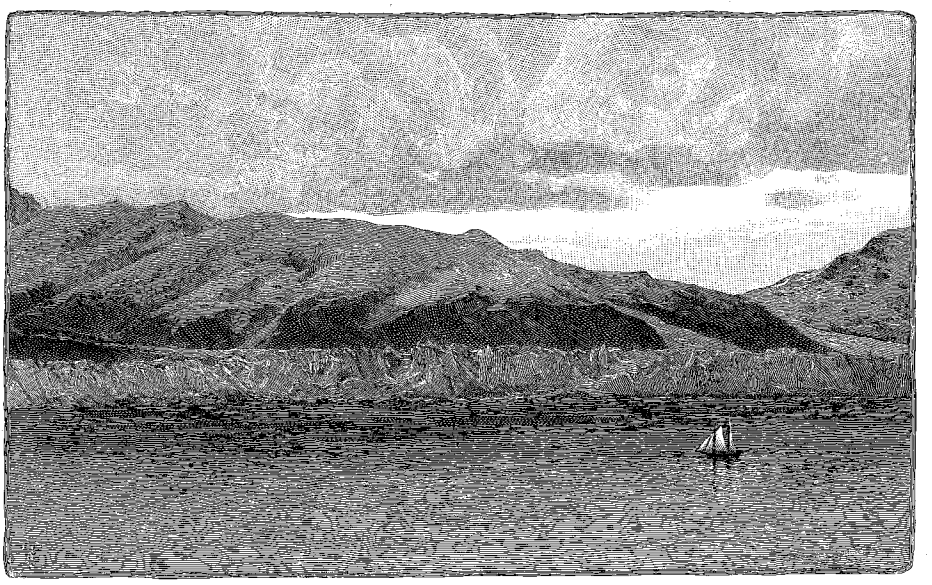
seemed easy, but a storm again beginning we took shelter in an ice grotto, where the drippings from the roof gave us delicious drinking-water and rendered our hard tack and cold bacon more palatable. The crevasses here are clean cut, deep, and without much ornamentation, and the ice of a dark blue gives a rather subdued effect.

The next morning the sun shone out strong and warm, and the rays dancing over the surface of the crystallized snow glittered like clusters of diamonds, and soon put new life and vigor into our half-frozen limbs. We moved over Pinnacle Pass at an elevation of 4,200 feet. From here we could see the black ridges and lower points of the Rogers Range, while a large glacier extended in front and turned northward out of our sight. We named it the "Seward." It was the largest we had seen, and cut up and crevassed in curves like ribbons of watered silk. The day was clear and the huge glacier was seen to slope seaward in gentle, undulating curves—a peaceful icy river—broken only by its fall into the Malaspina Glacier. It looked so much like the sea that one of our men exclaimed, "Look at the ocean." But between us and the sea extended the mighty Malaspina Glacier, which covers the whole side of Yakutat Bay. We made our camp for the night under a sandstone ledge, where the water was flowing over the old ice. It may seem strange to hear of our hunting for water in this land of ice, but the cascades formed away up on the slopes plunge down huge crevasses and disappear under the snowy bed. Sometimes we were forced to use our small supply of oil to melt the snow for the water needed in our cooking. Our camp was on the east side of the Seward Glacier, which extended far northward to the base of the main range. St. Elias—silent, massive, dark, rugged, and sharp—lay right in front, while Augusta stood like an immense hay-stack, a gable, on the right; the snow banners floating quietly by covering and uncovering these beautiful and grand mountains fully ten thousand feet above us. I held my breath in silent awe and wondered at our audacity in attempting to scale the dizzy heights.



Hubbard Glacier.

The Seward Glacier is a natural divide between the ridge through which we had forced our way and the main range. So one part of the problem was solved, and we discovered that there was no main range parallel to the coast, while angulation determined another point,

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and that was that the elevation had been very much over-estimated, and St. Elias was only 15,350 instead of 19,500 feet. The ranges are all broken by immense faults, and it was owing to such structure that Pinnacle Pass was found so easy of passage.

We moved slowly along, loud reports resounding on all sides, and avalanches rushed down as the sun gradually melted the snow. Keeping well out into the middle of the glacier, we felt safe. Soon, however, we were forced by the rough ice and crevasses to the side of the glacier, and climbing a ridge our further progress seemed barred, so we camped on a ledge about one hundred feet above the ice, with just room enough to pitch our 7×7 tent, into which we four men crawled—a sardine pack, truly. The glacier groaned, the ice crunched, and huge pieces fell in here and there with a loud noise as the pressure from above was felt. There was more perceptible movement here than in any other glacier. I estimated it at about fifteen feet a day. The Seward Glacier is limited by a range on the north, the highest point of which we named Logan, in honor of the late Director of the Geological Survey of Canada.

The blocks of ice here were like huge Christmas cakes, and often during the night, we could actually feel the glacier move. And when the rain came pelting down, and the wind blew furiously, with an accompaniment like a pistol-shot as a piece of ice went toppling over, I wondered when I would again be out of danger.

Two of our men had gone back for provisions, and on the 17th we became a little anxious about them. The sunset on this night was superb. The shadows began to lengthen, and the huge peaks reflected their long summits on the snowy surface like enormous arms. To the west stretched the main breadth of the glacier, fully ten miles across, with many branches cut up by concave crevasses, which, though twisted and irregular, were connected by small bridges of snow, sometimes scarcely a foot in width, all evidently followed a regular curve of cleavage caused by the contraction of the ice, the strain, and subsequent movement.

The peaks of the Yakutat Bay spurs and the point of Cook presented their sharpest angles toward us, and the sandstone cliffs standing above the snow could easily be mistaken for volcanic dykes. I can readily understand how St. Elias, Cook, and other peaks of the range presenting to the sea their upturned angular strata, and consequently sharpest, steepest slopes, have been mistaken for volcanoes. It was bewildering to watch these snow-fields, which in the setting sun were not luminous, but a fine, clear, white expanse, gradually assuming a darker hue as the sun gradually dropped behind St. Elias.

I smiled to think of the great care taken by Alpine guides, forbidding even a whisper or a journey without a guide upon the Mer de Glace. If such a mountaineer were suddenly transported to the great Seward Glacier and felt the glacier tremble and listened to the constantly falling avalanches from the crags of Elias and Cook, I imagine he would throw away his alpenstock and flee in dismay.

On the 18th of August, our men having returned with oil and provisions, we moved directly toward Mount St. Elias. I blacked my face and wore netting and heavy goggles, as the glare from the ice was terrific. We crossed the Dome Pass, leading over into the Agassiz Glacier, and, looking ahead the route seemed blocked by crevasses and ice-falls. This was the glacier discovered by Schwatka and Seton Karr, but they were not aware of its extent. It was slow work clambering through the crevasses, heading some and cutting our way through others, but with care we reached the first ice-fall about noon. Here we were forced to cut steps in the ice, but after reaching the summit were turned back by a huge crevasse. Finally we cut our way down into it until it was narrow enough to straddle, and we then gradually cut our way up on the opposite side—the first man being lowered by a rope. Great care was used, for if a slip occurred a man might lose his life or be frightfully maimed, these crevasses often being over five hundred feet in depth.

Afterward we were forced to the centre of the glacier and had fairly good

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travelling until we reached the second ice-fall. Here we found an opening through which a stream was flowing over the old and hard ice, but with a gentle current, not enough to impede us. We waded along this, knee deep, until every bone in our bodies seemed frozen, and we were obliged to camp on the snow, where our oil-stove helped us a little toward comfort. It was cold, wet, and uncomfortable, but at midnight I took an observation, for latitude, on Polaris. The stars were very brilliant, shedding a gentle, reflected light on the snowy surface. This was the first time I had succeeded in taking an observation, as the midnight sun had been too brilliant before, and the stars consequently dim.

The next morning, looking ahead, the old snowy surface seemed passable, but as soon as the grade increased we were forced to give it up, the new snow not being hard enough to bear our weight, and too deep to struggle through. Our eyes were troubling us badly, despite our goggles, about this time, and we made a temporary camp on a bare spot of rocks under the cliff. With one man I again went ahead to prospect a route, and had almost given it up; but taking advantage of a lead around a huge detached piece of ice, we gained new hope and went up to the first crevasse. We crossed by a very narrow and dangerous ice-bridge, with the aid of a rope, and found a branch of the lower crevasse heading against the main one, and forming an acute angle in the shape of an irregular K, the intersection being very narrow, and a perpendicular wall of snow overhanging at the upper angle. We cut our way right through this snow-wall, and after a little tough climbing reached the top of the exposed cliff. Letting down about one hundred feet of rope, we made it fast to some large bowlders, and soon descended to camp, where a hot cup of coffee rewarded us for our exertion.

The next day we climbed up the cliff and hauled up our outfit. Here, after many set-backs and tumbles, we succeeded in reaching another small glacial stream, and judged ourselves about eight miles from the summit of Elias, at an elevation of five thousand feet.

On August 22d we started in earnest our climb toward the summit. The slope was gradual, but everything was a line of pure white; neither light nor shadow was apparent. One of our party called out that he couldn't see, but was afterward comforted when he found that we were all in an equally bad case, being obliged to thrust our alpenstocks in front of us to see whether or no we were going up a slope or down a hollow.

We found some immense crevasses here, from five hundred to one thousand feet in depth. Huge pendent icicles with prismatic hues and crystals of ice of every color reflected their tips on the glassy slopes. Here, looking back, we had a beautiful view over the old snow on the lower slopes, with a yellowish tinge like rich cream, while the new snow around us was dry, mealy, and white as the purest flour. Snow halos and banners hovered round Cook and other peaks, and in their changing color and shadow rivalled, if not surpassed, anything of the kind I had ever before witnessed. The scene changed almost in a moment, and the storm-clouds went skurrying by, spreading a black mantle over the white surface. The snow began falling, for we had reached an elevation by aneroid of nine thousand feet. Above us, about five thousand feet, was the peak, which sloped at an angle of thirty degrees to a low saddle, the crest of the main range. We judged the divide to be two thousand five hundred feet above us. This was the point we desired to reach and camp in for the night. All our hard work was over. The ice-falls, the deep crevasses, and rough glaciers lay behind, and nothing but the slope of the main peak, with its hard and regular crust of snow, lay ahead. We breathed a sigh of relief as we realized that our work was nearly over. However, the snow-storm increased, so we descended to our camp at the glacial lake, cacheing all our instruments at the highest point.

The storm continued to increase, and in the morning the snow had drifted nearly over our tent. Our little glacial lake had frozen, and was completely covered by the drift. The storm still raged, but at noon, a lull occurring, we decided to pull out and return to a

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lower camp for more provisions. We took turns in breaking our way through the snow, barely able in the mist to see our hands before our faces, and absolutely wading through the heavy drifts. We advanced very slowly for fear of a covered crevasse, and six in the evening found us under the cliff, but it was still too foggy to discover the snow-steps. We dug a hole about ten feet square and about six feet deep in the snow, and pitching our tent crawled in. The next morning it partly cleared, and we found ourselves just about two hundred and fifty feet from the ice steps. Here, letting myself down with a rope, I recut the steps in the snow, and after a hard struggle through the drifts we reached our former camp at the foot of the cliff, and were soon as comfortable as the circumstances permitted.

After due deliberation I determined to return, with Mr. Russell, to the upper camp and again attempt Elias; while the other men, Lindsly and Stamy, were sent to our cache at Camp 4 for more provisions and oil. The boys left us quite early, as they had about twenty miles to make, and we, taking our time, clambered up the cliff and arrived at our old "dug-out" in the snow about noon. We stopped here to take a rest, but discovered that the oil was dangerously low, and as the burning of grease with improvised wicks was a slow and unsatisfactory arrangement, I determined to leave Russell to pursue alone the two miles to the upper lake, and pushed back to reach our men at the lower camp.

I felt in fine condition, and travelled at a dog-trot down hill over the hard snow surface and overtook the boys in camp below, going over the distance in six hours. Here I found a can of oil, and shared their bed and supper. We tried to get a little sleep, but were awakened by a sudden rain-storm, which started about three o'clock in the morning. We were forced to get up, cold and wet; but, making a fire out of the wooden box protecting the oil-can, ate our ham and beans with great gusto. Leaving the boys to pursue their journey to Camp 4, I started back to reach Russell. It got colder and colder as I advanced. The wind and rain blew in my face and soon soaked through my gossamer clothing. I became as wet as a rag. At the first ice-fall it was sleeting, and I had some difficulty in climbing the steep and icy slopes with my heavy pack. I reached our old camp under the cliff at 5 P.M. Resting a moment I climbed up the rocky wall and reached the upper slope. Here it was snowing fiercely in great flakes. I trudged ahead, but soon every vestige of our old trail was covered and I wallowed in the deep snow. It was then about 6 P.M., and fearing that I might be buried here in the depth of snow, I made the best of my way back to the lower camp. I reached the cliff about eight o'clock, the storm being terrific in force. I tugged at the rope, but found it caught at the bottom, so I kept on my pack and clambered down. At best the cliff was a nasty place, and loaded as I was, and tired out, I slipped while halfway down and turned to grasp the rope. I could not hold on, so fell headlong the rest of the distance. A flashing thought of the hard ice and deep crevasse at the bottom was obscured in my surprise at landing in soft snow. I soon got up, shook myself, and finding no bones broken made the best of my way to the old camp. The weight of the new snow had caused an avalanche, burying the end of the rope and filling the crevasse at the bottom. This had happened since my last trip—a lucky accident, and to it I owe my life. At my camp was a rubber blanket, so bracing it with an alpenstock I made an improvised tent, the ends being fastened with large snow-balls; the snow rapidly filled in round my tent, and I was soon comfortably sleeping. I woke up hungry during the night, and finding a little oatmeal made a hasty pudding, which appeased my appetite a little.

Early the next morning (the 27th) the temperature rose, and it began to rain. Then my troubles began. Everything was absolutely soaking. I did not mind it much during the day, but as the night grew colder I soon became benumbed. I kept up the circulation as much as possible, but was so stiff in the morning that I could scarcely move. Luckily it cleared, and the sun coming out, I stretched out my hands toward its genial rays, and could readily imagine how men could bow down in si-

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lent adoration of such glorious warmth. New strength and energy were imparted into my frozen limbs. I found my feet and hands a little frost-bitten, but plunged them at intervals in the snow. I had time to dry out somewhat before attempting to reach Russell, two miles above, where I knew food and warmth awaited me. Thirty hours on raw oatmeal I soon found was not travelling diet through soft snow about four feet deep, so after going half a mile I was forced to give it up and return again to my camp. As I lay there in my snowy camp, I began to wonder if I should be found in future ages, preserved in glacier ice like a mammoth or cave bear, as an illustration to geologists that man inhabited these regions of eternal ice, and lived happily on nothing, breathing the free air of pre-historic times.

Soon it became quite cold, and, dreaming of more delightful scenes, I heard a shout, and in a little while four of the men came in, and taking a piece of chocolate and corned beef I felt better. They had been delayed by the storm and were anxious about our safety. We made a cup of beef-tea over an improvised lamp, which braced me considerably. We started the next day (the 29th), quite early, to reach Russell, as we imagined he might be a little lonely. We forced our way through the snow, and about half-way met him slowly coming toward us bringing a light load. Sending two men back for the tent and oil-stove, we again moved back to our camp at the cliff.

The snow in these two storms had fallen to the depth of about nine feet, and was so soft that one sunk almost to the waist in attempting to push through it. The winter had actually set in, and we realized we were too late to reach our instruments and again attempt the peak. It was severely disappointing after days of travel over rough moraines and icy glaciers, crossing by narrow bridges, hauling ourselves up steep cliffs and precipices, swimming streams, and living for weeks with an oil-stove for fuel, sleeping four abreast in a 7×7 tent on the snow. In fact, six weeks of utter discomfort for body and soul, and then to be beaten by so little. If the storm had only held off for twenty-four hours more, the scalp of Elias would have been in our belt and we could have finished the trip with great rejoicing. However, our attempt was bold and our success in finding and naming new peaks and glaciers, and studying their movements, and, indeed, making a general topographical reconnoissance of this unknown region, recompensed us in part for the failure in reaching the summit of Elias. So turning our backs on the mountain, we returned to our base camp at Blossom Island during another storm, and tried to forget our disappointment in eating bear meat and wild huckleberries.

The rest of the season I was engaged in extending the topographical work, and in one of these trips I went down to the Indian village and met the Corwin, with my friend Captain C. L. Hooper in command. Learning of our trips up the bay, he set sail, and landing at the entrance to Disenchantment Bay brought off the remainder of the party. The Corwin thus had the honor of being the first vessel to steam up Yakutat Bay. We stayed only a few hours at the village at Port Mulgrave, and after a delightful voyage reached Port Townsend on October 2d, our party disbanded and the men all returned to their various homes.

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THE WOOING OF MONSIEUR CUERRIER.

A SKETCH IN VIGER.*

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

IT had been one of those days that go astray in the year, and carry the genius of their own month into the alien ground of another. This one had mistaken the last month of spring for the last month of summer, and had lighted a May day with an August sun. The tender foliage of the trees threw almost transparent shadows, and the leaves seemed to burn with a green liquid fire in the windless air. Toward noon the damp fields commenced to exhale a moist haze that spread, gauzelike, across the woods. Growing things seemed to shrink from this heavy burden of sun, and if one could have forgotten that there were yet trilliums in the woods, he might have expected summer sounds on the summer air. After the sun had set the atmosphere hung dense, falling into darkness without a movement, and when night had come the sultry air was broken by flashes of pale light, that played fitfully and without direction. People sat on their door-steps for air, or paced the walks languidly. It was not a usual thing for Monsieur Cuerrier to go out after nightfall; his shop was a general rendezvous, and news and the gossip of the neighborhood came to him without his search. But something had been troubling him all day, and at last, when his evening mail was closed, he put on his boots and went out. He sauntered down the street in his shirt sleeves, with his fingers in his vest pockets. His face did not lose its gravity until he had seated himself opposite his friend Alexis Girouard, and put a pipe between his teeth. Then he looked over the candle which stood between them, and something gleamed in his eye; he nursed his elbow and surveyed his friend. Alexis Girouard was a small man, with brown side-whiskers; his face was so round, and the movements of his person so rapid, that he looked like a squirrel whose cheeks are distended with nuts. By occupation he was a buyer of butter and eggs, and went about the country in a calash, driving his bargains. This shrewd fellow, whom no one could get the better of at trade, was ruled by his maiden sister with a rod of iron. He even enjoyed the friendship of Cuerrier by sufferance; their interviews were carried on almost clandestinely, with the figure of the terrible Diana always imminent.

When a sufficient cloud of smoke was spread around the room, Cuerrier asked, "Where is she?" Alexis darted a glance in the direction of the village, removing his pipe and pointing to the same quarter; then he heaved a relieved sigh, and commenced smoking again.

"So you are sure she's out?" said Cuerrier.

Alexis looked uneasy. "No," he answered, "I can't be sure she's out."

* See the former sketches of French Canadian village life by the same author, entitled "In the Village of Viger," SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, October, 1887.

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Cuerrier burst into a hearty laugh. Alexis stepped to the door and listened; when he came back and sat down, Cuerrier said, without looking at him, "Look here, Alexis, I'm going to get married."

His companion started so that he knocked some of the ashes from his pipe, then with a nervous jump he snatched the candle and went into the kitchen. Cuerrier, left in the dark, shook with silent laughter. Alexis came back after making sure that Diana was not there, and before seating himself he held the candle close to his friend's face and surveyed him shrewdly.

"So, are you not mad?"

"No, I'm not mad."

Alexis sat down, very much troubled in mind. "You see I'm not young, and the mother is getting old—see? Now, last week she fell down into the kitchen."

"Well, your getting married won't prevent her falling into the kitchen."

"It is not that so much, Alexis, my good friend, but if you had no one to look after things—" here Alexis winced —"you would perhaps think of it too."

"But you are old—how old?"

Cuerrier took his pipe from his mouth and traced in the air what to Alexis's eyes looked like the figure fifty. Cuerrier offered him the candle. "There is not a gray hair in my head." Girouard took the light and glanced down on his friend's shock of brown hair so finely disordered. He sat down satisfied.

"To whom now—tell me what charming girl is to be the postmistress of Viger; is it the Madame Laroque?"

Cuerrier broke again into one of his valiant laughs.

"Guess again," he cried, "you are near it. You'll burn yourself next time."

"Not the second cousin—not possible—not Césarine Angers?"

Cuerrier, grown more sober, had made various signs of acquiescence.

"And what will your friend the widow say?"

"See here, Alexis, she's—" he was going to say something violent—"she's one of the troubles."

"Bah! Who's afraid of her! If you had Diana to deal with, now."

"Well, Alexis, my good friend, that is it. Could you not drop a little hint to the widow some time? Something like this——" he was silent.

"Something like a dumb man, eh?"

"Paufh! I have no way with the women, you will make a little hint to the widow."

Just then there was a sound of footsteps on the walk. Alexis promptly blew out the candle, grasped his friend by the arm, and hurried him through the dark to the door. There he thrust his hat into his hand, and saying in his ear, "Good-night—good luck," bolted the door after him.

The night had changed its mood. A gentle breeze, laden with soft moisture, blew from the dark woods; the mist was piled in a gray mass along the horizon; light haze clouds moved near the earth, and in spaces of sky as delicately blue as blanched violets, small stars flashed clearly.

Cuerrier pursed up his lips and whistled the only tune he knew, one from "La Fille de Madame Angot." He was uneasy, too uneasy to follow the intricacies of his tune, and he stopped whistling. He had told his friend that he was going to marry, and had mentioned the lady's name; but what right had he to do that? "Old fool!" he said to himself. He remembered his feuds with his love's guardian, some of them of years' standing; he thought of his age, he ran through the years he might expect to live, and ended by calculating how much he was worth, valuing his three farms in an instant. He felt proud after that, and Césarine Angers did not seem quite so far off. He resolved, just before sleep caught him, to open the campaign at once, with the help of Alexis Girouard; but in the dream that followed he found himself successfully wooing the widow, wooing her with sneers and gibes, and rehearsals of the old quarrels that seemed to draw her smilingly toward him, as if there was some malign influence at work translating his words into irresistible phrases of endearment.

Monsieur Cuerrier commenced to wear a gallant blue waistcoat all dotted with white spots, and a silk necktie with fringed ends. "You see I am in the fashion now," he explained to his

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friends. Villeblanc, the superannuated hairdresser, eyed him critically and commenced to suspect him. He blew a whistle of gratification when, one evening in mid-June, he saw the shy Cuerrier drop a rose, full blown, at the feet of Césarine Angers. His gratification was not unmixed when he saw Césarine pick it up and carry it away, blushing delicately. Cuerrier tried to whistle "La Fille de Madame Angot," but his heart leaped into his throat, and his lips curled into a nervous smile.

"So—so!" said Villeblanc. "So—so! I think I'll curl my gentleman's wig for him."

He was not unheedful of the beauty of Césarine. He spoke a word of enigmatical warning to the widow. "You had better put off your weeds. Are we not going to have a wedding?"

This seed fell upon ready ground, and bore an unexpected shoot. From that day the widow wore her best cap on week days. Then along came the good friend, Alexis Girouard, with his little hint. "My friend Cuerrier wants to get married; he's as shy as a bird, but don't be hard on him." The plant blossomed at once. The widow shook her finger at her image in the glass, took on all the colors of the rainbow, and dusted off a guitar of her youth.

Cuerrier came in the evenings and sat a while with the widow, and that discreet second cousin, hiding her withered rose. Sometimes also with a stunted farmer from near Viger, who wore shoepacks and smelt of native tobacco and oiled leather. This farmer was designed by the widow for that rebel Césarine, who still resisted behind her barricade, now strengthened by secret supplies of roses from an official of the government itself.

"But it is high time to speak," thought Cuerrier, and one night, when there was not a hint of native tobacco in the air, he said:

"Madame Laroque, I am thinking now of what I would like to happen to me before I grow an old man, and I think to be married would be a good thing. If you make no objection, I would marry the beautiful Césarine here."

The widow gathered her bitter fruit. "Old beast!" she cried, stamping on the guitar; "old enough to be her great-grandfather!"

She drove the bewildered postmaster out of the house, and locked Césarine into her room. She let her come down to work, but watched her like a cat. Forty times a day she cried out "The old scoundrel!" and sometimes she would break a silence with a laugh of high mockery, that ended with the phrase "The idea!" that was like the knot to a whip-lash. She even derided Cuerrier from her chamber window if he dared to walk the street. The postmaster bore it; he pursed up his lips to whistle, and said "Wait." He also went to see his friend Alexis. "I have a plan, Alexis," he said, "if Diana was only out of the road." But Diana was in the road, she was in league with the widow. "Fancy!" she cried, fiercely, "what is to become of us when old men behave so. Why, the next thing I know, Alexis—*Alexis* will want to get married."

Whatever Cuerrier's plan was, he got no chance to impart it. Diana was always in the road, and reported everything to the widow; she, in turn, watched Césarine. But one night, when Alexis was supposed to be away, he appeared suddenly in Cuerrier's presence. He had come back unexpectedly, and had not gone home first. The plan was imparted to him. "But to bring the calash out of the yard at half-past twelve at night without Diana hearing, never—never—she has ears like a watch-dog." But he pledged himself to try. The widow saw him depart, and she and Diana expected a *coup-d'état*. Madame Laroque turned the key on Césarine, and fed her on bread and water; Diana locked her brother's door every night, when she knew he was in bed, much to Alexis's perplexity.

The lane that separated the widow's house from Cuerrier's was just nine feet wide. The postmaster had reason to know that; Madame Laroque had fought him for years, saying that he had built on her land. At last they had got a surveyor from the city, who measured it with his chain. The widow flew at him. He shrugged his shoulders. "The Almighty made this nine feet," he said, "you cannot turn the world upside down."

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"Nine feet," said Cuerrier to himself, 'nine feet, and two are eleven." With that length in his head he walked over to the carpenter's. That evening he contemplated a two-inch plank eleven feet long in his kitchen. The same evening Alexis was deep in dissimulation. He was holding an image of garrulous innocence to Diana, who glared at it suspiciously.

The postmaster bored a small hole through the plank about two inches from one end, through this he ran the end of a long rope and knotted it firmly. Then he carried the plank upstairs into a small room over the store. Opposite the window of this room there was a window in Madame Laroque's house.

"Good-night, sweet dreams," cried Alexis to Diana, as, cold with excitement, he staggered upstairs. He made all the movements of undressing, but he did not undress; then he gradually quieted down and sat shivering near the window. In a short time Diana crept up and locked his door. It took him an hour to gain courage enough to throw his boots out of the window; he followed them, slipping down the post of the verandah. He crept cautiously into the stable; his horse was ready harnessed and he led her out, quaking lest she should whinny. The calash was farther back in the yard than usual; to drive out he would have to pass Diana's window. Just as he took the reins in his hand the horse gave a loud, fretful neigh; he struck her with the whip, but she would not stir. He struck her again, and, as she bounded past the window it was raised, and something white appeared. Alexis, glancing over his shoulder, gave a hoarse shout, to relieve his excitement; he had seen the head of the chaste Diana.

Cuerrier let down the top window-sash about two inches, then he raised the lower sash almost to its full height, and passed the end of the rope from the outside through the upper aperture into the room, and tied it to a nail. Then he pushed the plank out of the window, and let it drop until it swung by the rope; then he lifted it up hand over hand till the end rested on the sill. Adjusting it so as to leave a good four inches to rest on the opposite ledge, he lowered away his rope until the end of the plank reached the opposite side, and there was a strong bridge from Madame Laroque's house to his own. He took a stout pole and tapped gently on the window. Césarine was stretched on her bed, sleeping lightly. The tapping woke her; she rose on her elbow; the sound came again; she went to the window and raised a corner of the curtain. Cuerrier flashed his lantern across the glass. Césarine put up the window quietly. She heard Cuerrier calling her assuringly. She crept out on the plank, and put the window down. Then she stood up, and, aided by the stout pole, which the postmaster held firmly, she was soon across the abyss. The plank was pulled in, the window shut down, and all trace of the exploit had vanished.

At sunrise, pausing after the ascent of a hill, they looked back, and Césarine thought she saw, like a little silver point in the rosy light, the steeple of the far St. Joseph's, and below them, from a hollow filled with mist, concealing the houses, rose the tower and dome of the parish church of St. Valérie.

A week after, when the farmer from near Viger came into the post-office for his mail, bearing the familiar odor of native tobacco, the new postmistress of Viger, setting the tips of her fingers on the counter, and leaning on her pretty wrists until four dimples appeared on the back of each of her hands, said, "I have nothing for you."

The rage of Madame Laroque was less than her curiosity to know how Césarine had effected her escape. She made friends with her, and wore a cheerful face, but Césarine was silent. "Tell her 'birds fly'," said Cuerrier. Exasperated, at last, the widow commenced a petty revenge. She cooked a favorite dinner of Cuerrier's, and left her kitchen windows open to fill his house with the odor. But, early that morning, the postmaster had gone off to St. Valérie to draw out a lease, and had taken his wife with him. About noon he had stopped to water his horse, and had climbed out of his calash to pluck some asters; Césarine decked her hat with them, and sang a light song—she had learned the air from "La Fille de Madame Angot."

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A NOTE ON JANE AUSTEN.

By W. B. Shubrick Clymer.

THE scrutinizing criticism to which Jane Austen has for some time past been subjected omits explicit statement of a fundamental fact, which it yet fully establishes by implication, namely, that she is provincial. The word *provinciality*, as commonly used to suggest rudeness or lack of polish, is naturally avoided by a eulogist. Yet the connotation of disparagement attaching to it is perhaps as accidental as that attaching to the word *curiosity*, which, Arnold insists, indicates, except in English, the "disinterested love of a free play of the mind" requisite to real criticism. May not the term *provinciality*, used by Arnold in a sense anything but complimentary, serve, for lack of a better, to sum up qualities as different from those it suggests to him, as the two sets of qualities suggested by the term *curiosity* are different from each other? As another instance, where can a more striking difference be found than that between *philology* as commonly understood to mean linguistic study, and *philology* of which the purpose is, according to recent authority, "the comprehension of human life as recorded in the monuments of language"? The difference in each case is an intrinsic difference in spirit. A passage from Mr. Pater's appraisal of Lamb may help, more than pages of hair-splitting, to define the spirit in which Jane Austen may properly be called provincial: "And, working ever close to the concrete, to the details, great or small, of actual things, books, persons, and with no part of them blurred to his vision by the intervention of mere abstract theories, he has reached an enduring moral effect also, in a sort of boundless sympathy. Unoccupied, as he might seem, with great matters, he is in immediate contact with what is real, especially in its caressing littleness, that littleness in which there is much of the whole woful heart of things, and meets it more than half-way with a perfect understanding of it." This, and more to the like effect, points clearly to the spirit which is *not* provincial, which inhabits the metropolis, the centre, as distinguished, on the one hand, from the suburban spirit of such a writer as Leigh Hunt, who, dealing often with much the same sort of subject as Lamb, scarcely ever, try as he may to be impressive, conveys a sense of any wider world than is lighted from his hearth; and as distinguished, on the other hand, from the spirit which, content to enjoy "human nature's daily food" without counting the pulsations of the "whole woful heart of things," charms us in such a book as Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." Call them what you will, Jane Austen's simple pictures of the life she saw differ from Balzac's "Scènes de la vie de province," or George Eliot's "Scenes from Clerical Life," or from "Middlemarch," which is a study of provincial life, or from

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"The House of the Seven Gables," not so essentially in scene or incident as in spirit. Balzac and George Eliot and Hawthorne all attempt to let the reader into a larger world of ideas than Jane Austen ever dreamed of. In so far as they succeed, they set astir "that vague hum, that indefinable echo, of the whole multitudinous life of man" which should, it has been said, be felt to pervade a great work of fiction. In so far as Jane Austen is incapable of attempting anything of the kind, she is in one sense provincial. That is her limitation. In the recognition of that limitation lies much of her strength and of her charm—just as, conversely, Hunt's irritating weakness may be traced to his mistaking the limits of his powers.

Concentration of interest in one place and within a narrow social range, steadiness of observation, sureness of touch, firmness of handling, accurate adjustment of parts always with a view to total effect, nice discrimination of individual members of the same class, exquisite precision and high finish, permeating humor—these are among the obvious characteristics which, combining with an essentially feminine treatment —shown by her noticing, from the woman's point of view, things no man would ever think of noticing, by her women being better than her men, and by the absence of scenes between men—identify her among novelists many of whom share with her some, though perhaps none all, of these means to an artistic end. On the present inartistic generation of Americans, overrun with novels, and not keenly relishing the local flavor in provincial life, of which in this country the "march of improvement" is rapidly effacing what vestiges remain, such qualities as those just enumerated can be expected to make no very deep impression. "The Deserted Village" fails—if it fail—to bore us through a certain grace of the verse and of the pictures, rather than from any real interest we take in the subject. "The Vicar of Wakefield" doubtless bores more of us than would willingly admit the fact. Jane Austen's heroes and heroines naturally bore a great many of us. Yet their fortunes are, at least as treated by her, intrinsically quite as interesting as those of the Primrose family, about whom we are presumed to be enthusiastic. One who should follow Rogers's example in reading an old book whenever a new book is published, might do worse than begin, if not, as Mr. Austin Dobson suggests, with the "Vicar," then with the serene "Persuasion," or the match-contriving "Emma."

Jane Austen was, in Mr. Andrew Lang's words, "born before Analysis came in, or Passion, or Realism, or Naturalism, or Irreverence, or Religious Open-mindedness;" she was not borne down with the sense of an all-important mission; she had no reform to preach, no faith to promulgate, no system to expound; she wrote merely because she delighted in doing what she must have felt she did well, for every page shows that she tried always to do her best. Yet, coming at about the middle of the period of a century and a half which separates us from Richardson, publishing at the precise moment when Scott was rising to his highest fame as a novelist, she is, surprised as she would have been to be told so, a significant landmark in the course of British fiction. An article attributed to Scott and an excellent article by Whately * tell the story of the appearance of a new star and do full justice to its brilliance. Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, the first novelists in England (for Defoe's stories of adventure are not precisely novels as the term is now understood), had been followed by a romantic and by a sentimental school, the former growing from Horace Walpole, through Clara Reeve and Mrs. Radcliffe, to Scott; and the latter including men so dissimilar as Sterne, Mackenzie, and Goldsmith. The sentimentalists were virtually a thing of the past, and the romanticists were in full career when Jane Austen, cutting loose from both influences, set again on a firm basis the realistic study of manners taught her by Richardson and Fielding. Small and slender though it be, her work is the thread by which is traceable the continuance, through a romantic age, of the strain of realism that marks Thackeray and Trollope as descendants of Fielding

* Quarterly Review, vol. xiv., October, 1815; vol. xxiv., January, 1821.

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and Richardson. She belongs to a small group of women who excelled in what has been well called "fictitious biography;" of that group—comprising Miss Edgeworth, Miss Ferrier, and herself, who "have all," Scott says in his journal, "given portraits of real society far superior to anything man, vain man, has produced of the like nature"—she is incontestably the finest artist. Of recent British novelists, Trollope is most obviously her inheritor, for, though he lacks her acute tact, his work is of essentially the same class as hers—high comedy of manners, and nothing else.

Unconsciously, too, she was a forerunner of another group of novelists, represented at present perhaps most completely by M. Guy de Maupassant. Could she have foreseen what was coming, there is no reason to suppose she would have shrunk from the association as perturbing to maidenly susceptibilities; her minute acquaintance with Richardson, the outspoken habit of her time, a hint or two in her letters, show the likelihood that her objection to the form taken for the moment by French fiction would, like ours, be to some extent offset, could she read it, by admiration of the skill of some of the writers, all the more that she knew French. She and M. Guy de Maupassant are, indeed, in odd contrast, and yet closely alike. His range is perhaps as narrow as hers: he avowedly goes out of his way in search of the unhackneyed, whereas she obviously makes her arrows of the wood that happens to lie in her path. Her characters are apt to be ladies and gentlemen; his are usually, as Mr. Henry James points out, the reverse. Her plots turn on domestic "involvements;" by no stretch of language could his atmosphere be termed domestic. Finally, his view of life is morbidly gloomy and depressing; hers is wholesomely cheerful and enlivening. In subject, character, situation, and total effect they differ widely; in delicacy, not in manner, of treatment, there is a strong resemblance between them—though always with a marked difference. The aim of each is to isolate on a small stage a small group of characters intimately known to the author, and to let the interaction of the characters tell the story. Her story is always simple and coherent, usually rapid—though, to be sure, "celerity" is, in Sir Thomas Browne's words, occasionally "contempered with cunctation," and uniformly ends in marriage; his is generally simple, not always rapid, supremely indifferent to so conventional an institution as marriage. On laying down the book you know, in either case, everything the author means you to know; and in either case you have learned it by observing the picture of what the author had first observed, not from comments. The Frenchman would have you draw from his picture specific inferences about life as he has shown it; the Englishwoman asks you to draw no inference whatever. He is, as is common with Frenchmen, nearly destitute of humor; her "delicate subsatirical humor" is a motive power, quickening what might otherwise be inert, keeping the reader at the writer's point of view, distinguishing the story from a transcript, the miniature from a photograph. His French, though more contemporary, is not more highly finished nor more idiomatic than her English. Each accomplishes the prime object, dramatic presentation—a faculty which she had, it has been said, "by birthright," and which he acquired after years of sedulous study under the great artist who wrote "Madame Bovary." "Pierre et Jean" has by Mr. Henry James been reckoned perfect, and to "Fort comme la Mort," an especially well-named book, praise as unstinted has been given by M. Jules Lemaître; enthusiasts might perhaps be found to speak as unqualifiedly of "Emma." All three I admit that I find, in parts, hard reading. The marvellous craftsmanship shown in the French books leaves on me an impression—which the more recent "Notre Cœur" only confirms—of amazingly subtile study of a kind of thing I am not especially fond of studying; the equally admirable skill expended on the English book rather makes me regret my inability to sympathize fully with a state of affairs really significant two or three generations ago. "Emma" has, however, over the others the inalienable superiority of humor to misplaced seriousness; it professes to be no more than the record of the pre-matrimonial career of an attractive girl—a

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subject of "enduring freshness," whereas they profess further dramatically to represent psychological problems which they certainly do not satisfactorily dispose of. Jane Austen, in brief, attempts only what lies within her restricted scope; M. Guy de Maupassant probably tries to transcend his limits.

The novel of greatest interest to the present generation, I suppose, would be the one which should deal with the complex life of to-day as simply and directly as the three novels I have mentioned deal with small bits of life, which should apply to George Eliot's subjects Jane Austen's or M. Guy de Maupassant's treatment. That may be an unattainable ideal, for even Tourguéneff, who in some of his books approaches it, does not quite reach it any more than Landor in "Pericles and Aspasia" or George Eliot in "Middlemarch" overcomes all the difficulties, though in one of these cases the objective method, and in the other the analytic, reaches a high degree of excellence. Yet, that a treatment as objective as Jane Austen's or Landor's would necessarily be inadequate to unravel the tangled web of life in which we of the last decade of the nineteenth century are inextricably caught, is, at best, not proved. The problem is not the same as that presented to Shakespeare, or to Fielding; but has it yet been shown to be more difficult of solution than theirs were? or less amenable to genius as strong as theirs? M. Guy de Maupassant holds that a man, being shut out by his individuality from entering into the recesses of another man's nature, and explaining his motives for acts any one of which may, given the circumstances and antecedents and temperament, be with some certainty predicted, cannot, by analysis, do more than substitute himself for a character in a book. If that is true, can the analytic method in fiction lead anywhere except back again to the objective, by which most of the famous novels of the world have, until recently, been produced?* However vain such speculation may be, George Eliot, with her analytic processes, and Jane Austen, with her synthetic results, at any rate mark pretty well each other's limitations. An incarnation of the admirable qualities of both would be, if not a monster, a literary Messiah.

The notion of some such doubly endowed creature as I have fancied occurred to me soon after the publication of "Middlemarch," which I happened to read the same week that I first read "Mansfield Park," with a view to contrasting Miss Crawford and Rosamund Vincy. Both books pleased me so much that I forthwith set about eagerly reading almost everything of each of the authors, of neither of whom had I previously read a line. Ever since then they have stood to me for the genius not quite artist enough for her task, and the artist with not quite an interesting enough subject for her powers. Of the two, George Eliot does the larger, not necessarily the better, thing; Jane Austen does with greater perfection what she undertakes. Her workmanship, at its best, is, indeed, flawless.

Though extracts from a novel are sure to be unsatisfactory samples by which to judge of it as a whole, yet something of Jane Austen's way of doing things may be shown by comparison of passages in the much-despised letters published by Lord Brabourne, with passages in the novels. The letters, which are invariably spoken of by critics as in every way beneath notice—Mr. Goldwin Smith going so far as to say that "the editor's sauce, in fact, is better than the meat"—are, of course, not literature, like some of Gray's and Cowper's and Lamb's and Shelley's, but they are divertingly natural, trivial, sisterly prattle; and, though not carefully written, nor wholly suitable for publication, they are no less really of the same stuff as her novels than Lamb's are of the same stuff as his essays. The matter and the manner of the artistic product are in each case discernible in the casual and more diluted work. Not to press the analogy, this bit from a letter to her sister Cassandra: "Only think of Mrs. Holder's being dead! Poor woman, she has done the only thing in the world she could possibly do to make one cease to abuse her"—may, for illustration of the point,

* M. Edmond de Goncourt, on the other hand, states, in the preface to Chérie, his belief that "*la dernière évolution du roman, pour arriver à devenir tout à fait le grand livre des temps modernes, c'est de se faire un livre de pure analyse.*"

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so far as Jane Austen is concerned, be set beside the following passage in "Emma," written not more than a year or two later:

"The great Mrs. Churchill was no more.

"It was felt as such things must be felt. Everybody had a degree of gravity and sorrow; tenderness toward the departed, solicitude for the surviving friends; and, in a reasonable time, curiosity to know where she would be buried. Goldsmith tells us that when lovely woman stoops to folly she has nothing to do but to die; and when she stoops to be disagreeable, it is equally to be recommended as a clearer of ill fame. Mrs. Churchill, after being disliked at least twenty-five years, was now spoken of with compassionate allowances. In one point she was fully justified. She had never been admitted before to be seriously ill. The event acquitted her of all the fancifulness and all the selfishness of imaginary complaints.

"'Poor Mrs. Churchill! No doubt she had been suffering a great deal—more than anybody had ever supposed—and continual pain would try the temper. It was a sad event—a great shock—with all her faults what would Mr. Churchill do without her? Mr. Churchill's loss would be dreadful indeed. Mr. Churchill would never get over it.' Even Mr. Weston shook his head and looked solemn, and said, 'Ah, poor woman, who would have thought it!' and resolved that his mourning should be as handsome as possible; and his wife sat sighing and moralizing over her broad hems with a commiseration and good sense true and steady." The suggestion of the fictitious by the actual, of which more instances might be found, is here obvious enough. The elaboration of detail, though of course partly for fun, is not wasted; for Mrs. Churchill, heretofore a very minor personage, in dying starts a new set of relations among the characters, which leads finally to the train of incidents with which the story closes; the first hint of those new relations immediately follows the passage quoted, which in a way serves to group the characters afresh in characteristic attitudes about the incident which has suddenly become for a moment central. The passage is illustrative not so especially of humor as of the use, constantly made in these novels, of trivial incident in forwarding the plot. The links are sometimes as much hidden in unemphatic dialogue as they usually are in Landor's "Conversations." Hence the close attention demanded of a reader by both those writers. Some of Jane Austen's scenes are as denuded of superfluity as his, so that the meaning is to be got only on condition of mentally supplying stage-directions which are left out. The scene of Louisa Musgrove's unlucky jump is a case in point. All is hurry and agitation and movement, but for the most part merely implied in the words of the several characters. Read hastily, it is tame; read attentively, it is as rapid and close in construction, and as fully provides for every character at every moment as if it were Scribe's. The development of plot and of character by means of dialogue is as distinguishing a trait of Jane Austen as of any novelist, and is better understood by none than by her. Charles Reade and Trollope, each in his way, use dialogue very largely and very well. Reade's is dramatic in the histrionic sense that it may be put, with scarcely the change of a word, into the mouths of actors; Trollope's is the *verbatim* report of the voluminous talk of his personages; Jane Austen's differs from both in being not so literal a transcript, and in being more essentially a tissue of character manifested in speech. The whole character is shown chiefly by the dialogue in her books; the other authors need more supplementary comment to complete the character. Her way may or may not be the best; she, at any rate, is unsurpassed in that special thing; for, though perhaps nothing of hers is so concentrated and penetrating as Mr. Crawley's, "Peace, woman," to Mrs. Proudie, that is an almost unique stroke in Trollope, who habitually is as diffuse as she is concise.

On all these points, and on several others, it would be possible to expatiate to an indefinite extent. The difficulty of finding short specific illustrations of an essence which disappears under analysis, is, however, great; and a list of abstract qualities unaccompanied by concrete in-

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stances of their occurrence, is as dull and useless as the balance-sheet of a railway company in which you own no stock. The final result produced by the fusion of qualities in her novels is that the characters remain very distinct in the recollection. The total effect of many novels of great interest is that, through lack of this special faculty of characterization, the subject overpowers the individual characters, which become perhaps types, but more probably puppets only slightly different from a hundred other inhabitants of the land of fiction. Such personages are, of course, lost in the crowd; hers are safe from that fate, for, though they may not move us deeply, they can scarcely be forgotten. It remains to speak separately of the novels, which together constitute a little corner of creation to be mistaken for no other.

In "Northanger Abbey" the point of departure from the Radcliffe school is marked; novels of highly wrought mystery are parodied. Not to go into a consideration of the amusing ridicule that saves this rather immature book from being dull—for that has been done again and again—it may suffice here to mention the last paragraph as a witty take-off on the elaborate conclusion of "The Mysteries of Udolpho." The book may be regarded as associating its author in the field of burlesque with Fielding and Thackeray, each of whom early indulged his sportive propensities in that sort of attack on the school of fiction from which he departed, and each of whom, it may be whispered, did it better than she.

"Mansfield Park" and "Emma" are said to show the influence of Miss Edgeworth's didacticism, though neither was ever called, like "Cœlebs," a "dramatic sermon." It is not easy to fancy Jane Austen writing for the edification of her readers, or trying to teach anybody but the children who were so fond of her and of the "long, circumstantial stories" she used to invent for their amusement; even them she would, in all probability, have taught rather through her personal charm than by appending moral tags to the fairy tales she told them, or by imparting categorical information. If any of her novels are didactic, it is, I am inclined to believe, incidentally, not intrinsically. No charge so grave has been brought against "Sense and Sensibility" and "Pride and Prejudice;" they may owe their escape to the chronological accident that Miss Edgeworth did not begin to publish until after they were written. For my own part, I do not see that "Emma" is a whit more didactic than "Pride and Prejudice."

As to the relative power to amuse—the thing she wrote for: primarily, to amuse herself—of "Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," and "Emma," opinions will differ. The number is small of those who do not regard them all somewhat as the passengers on board the Indiaman in the story regarded that monument of tediousness, "The Memories of Clegg the Clergyman," which not even the offer of the "two volumes in duodecimo, handsomely bound," could prevail with anyone but the boatswain, "a man of strong and solid parts, to hazard the attempt" of reading straight through. Of the small number who read them, there are probably few who find no dull places. "Pride and Prejudice"—rated by Trollope second only to "Henry Esmond"—though a less mature piece of work than "Mansfield Park," is more continuously amusing. It opens brilliantly; "Mansfield Park" rather tamely. The most concise and accurate summary of "Pride and Prejudice" is Mr. Goldwin Smith's: "Philip Darcy is Pride; Elizabeth Bennet is Prejudice; and the plot is the struggle of their mutual attraction against their mutual repulsion, ending in love and marriage." The plot of "Mansfield Park" is the more varied; the types in "Pride and Prejudice" are the more sharply contrasted. A competent judge of several literatures has called "Mansfield Park" a "great book;" Mrs. Oliphant rates it low. Fanny Price and Miss Crawford are interesting, especially in their effect on each other; the latter is unlike any other of Jane Austen's characters, and is certainly a striking figure. Without attempting nice discrimination among the three books, it is safe to say that, whereas "Pride and Prejudice" and "Mansfield Park," though surely characteristic, contain incidents that would, off-hand, not suggest her, "Emma" shows to per-

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fection throughout the qualities that distinguish its author among novelists. In all three there is some caricature, but very little in consideration of the opportunity. Think what Dickens would have made, for instance, of Mr. Woodhouse's nervous solicitude lest the horses should wet their feet in a quarter of an inch of snow. Instead of yielding to the temptation to caricature, she is usually content with quietly showing peculiarities in action, and in contrast to other peculiarities, which she contrives to introduce repeatedly without harping on them. Her heroines' peculiarities are treated with shrewd cunning. She does not, as some novelists do, make you feel that a subordinate character is better drawn than a principal. This is one test of her craft, for of course it is easier to sketch a subordinate distinctly enough to give the reader no sense of blurred individuality, than it is to round out, by strokes differing but slightly from one another and constantly repeated, a personage that is kept continually in the foreground—to leave an impression of Miss Bates or of Mrs. Elton, for instance, being better done than Emma. It is not so, however; Emma is as peculiarly herself as Desdemona.

The earliest article on Jane Austen in the *Quarterly*, already mentioned, after a lively synopsis of the dexterously twined ins and outs of Emma's maiden life, which is animated by the very spirit of the book, goes on to say that "there are cross-purposes enough (were the novel of a more romantic cast) for cutting half the men's throats and breaking all the women's hearts. But at Highbury Cupid walks decorously, and with good discretion, bearing his torch under a lanthorn, instead of flourishing it around to set the house on fire. All these entanglements bring on only a train of mistakes and embarrassing situations, and dialogues at balls and parties of pleasure, in which the author displays her peculiar powers of humor and knowledge of human life. The plot is extricated with great simplicity." It has even been said, with some plausibility, that there is too much plot for the interest, which consequently falls flat. Those persons, however, who think Emma and the other heroines insipid dolls, may be reminded of the end of one of the cleverest chapters in "Daniel Deronda." When Gwendolen and Grandcourt have met, and had the conversation in which the pauses are as interesting at least as the speeches, and, after a few more incidents, Gwendolen is left pondering whether or not she shall accept him, George Eliot, in one of the essays that contain so much of what is best in the books whose symmetry they mar, thus touches, with words fitting Emma almost as closely as Gwendolen, on the province of the young girl:

"Could there be a slenderer, more insignificant thread in human history than this consciousness of a girl, busy with her small inferences of the way in which she could make her life pleasant?—in a time, too, when ideas were with fresh vigor making armies of themselves, and the universal kinship was declaring itself fiercely: when women on the other side of the world would not mourn for the husbands and sons who died bravely in a common cause, and men stinted of bread on our side of the world heard of that willing loss and were patient: a time when the soul of man was waking to pulses which had for centuries been beating in him unfelt, until their full sum made a new life of terror or of joy.

"What in the midst of that mighty drama are girls and their blind visions? They are the Yea or Nay of that good for which men are enduring and fighting. In these delicate vessels is borne onward through the ages the treasure of human affections."

Anne Elliot has been spoken of as a nineteenth-century Viola. Though there may be a point or two of similarity, it is not easy to fancy her writing "loyal cantons of contemned love," or singing "them loud even in the dead of night," or making "the babbling gossip of the air cry out *Olivia!*" Sir Walter, the consequential, pompous, and vain, is a not altogether unworthy descendant of Malvolio. But any such fanciful notion of "Persuasion" in tow astern of "Twelfth Night" seems less to the purpose than Whately's unaffected avowal that "on the whole, it is one of the most elegant fictions of common life we ever remember to have met with." Anne Elliot differs from Jane Austen's other heroines: patient

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and submissive, tender and winning, full of a womanly sensibility not incompatible with sense, she is a heroine of a kind, in a situation of a kind, new, it is said, to British fiction in the early years of this century. However that may be, the book shows broader sympathies, deeper observation, and perhaps more perfect symmetry, balance, poise, than the others. The always flexible, unobtrusive style, in which reduction of emphasis is carried sometimes to the verge of equivocation, concealing the author, yet instinct with her presence, in none of her books approximates more nearly to Cardinal Newman's definition—"a thinking out into language." In general, the qualities that appear in the others are in "Persuasion" perhaps more successfully fused than before. Through it runs a strain of pathos unheard in its predecessors, which in the chapter before the last combines in harmony with the other motives in a way not suggested in the previous novels. That chapter is as well composed as Thackeray's chapters about Waterloo. As Shelley, toward the end of his life, with more complete control of his material, gave promise of more satisfying work than any he had done, so Jane Austen, always master of her material, gave evidence, in her last book, of wider scope. "Persuasion" does not, of course, like "Vanity Fair," echo the distant hum of the whole of the human life; it is, however, a "mirror of bright constancy." Jane Austen's observation, unusually keen always—and that is no mean qualification, for has not humor its source in observation?—here unites with the wisdom of forty to make a picture softer in tone, more delicate in modelling, more mellow, than its companions of her girlhood, or than its immediate predecessors in her later period. The book marks the beginning of a third period, beyond the entrance to which she did not live to go. It is not pretended that she would, with any length of life, have produced heroic paintings of extensive and complicated scenes, for that was not her field; it may reasonably be supposed that, had she lived, her miniatures might, in succeeding years, have shown predominantly the sympathetic quality which in "Persuasion" begins to assert itself.

Arnold says that Homer is "rapid in movement, simple in style, plain in language, natural in thought," and adds that he is "also, and above all, noble." Jane Austen, usually rapid, simple, plain, and natural, is not noble in the sense in which Arnold uses the word; nor is there quite enough of the divine madness in her method to crown her a genius. Scott, not always rapid, simple, plain, and natural, occupies the throne of nobility and genius. It is the last to which she would have aspired; her attributes are rather those of the artist. She kept her hazel eyes open in the narrow world she lived in, saw accurately and humorously its gently undulating surface, and, without exaggeration of the importance of her subject or distortion of its relations, expressed, for love of the work, and with rare skill, what she felt. The reader who, amid the conflict of our "fierce intellectual life," is insensible to "the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment," loses the unique opportunity for tranquil enjoyment afforded by the high comedy of manners of the provincial Jane Austen, the artist.

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YOUTH AND AGE.

By C. P. Cranch.

In summer the luxuriant foliage made
On window and on roof a pleasant shade;
But darkened half the sky's ethereal blue,
And shut the horizon from my longing view.

In autumn, though the trees are stripped and thin,
They let the sun and cheerful daylight in.
Through the bare boughs the heavens are smiling clear,
And distant views, long lost, again draw near.

Youth glances from a shadowed window-pane,
And counts the nearest view sufficient gain.
Age sees through time's frail wrecks and crumbling bars
The eternal splendor of the sun and stars.

THE OTHER WOMAN.

By Richard Harding Davis.

YOUNG LATIMER stood on one of the lower steps of the hall stairs, leaning with one hand on the broad railing and smiling down at her. She had followed him from the drawing-room and had stopped at the entrance, drawing the curtains behind her, and making, unconsciously, a dark background for her head and figure. He thought he had never seen her look more beautiful, nor that cold, fine air of thorough breeding, about her which was her greatest beauty to him, more strongly in evidence.

"Well, sir," she said, "why don't you go?"

He shifted his position slightly and leaned more comfortably upon the railing, as though he intended to discuss it with her at some length.

"How can I go," he said, argumentatively, "with you standing there—looking like that?"

"I really believe," the girl said, slowly, "that he is afraid; yes, he is afraid. And you always said," she added, turning to him, "you were so brave."

"Oh, I am sure I never said that," exclaimed the young man, calmly. "I may be brave, in fact I am quite brave, but I never said I was. Someone must have told you."

"Yes, he is afraid," she said, nodding her head to the tall clock across the hall, "he is temporizing and trying to save time. And afraid of a man, too, and such a good man who would not hurt anyone."

"You know a bishop is always a very difficult sort of a person," he said, "and when he happens to be your father the

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combination is just a bit awful. Isn't it now? And especially when one means to ask him for his daughter. You know it isn't like asking him to let one smoke in his study."

"If I loved a girl," she said, shaking her head and smiling up at him, "I wouldn't be afraid of the whole world; that's what they say in books, isn't it? I would be so bold and happy."

"Oh, well, I'm bold enough," said the young man, laughing; "if I had not been, I never would have asked you to marry me; and I'm happy enough, that's because I did ask you. But what if he says no," continued the youth; "what if he says he has greater ambitions for you, just as they say in books, too. What will you do? Will you run away with me? I can borrow a coach just as they used to do, and we can drive off through the Park and be married, and come back and ask his blessing on our knees—unless he should overtake us on the elevated."

"That," said the girl, decidedly, "is flippant, and I'm going to leave you. I never thought to marry a man who would be frightened at the very first. I am greatly disappointed."

She stepped back into the drawing-room and pulled the curtains to behind her, and then opened them again and whispered, "Please don't be long," and disappeared. He waited, smiling, to see if she would make another appearance, but she did not, and he heard her touch the keys of the piano at the other end of the drawing-room. And so, still smiling and with her last words sounding in his ears, he walked slowly up the stairs and knocked at the door of the bishop's study. The bishop's room was not ecclesiastic in its character. It looked much like the room of any man of any calling who cared for his books and to have pictures about him, and copies of the beautiful things he had seen on his travels. There were pictures of the Virgin and the Child, but they were those that are seen in almost any house, and there were etchings and plaster casts, and there were hundreds of books, and dark red curtains, and an open fire that lit up the pots of brass with ferns in them, and the blue and white plaques on the top of the bookcase. The bishop sat before his writing-table, with one hand shading his eyes from the light of a red-covered lamp, and looked up and smiled pleasantly and nodded as the young man entered. He had a very strong face with white hair hanging at the side, but was still a young man for one in such a high office. He was a man interested in many things, who could talk to men of any profession or to the mere man of pleasure, and could interest them in what he said, and force their respect and liking. And he was very good, and had, they said, seen much trouble.

"I am afraid I interrupted you," said the young man, tentatively.

"No, I have interrupted myself," replied the bishop. "I don't seem to make this clear to myself," he said, touching the paper in front of him, "and so I very much doubt if I am going to make it clear to anyone else. However," he added, smiling, as he pushed the manuscript to one side, "we are not going to talk about that now. What have you to tell me that is new?"

The younger man glanced up quickly at this, but the bishop's face showed that his words had had no ulterior meaning, and that he suspected nothing more serious to come than the gossip of the clubs or a report of the local political fight in which he was keenly interested, or on their mission on the East Side. But it seemed an opportunity to Latimer.

"I *have* something new to tell you," he said, gravely, and with his eyes turned toward the open fire, "and I don't know how to do it exactly. I mean I don't just know how it is generally done or how to tell it best." He hesitated and leaned forward, with his hands locked in front of him, and his elbows resting on his knees. He was not in the least frightened. The bishop had listened to many strange stories, to many confessions, in this same study, and had learned to take them as a matter of course; but to-night something in the manner of the young man before him made him stir uneasily, and he waited for him to disclose the object of his visit with some impatience.

"I will suppose, sir," said young Latimer, finally, "that you know me rather well—I mean you know who my people

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are, and what I am doing here in New York, and who my friends are, and what my work amounts to. You have let me see a great deal of you, and I have appreciated your doing so very much; to so young a man as myself it has been a great compliment, and it has been of great benefit to me. I know that better than anyone else. I say this because unless you had shown me this confidence it would have been almost impossible for me to say to you what I am going to say now. But you have allowed me to come here frequently, and to see you and talk with you here in your study, and to see even more of your daughter. Of course, sir, you did not suppose that I came here only to see you. I came here because I found that if I did not see Miss Ellen for a day, that that day was wasted, and that I spent it uneasily and discontentedly, and the necessity of seeing her even more frequently has grown so great that I cannot come here as often as I seem to want to come unless I am engaged to her, unless I come as her husband that is to be." The young man had been speaking very slowly and picking his words, but now he raised his head and ran on quickly.

"I have spoken to her and told her how I love her, and she has told me that she loves me, and that if you will not oppose us will marry me. That is the news I have to tell you, sir. I don't know but that I might have told it differently, but that is it. I need not urge on you my position and all that, because I do not think that weighs with you; but I do tell you that I love Ellen so dearly that, though I am not worthy of her, of course, I have no other pleasure than to give her pleasure and to try and make her happy. I have the power to do it; but what is much more, I have the wish to do it; it is all I think of now, and all that I can ever think of. What she thinks of me you must ask her; but what she is to me neither she can tell you nor do I believe that I myself could make you understand." The young man's face was flushed and eager, and as he finished speaking he raised his head and watched the bishop's countenance anxiously. But the older man's face was hidden by his hand as he leaned with his elbow on his writing-table. His other hand was playing with a pen, and when he began to speak, which he did after a long pause, he still turned it between his fingers and looked down at it.

"I suppose," he said, as softly as though he were speaking to himself, "that I should have known this; I suppose that I should have been better prepared to hear it. But it is one of those things which men put off—I mean those men who have children to put off—as they do making their wills, as something that is in the future and that may be shirked until it comes. We seem to think that our daughters will live with us always, just as we expect to live on ourselves until death comes one day and startles us and finds us unprepared." He took down his hand and smiled gravely at the younger man with an evident effort, and said, "I did not mean to speak so gloomily, but you see my point of view must be different from yours. And she says she loves you, does she?" he added, gently.

Young Latimer bowed his head and murmured something inarticulately in reply, and then held his head erect again and waited, still watching the bishop's face.

"I think she might have told me," said the older man; "but then I suppose this is the better way. I am young enough to understand that the old order changes, that the customs of my father's time differ from those of to-day. And there is no alternative, I suppose," he said, shaking his head. "I am stopped and told to deliver, and have no choice. I will get used to it in time," he went on, "but it seems very hard now. Fathers are selfish, I imagine, but she is all I have."

Young Latimer looked gravely into the fire and wondered how long it would last. He could just hear the piano from below, and he was anxious to return to her. And at the same time he was drawn toward the older man before him, and felt rather guilty, as though he really were robbing him. But at the bishop's next words he gave up any thought of a speedy release, and settled himself in his chair.

"We are still to have a long talk,"

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said the bishop. "There are many things I must know, and of which I am sure you will inform me freely. I believe there are some who consider me hard, and even narrow on different points, but I do not think you will find me so, at least let us hope not. I must confess that for a moment I almost hoped that you might not be able to answer the questions I must ask you, but it was only for a moment. I am only too sure you will not be found wanting, and that the conclusion of our talk will satisfy us both. Yes, I am confident of that."

His manner changed, nevertheless, and Latimer saw that he was now facing a judge and not a plaintiff who had been robbed, and that he was in turn the defendant. And still he was in no way frightened.

"I like you," the bishop said, "I like you very much. As you say yourself, I have seen a great deal of you, because I have enjoyed your society, and your views and talk were good and young and fresh, and did me good. You have served to keep me in touch with the outside world, a world of which I used to know at one time a great deal. I know your people and I know you, I think, and many people have spoken to me of you. I see why now. They, no doubt, understood what was coming better than myself, and were meaning to reassure me concerning you. And they said nothing but what was good of you. But there are certain things of which no one can know but yourself, and concerning which no other person, save myself, has a right to question you. You have promised very fairly for my daughter's future; you have suggested more than you have said, but I understood. You can give her many pleasures which I have not been able to afford; she can get from you the means of seeing more of this world in which she lives, of meeting more people, and of indulging in her charities, or in her extravagances, for that matter, as she wishes. I have no fear of her bodily comfort; her life, as far as that is concerned, will be easier and broader, and with more power for good. Her future, as I say, as you say also, is assured; but I want to ask you this," the bishop leaned forward and watched the young man anxiously, "you can protect her in the future, but can you assure me that you can protect her from the past?"

Young Latimer raised his eyes calmly and said, "I don't think I quite understand."

"I have perfect confidence, I say," returned the bishop, "in you as far as your treatment of Ellen is concerned in the future. You love her and you would do everything to make the life of the woman you love a happy one; but this is it, Can you assure me that there is nothing in the past that may reach forward later and touch my daughter through you—no ugly story, no oats that have been sowed, and no boomerang that you have thrown wantonly and that has not returned—but which may return?"

"I think I understand you, sir," said the young man, quietly. "I have lived," he began, "as other men of my sort have lived. You know what that is, for you must have seen it about you at college, and after that before you entered the Church. I judge so from your friends, who were your friends then, I understand. You know how they lived. I never went in for dissipation, if you mean that, because it never attracted me. I am afraid I kept out of it not so much out of respect for others as for respect for myself. I found my self-respect was a very good thing to keep, and I rather preferred keeping it and losing several pleasures that other men managed to enjoy, apparently with free consciences. I confess I used to rather envy them. It is no particular virtue on my part, the thing struck me as rather more vulgar than wicked, and so I have had no wild oats to speak of; and no woman, if that is what you mean, can write an anonymous letter, and no man can tell you a story about me that he could not tell in my presence."

There was something in the way the young man spoke which would have amply satisfied the outsider, had he been present; but the bishop's eyes were still unrelaxed and anxious. He made an impatient motion with his hand.

"I know you too well, I hope," he said, "to think of doubting your atti-

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tude in that particular. I know you are a gentleman, that is enough for that; but there is something beyond these more common evils. You see, I am terribly in earnest over this — you may think unjustly so considering how well I know you, but this child is my only child. If her mother had lived my responsibility would have been less great; but, as it is, God has left her here alone to me in my hands. I do not think He intended my duty should end when I had fed and clothed her, and taught her to read and write. I do not think He meant that I should only act as her guardian until the first man she fancied fancied her. I must look to her happiness not only now when she is with me, but I must assure myself of it when she leaves my roof. These common sins of youth I acquit you of. Such things are beneath you, I believe, and I did not even consider them. But there are other toils in which men become involved, other evils or misfortunes which exist, and which threaten all men who are young and free and attractive in many ways to women, as well as men. You have lived the life of the young man of this day. You have reached a place in your profession when you can afford to rest and marry and assume the responsibilities of marriage. You look forward to a life of content and peace and honorable ambition — a life with your wife at your side which is to last forty or fifty years. You consider where you will be twenty years from now, at what point of your career you may become a judge or give up practice; your perspective is unlimited; you even think of the college to which you may send your son. It is a long, quiet future that you are looking forward to, and you choose my daughter as the companion for that future, as the one woman with whom you could live content for that length of time. And it is in that spirit that you come to me to-night and that you ask me for my daughter. Now I am going to ask you one question, and as you answer that I will tell you whether or not you can have Ellen for your wife. You look forward, as I say, to many years of life, and you have chosen her as best suited to live that period with you; but I ask you this, and I demand that you answer me truthfully, and that you remember that you are speaking to her father. Imagine that I had the power to tell you, or rather that some superhuman agent could convince you, that you had but a month to live, and that for what you did in that month you would not be held responsible either by any moral law or any law made by man, and that your life hereafter would not be influenced by your conduct in that month, would you spend it, I ask you—and on your answer depends mine—would you spend those thirty days, with death at the end, with my daughter, or with some other woman of whom I know nothing?"

Latimer sat for some time silent, until indeed, his silence assumed such a significance that he raised his head impatiently and said with a motion of the hand, "I mean to answer you in a minute, I want to be sure that I understand."

The bishop bowed his head in assent, and for a still longer period the men sat motionless. The clock in the corner seemed to tick more loudly and the dead coals dropping in the grate had a sharp, aggressive sound. The notes of the piano that had risen from the room below had ceased.

"If I understand you," said Latimer, finally, and his voice and his face as he raised it were hard and aggressive, "you are stating a purely hypothetical case. You wish to try me by conditions which do not exist, which cannot exist. What justice is there, what right is there, in asking me to say how I would act under circumstances which are impossible, which lie beyond the limit of human experience? You cannot judge a man by what he would do if he were suddenly robbed of all his mental and moral training and of the habit of years. I am not admitting, understand me, that if the conditions which you suggest did exist that I would do one whit differently from what I will do if they remain as they are. I am merely denying your right to put such a question to me at all. You might just as well judge the shipwrecked sailors on a raft who eat each other's flesh as you would judge a sane, healthy man who did such a thing in his own home. Are you going to condemn men who are ice-locked at the

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North Pole, or buried in the heart of Africa, and who have given up all thought of return and are half mad and wholly without hope, as you would judge ourselves? Are they to be weighed and balanced as you and I are, sitting here within the sound of the cabs outside and with a bake-shop around the corner? What you propose could not exist, could never happen. I could never be placed where I should have to make such a choice, and you have no right to ask me what I would do or how I would act under conditions that are superhuman — you used the word yourself — where all that I have held to be good and just and true would be obliterated. I would be unworthy of myself, I would be unworthy of your daughter, if I considered such a state of things for a moment, or if I placed my hopes of marrying her on the outcome of such a test, and so, sir," said the young man, throwing back his head, "I must refuse to answer you."

The bishop lowered his hand from before his eyes and sank back wearily into his chair. "You have answered me," he said.

"You have no right to say that," cried the young man, springing to his feet. "You have no right to suppose anything or to draw any conclusions. I have not answered you." He stood with his head and shoulders thrown back, and with his hands resting on his hips and with the fingers working nervously at his waist.

"What you have said," replied the bishop, in a voice that had changed strangely, and which was inexpressibly sad and gentle, "is merely a curtain of words to cover up your true feeling. It would have been so easy to have said, 'For thirty days or for life Ellen is the only woman who has the power to make me happy.' You see that would have answered me and satisfied me. But you did not say that," he added quickly, as the young man made a movement as if to speak.

"Well, and suppose this other woman did exist, what then?" demanded Latimer. "The conditions you suggest are impossible, you must, you will surely, sir, admit that."

"I do not know," replied the bishop, sadly; "I do not know. It may happen that whatever obstacle there has been which has kept you from her may be removed. It may be that she has married, it may be that she has fallen so low that you cannot marry her. But if you have loved her once you may love her again; whatever it was that separated you in the past, that separates you now, that makes you prefer my daughter to her, may come to an end when you are married, when it will be too late, and when only trouble can come of it, and Ellen would bear that trouble. Can I risk that?"

"But I tell you it is impossible," cried the young man. "The woman is beyond the love of any man, at least such a man as I am, or try to be."

"Do you mean," asked the bishop, gently and with an eager look of hope, "that she is dead?"

Latimer faced the father for some seconds in silence. Then he raised his head slowly. "No," he said, "I do not mean she is dead. No, she is not dead."

Again the bishop moved back wearily into his chair. "You mean then," he said, "perhaps, that she is a married woman?" Latimer pressed his lips together at first as though he would not answer, and then raised his eyes coldly. "Perhaps," he said.

The older man had held up his hand as if to signify that what he was about to say should be listened to without interruption, when a sharp turning of the lock of the door caused both the father and the suitor to start. Then they turned and looked at each other with anxious inquiry and with much concern, for they recognized for the first time that their voices had been loud. The older man stepped quickly across the floor, but before he reached the middle of the room the door opened from the outside and his daughter stood in the doorway with her head held down and her eyes looking at the floor.

"Ellen!" exclaimed the father, in a voice of pain and the deepest pity.

The girl moved toward the place from where his voice came without raising her eyes, and when she reached him put her arms about him and hid her face on his shoulder. She moved as though she

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were tired, as though she were exhausted by some heavy work.

"My child," said the bishop gently, "were you listening?" There was no reproach in his voice, it was simply full of pity and concern.

"I thought," whispered the girl, brokenly, "that he would be frightened; I wanted to hear what he would say. I thought I could laugh at him for it afterward. I did it for a joke. I thought——" she stopped with a little gasping sob that she tried to hide, and for a moment held herself erect and then sank back again into her father's arms with her head upon his breast.

Latimer started forward holding out his arms to her. "Ellen," he said, "surely, Ellen, you are not against me. You see how preposterous it is, how unjust it is to me. You cannot mean——"

The girl raised her head and shrugged her shoulders slightly as though she were cold. "Father," she said, wearily, "ask him to go away. Why does he stay? Ask him to go away."

Latimer stopped and took a step back as though some one had struck him, and then stood silent with his face flushed and his eyes flashing. It was not in answer to anything that they said that he spoke, but to their attitude and what it suggested. "You stand there," he began, "you two stand there as though I were something unclean, as though I had committed some crime. You look at me as though I were on trial for murder or worse. Both of you together against me. What have I done? What difference is there? You loved me a half hour ago, Ellen; you said you did. I know you loved me; and you, sir," he added, more quietly, "treated me like a friend. Has anything come since then to change me or you? Be fair to me, be sensible. What is the use of this? It is a silly, needless, horrible mistake. You know I love you, Ellen; love you better than all the world. I don't have to tell you that, you know it, you can see it and feel it. It does not need to be said, words can't make it any truer. You have confused yourselves and stultified yourselves with this trick, this test by hypothetical conditions, by considering what is not real or possible. It is simple enough; it is plain enough. You know I love you, Ellen, and you only, and that is all there is to it, and all that there is of any consequence in the world to me. The matter stops there, that is all there is for you to consider. Answer me, Ellen, speak to me. Tell me that you believe me."

He stopped and moved a step toward her, but as he did so the girl, still without looking up, drew herself nearer to her father and shrank more closely into his arms; but the father's face was troubled and doubtful, and he regarded the younger man with a look of the most anxious scrutiny. Latimer did not regard this. Their hands were raised against him as far as he could understand, and he broke forth again proudly, and with a defiant indignation:

"What right have you to judge me?" he began; "what do you know of what I have suffered, and endured, and overcome? How can you know what I have had to give up and put away from me? It's easy enough for you to draw your skirts around you, but what can a woman bred as you have been bred know of what I've had to fight against and keep under and cut away? It was an easy, beautiful idyl to you; your love came to you only when it should have come, and for a man who was good and worthy, and distinctly eligible—I don't mean that; forgive me, Ellen, but you drive me beside myself. But he is good and he believes himself worthy, and I say that myself before you both. But I am only worthy and only good because of that other love that I put away when it became a crime, when it became impossible. Do you know what it cost me? Do you know what it meant to me, and what I went through, and how I suffered? Do you know who this other woman is whom you are insulting with your doubts and guesses in the dark? Can't you spare her? Am I not enough? Perhaps it was easy for her, too; perhaps her silence cost her nothing; perhaps she did not suffer and has nothing but happiness and content to look forward to for the rest of her life; and I tell you that it is because we did put it away, and kill it, and not give way to it that I am whatever I am to-day; whatever good there is in me is due to that temptation and to the fact that I beat it

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and overcame it and kept myself honest and clean. And when I met you and learned to know you I believed in my heart that God had sent you to me that I might know what it was to love a woman whom I could marry and who could be my wife; that you were the reward for my having overcome temptation and the sign that I had done well. And now you throw me over and put me aside as though I were something low and unworthy, because of this temptation, because of this very thing that has made me know myself and my own strength and that has kept me up for you."

As the young man had been speaking the bishop's eyes had never left his face, and as he finished the face of the priest grew clearer and decided, and calmly exultant. And as Latimer ceased he bent his head above his daughter's and said in a voice that seemed to speak with more than human inspiration, "My child," he said, "if God had given me a son I should have been proud if he could have spoken as this young man has done."

But the woman only said, "Let him go to her."

"Ellen, oh, Ellen," cried the father.

He drew back from the girl in his arms and looked anxiously and feelingly at her lover. "How could you, Ellen," he said, "how could you?" He was watching the young man's face with eyes full of sympathy and concern. "How little you know him," he said, "how little you understand. He will not do that," he added quickly, but looking questioningly at Latimer and speaking in a tone almost of command. "He will not undo all that he has done, I know him better than that." But Latimer made no answer and for a moment the two men stood watching each other and questioning each other with their eyes. Then Latimer turned, and without again so much as glancing at the girl walked steadily to the door and left the room. He passed on slowly down the stairs and out into the night, and paused upon the top of the steps leading to the street. Below him lay the avenue with its double line of lights stretching off in two long perspectives. The lamps of hundreds of cabs and carriages flashed as they advanced toward him and shone for a moment at the turnings of the cross streets, and from either side came the ceaseless rush and murmur, and over all hung the strange mystery that covers a great city at night. Latimer's rooms lay to the south, but he stood looking toward a spot to the north with a reckless, harassed look in his face that had not been there for many months. He stood so for a minute, and then gave a short shrug of disgust at his momentary doubt and ran quickly down the steps. "No," he said, "if it were for a month, yes; but it is to be for many years, many more long years." And turning his back resolutely to the north he went slowly home.

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

Dr. Eliot, of Harvard, in considering in a recent magazine article what is necessary to be done to prevent superior families from running out, puts country life among the conditions that are indispensable. It is argued against him that in Dutch and German cities families go on from century to century under the same roofs, and pursuing the same avocations; but Dutch cities are not American cities, and their experience gives no rule that will modify the necessity of getting New Yorkers out of New York. How the country boy can come to town and take possession of it has been amply demonstrated; but how the city boy can be reclaimed and made to grow up in the country is a problem the solution of which has only begun to be attempted. It is solved after a fashion by men who have one dwelling in some great hive of industry, and another at Newport, or Lenox, or Bar Harbor, where their families go into fashionable retreat in the summer. It is also solved in another fashion by great numbers of poorer men who travel many miles a day in order that their children may have suburban homes. But this last is only a makeshift remedy after all. What American families have not yet achieved to any great extent, and the conditions of American life seem not to encourage, are real country homes, from which the dwellers shall go to town for the winter, and where their principal ties and their more serious expenditures shall remain.

Until very lately the city house has been the rich American's real home. There he has spent money lavishly to make himself comfortable, and has been content with the shelter of a hotel or a clapboard cottage for his family in the summer. When he makes up his mind that the place for a home is somewhere where there are grass and trees and water and pigs and cattle, and that hotels and boarding-houses and flats will afford him shelter enough for such months as he wants to spend in town, then, perhaps, the appreciation of the country may be increased enough to check the tendency of migration citywards. There is no doubt that in our land and our time the country needs the city man about as much as the city needs the country boy. Country life of the more elaborate and expensive sort is exceedingly scarce. Suburban life is not the same thing, and is not to be confused with it. Country people who had any money have thought they could have more pleasure with it in town; and those who hadn't money have believed that in town they might get some. The latter belief has often proved to be well founded. The former ought not to have been true. There ought to be more enjoyment in the country for people of reasonable incomes and wholesome tastes than in town.

To live in the country and get one's living from the soil has become an ungrateful task in any Eastern State. The aspirant for a country life that is pleasant and recreative should take his income into the country with him. Not everyone, of course, can do that; but plenty of people could if it were the fashion, and they wished to. Besides the city men who have to work eight hours a day in town, there are very many whose urban ties can be relaxed. When people who are rich enough to have two places make their country place their real

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home; when men who have retired from business make their homes in the country; when people who now live in town for pleasure learn to spend three months in town and nine in the country, instead of *vice-versa;* when State roads and electric railroads make the country more accessible, and the expenditure in the country of money made in town makes the rural districts more interesting; when a lifetime spent in money-getting in Wall Street or "The Swamp" ceases to be considered "successful," there will be less difficulty than there is just now in providing that the city man's grandson may have such a share of real country life that *his* grandson, when it comes his turn to come to town, may have something worth fetching.

Happily there are some signs that such a time is coming. Rich people who can have what they want begin to give evidence that the attractions of country life have weight with them. They set the fashion, and when once fashion sets countryward it is pretty safe to conclude that the natural attractions of country life will do the rest. Once establish the fact that country life is worth having, and plenty of Americans will be found who can afford to enjoy it.

THERE is a good story — *se non è vero, è ben trovato*—about a first meeting between Emerson and George Eliot. "What is the most remarkable book of the last three centuries?" asked the author of "Adam Bede." "'Rousseau's Confessions,'" answered the philosopher, without a moment's hesitation. "Good! I quite agree with you; let us sit down and talk about it." Admitting the tale to be true, we may fairly assume that neither of these plain speakers seriously prized the great sentimentalist's revelation of character, extraordinary as it is, above certain immortal creations of the master-minds that will occur at once to every gentle reader. Taking these things for granted, they but paid their just tribute to the fascination which autobiography exercises over all of us when it is written, so to speak, with the heart in the pen. Had Rousseau been left to stand or fall by his other work, he must long ago have fallen. Who cares for the "Émile" which cost him twenty years of meditation and three years of labor? Who knows anything about *Le Devin du Village?* His "Confessions," on the contrary, survive as the fruitful subject of many an argument, the text for many an essay; they form his monument, shining out fresh and clear after a century's lapse, to be read and discussed, perhaps, through other centuries. On either side of him stand lesser works of somewhat the same scope; from Pepys, for example, down to the recollections of Alfred de Musset's *chère marraine*, Madame Jaubert—a thoroughly delightful book in its limited way. It almost seems as if every man and every woman had the power of insuring immortality on earth, not by one good novel, as was once cleverly suggested, but by a good diary.

"Strange that more men do not keep such a record," once said a brilliant young writer, now no longer living, as he turned over Judge Sewall's vivid pages. "I suppose it would be done oftener if we really cared for posthumous fame; but most of us work for triumphs and glories *now*." His great opportunity is lost; his earthly triumphs and glories are all over, and it is too soon to know whether the dust will lie as thick upon them as it does upon the "Nouvelle Héloïse." We may still predict with a degree of safety that the sun will rise, refreshing the old earth with generous warmth for many summers to come; but to be kept alive by the generous temper of another age is a hope now expressed by no man. The daily thought-book to which this one alluded, but which he did not leave behind him, would have proved his surest passport to posterity.

Successful literary men, aside from mere professional skill, have exceptional possibilities of making the passport valid. Sooner or later they come in contact with all the choice spirits of their day. Good things are said and done, good anecdotes pass from mouth to mouth, to be remembered awhile and forgotten unless set down in black and white. Clearly, this simple task, so easily performed, is a duty the skilful writer owes to his descendants; since the author's note-books which remain do but stimulate our appetite for more, and his impressions of his time, however slight, will have their value some day. An outline drawing may be a satisfactory likeness, and a faint glimpse of the past is preferable to

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no glimpse at all. He need not of necessity employ a scalpel, and turn it against himself, as Rousseau did, or thought he did. But if, consciously or unconsciously, he contrives to show us his own heart, so much the better.

"When a thought takes your breath away a lesson in grammar is an impertinence," remarks Mr. T. W. Higginson in his sympathetic introduction to the remarkable "Poems" of the late Miss Emily Dickinson, recently published. This is a happy if rhetorical way of restating the familiar contention that in all departments of art substance is more important than form. By this time anything that may be said *ex parte* on either side of this time-honored discussion is sure to seem a platitude. One thinks of Mill's felicitous tabling of the classics *vs.* the sciences question in education by the query: "Should a tailor make coats or trousers?" Or of the settlement, by a recent authority upon etiquette, of the great problem whether, passing each other in the street, the lady or the gentleman should bow first: "They should bow together," he decides. In irresponsible moments, however—that is to say in most moments—one is apt to have a preference due to the domination of his reflective powers by his temperament. And in the presence of these poems of Miss Dickinson I think a temperament of any sensitiveness must feel even an alternation of preferences—being inclined now to deem them, in virtue of their substance, superior to the ordinary restrictions of form, and now to lament the loss involved in a disregard of the advantages of form. Having one's breath taken away is a very agreeable sensation, but it is not the finest sensation of which we are susceptible; and instead of being grateful for it one is very apt, if he be a connoisseur in this kind of sensations, to suffer annoyance at the perversity which is implied in a poet who, though capable of taking one's breath away, nevertheless prefers to do so in arbitrary rather than in artistic fashion. Such a poet, one feels instinctively, should rise above wilfulness, whimsicality, the disposition to challenge and defy.

After all, what do we mean by "importance?" Would it not be fair to say that the term is a relative one to this extent, that as to the importance of any specific thing the contemporary judgment, and that of posterity, are almost sure to be at variance. And is it not true that from the nature of things the contemporary judgment lays most stress on substance, and that the "final" judgment is favorable to form? Substantially speaking, how many historic things of immense contemporary vogue seem insipid to us, whereas scarcely anything of very great formal merit has been allowed to perish. In other words, is there not an element of universality about perfection of form which significance of thought does not possess; or, at any rate, is not perfection more nearly attainable in form than it is in substance? And nothing is so preservative as perfection or any approach to it.

One thing is very certain—neglect of form involves the sacrifice of an element of positive attractiveness as well as offending positively by perverseness and eccentricity. Whether rhyme and rhythm, cadence, purity, flawlessness, melody are essential or not to poetry, the abandonment of the artistic quality which they imply is obviously a loss. "The first indispensable faculty of a singer is ability to sing," exclaims Mr. Swinburne with his usual peremptoriness in his essay on Collins. And all poetry—it may be conceded to him, in spite of the notorious overweighting of his own thought by his musical quality—has at least a lyric element, though, of course, it does not all demand the "lyric cry." Formlessness is the antithesis of art, and so far as poetry is formless it loses that immensely attractive interest which is purely æsthetic. It not merely offends by perversely ignoring the conventionally established though rationally evolved and soundly based rules of the game it purports to play, but in announcing thus, boldly, its independence of any æsthetic, any sensuous, interest, it puts a severe strain on the quality of its own substance—handicaps it in most dangerous fashion instead of giving it that aid and furtherance which the best substance is sure to need. If, as in Miss Dickinson's case, there be occasionally a subtle but essential order in what, superficially, seems chaotic, it may legitimately be maintained that to lay any stress on this is merely to argue against conventionality and not at

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all in favor of amorphousness. It is simply to assert the elasticity of orchestration and emphasize its range—to exalt the value of new forms over the old. And it is curious to note how prone are all apologists for formlessness, including Mr. Higginson in the present instance, and the admirers of Walt Whitman, *passim*, for example, to insist that what to the convention-steeped sense appears amorphous is in reality the very acme of form. Singularly enough, Mr. Higginson concludes his introduction to these poems by citing a sentence of Mr. Ruskin in favor of "thought" as opposed to "workmanship." Was there ever so striking an example as Mr. Ruskin of what "workmanship" has done even for the most *saugrenu* thought?

In days which are quite old enough now to be good, whatever the critical judgment passed upon them in their time, fashionable women used to assert with bated breath that the Empress of the French made their fashions for them. So generally accepted was this theory that it required no very vivid imagination to picture the fair deputy of the Fates, who seemed endowed for her high purpose with an immortal youth, actually weaving the destinies of womankind in some retired *salon* of the Tuileries among her ladies-in-waiting. "There will be no more fashions now," sighed an American votaress when the thread of the Second Empire was snipped so sharply at Sedan. Fortunately, that grim foreboding was not borne out by the fact. The world goes round, and the seasons change, though mighty states crumble and fall. New fashions for spring and autumn crop up like mushrooms in a single night. But how are they made, and who makes them?

Men laugh at the caprices of an unwritten code by which the outward line of beauty has become almost as variable as the occult course of the female mind itself; yet, though conformity to custom in the matter of dress shows no appreciable weight if cast into the balance against life's serious responsibilities, time and time again does this simple little problem perplex the scoffer to the point of absurdity. A man may still be honest in a hat of last year's shape; but to insist upon wearing it is to go heavily handicapped; the odds are ten to one that, from looking askance at him, his fellows will proceed to charge him with eccentricity, and end by grave doubts about his reason. He finds himself suddenly forced, some fine morning, to set aside his own taste for that of the whole civilized world, which agrees in thinking his brim an inch too wide. How has the world precipitated itself so swiftly to this just conclusion? The process is as startling as any transmutation of the alchemists; it defies augury, like the philosopher's stone.

Was the soft feminine whisper no more than the breath of truth? And, *mutatis mutandis*, is it true to-day as it has ever been? Does crowned and sceptred Royalty really descend from the laying of corner-stones and the delivery of memorial addresses to control the creases of our trouser-legs in "that monstrous tuberosity the Capital of England?" or do kings and princes themselves bow before some all-powerful *Vehmgericht* in dread congress assembled at every vernal and autumnal equinox? Here is a new riddle of the Sphinx, as yet unanswered. The writer, first assuring the reader that he is wholly a man—*i.e.*, nine times the ninth part of one—inclines to believe that tailors are the only absolute monarchs, maintaining a serfdom to which that formerly prevalent throughout the Russias was liberty itself. In those days, dark as they were, the victim could still flee his country and escape the thrall. But this enlightened age holds the universe at the mercy of a secret tribunal that compels obedience by an unpublished edict. Blindfold we are led before the judgment-seat; the inexorable Minos ties his tail in a bow-knot, and our tribute-money clinks into his coffers; our garments are torn off, with all their newness still upon them, to be replaced by others, newer still; then, blindfold, we are led away, only to obey another summons at a moment's warning. Instinctively, like sheep, we follow a leader whose identity has never been revealed. We recognize his authority, we may guess his rank in life, which, nevertheless, is left indeterminate for all our pains. We know not his credentials. We only know the law, so forcibly expressed lately in the writer's hearing by one of its charming devotees: "We might as well drop down and die, as not be in the fashion."

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THE END OF THE VOYAGE.

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